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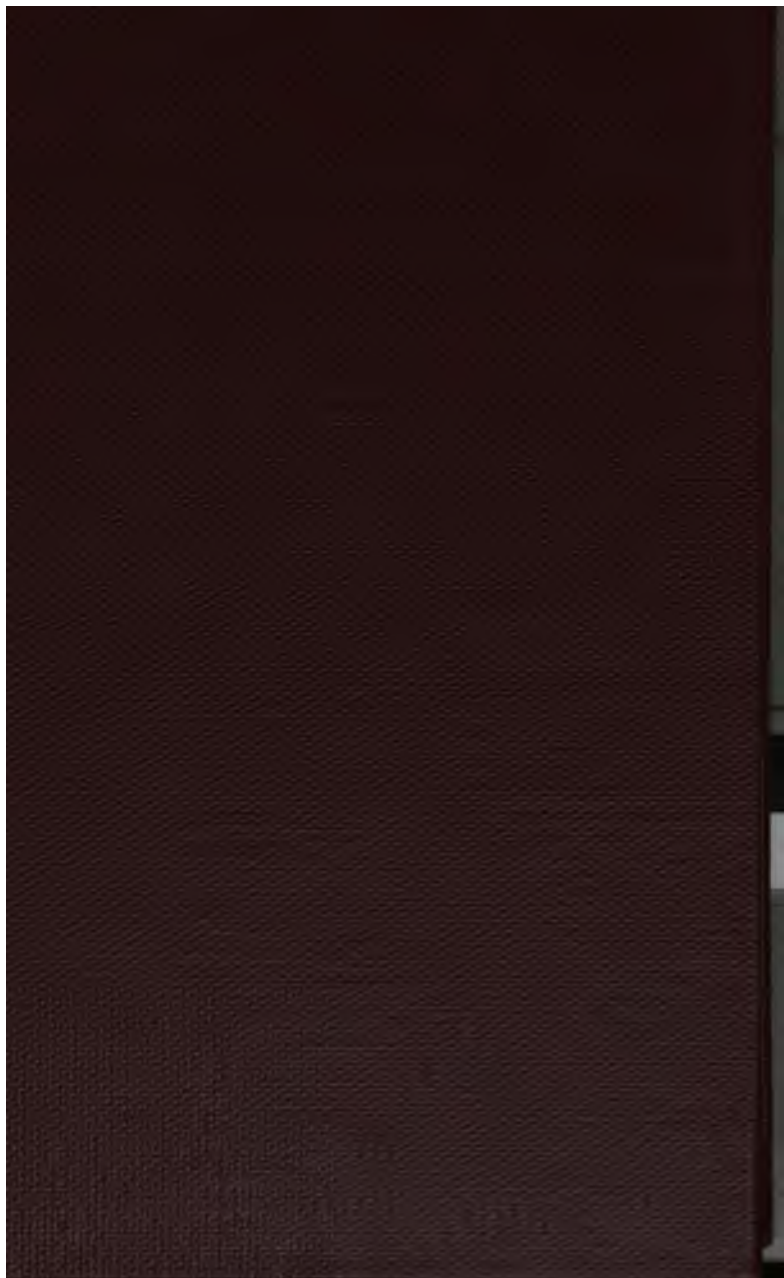
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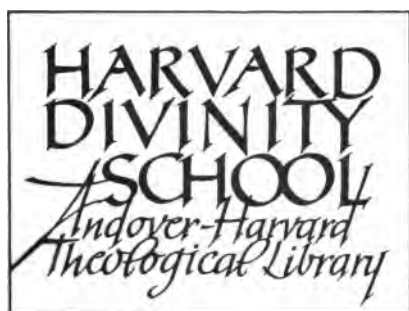
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Lee, Hannah To John Singer

1841.



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TO  
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,  
MY FRIEND AND PASTOR,  
THIS BOOK  
IS INSCRIBED



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THOSE who are conversant with the events of Luther's life, will perceive there is no deviation from truth in the following narrative. Where biographers vary in the motives ascribed to him, the author has felt at liberty to select those most consistent with his character. The anecdotes relating to the Reformer, his conversations, &c., will often be recognised, as they have been gleaned from his own writings and from various authors. The characters and incidents in the narrative are placed in their historical and relative positions, and whatever the author has interwoven is intended only to connect the whole, and make the sketch of "Luther and his Times," more graphic.

February 2d, 1839.



# LUTHER AND HIS TIMES.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE ancient warlike feuds, that had existed between rival parties, had greatly subsided in Upper Saxony. Barons no longer thought it necessary to arm their vassals. The fierce warders, that kept watch on the ramparts of the castle, now quietly retired within its walls, and slept through the livelong night ; even the portly seneschal saw his duties dwindle into the mere household offices of steward and butler. Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony, by his mild and peaceful counsels, his enlightened mind, and enlarged views, had diffused a new character throughout his dominions. Learning, though as yet covered with the cobwebs of ages, began to be valued for its uses. The University of Wittemberg, where he resided, founded by him in 1502, was fast rising in reputation under his fostering care. Owing to his influence a milder spirit prevailed among men ; and, though feudal

rights and distinctions were still preserved, it was rather as household retainers than military followers, that the Baron held his serfs. Another influence, however, began to operate still more powerfully, turning the minds of the community from the sword to the pen.

A poor miner, who wrought in the mines of Mansfeld, and lived at Eisenach, took a journey to Eisleben, to attend the annual fair. His wife was too desirous to accompany him to be denied; and, on the night they arrived, she gave birth to a son. He was born on the 10th of November in the year 1483, on the eve of St. Martin's day; and from this circumstance his parents named him Martin. The father strove to educate his son in virtuous habits; and, according to the spirit of the age, considered strict discipline a powerful aid to good conduct; to this the young Martin was early subjected. As he grew older, he was placed in an institution at Eisenach, where he had access to the learning there taught; but was unprovided with funds, and had not money to procure food. In company with several other students as poor as himself, he endeavoured to procure bread by singing at the doors of wealthy houses. On these occasions he sometimes sang his own compositions, at others the favorite ditties of the day, and sometimes he chanted forth the sufferings of the Martyrs.

All this he called *bread music*. It does not seem to have had the power "to soothe the savage breast"; for he was often taunted and reproached, accused of idleness and evil designs, and driven away by menials, though the only reward he asked for his musical exertion was a piece of bread. On one of those days, when his very soul was filled with shame and indignation for the hard language he received, he wandered to the humble dwelling of Conrad Cotta; and, throwing himself on a seat before it, overshadowed by ancient trees, he relieved his overburdened heart by low, plaintive music. Whether moved by the melody of song, or the tenderness of a woman's soul, Luisa Cotta, the wife of Conrad, hastened to the door and invited him to enter. She then placed before him the simple fare her humble habitation afforded, bread and honey, with milk from the mountain goat. The honest, ardent gratitude of the youth, with his simple story, won not only her confidence, but her affection. She invited him to come every day and get his meals. He soon equally interested the husband, and they both continued their friendship to him. Many years after, when all Europe rung with the name of the Reformer, they remembered, that the poor hungry boy they fed was Martin Luther!

In the year 1501, a thin, pale youth stood at the gate of the University at Erfurt, and petition-



ed for entrance. When asked if he was qualified to make such a request, he replied ; " He who prays as he ought, has already finished half his labors and his studies." This too was Martin Luther ; but he did not now come unprovided with credentials ; he brought undoubted testimony of his morals and good conduct, and was received with cordiality.

Luther passed many hours in the library at Erfurt. He had always considered books as his best companions. While hunting for an old book in one of the alcoves, he took down an antiquated volume, which he opened. It was the Bible ; he had never seen one, and thought the whole of it was contained in the portions that he heard read on Sundays. Even the learned then were unacquainted with the book, that has since been almost the first put into the young scholar's hands. In the year 1505, he was made Master of Arts. " I do not consider," he wrote, " the honor as any thing extraordinary ; but it is a bond upon me, by unceasing study, not to put the German masters to shame through my ignorance." He at first intended to study law, as his father had expressed an earnest desire that he should ; and he actually began the study, but a singular circumstance changed his purpose.

He was in the habit of walking in the fields round Erfurt, and took delight in studying nature,

under its various aspects. To him, the rising sun was a glorious type of that light which was to spread over the world. His mind was solemn and contemplative, and he looked through the visible to the unseen. The moon, with its refulgent beam, evening, with its waning light, the summer shower with its "arrowy rain," the howling tempest and wintry blast, all, to him, had high and mysterious meaning ; but perhaps most of all, the deep, hoarse thunder, reverberating from cliff to cliff, and speaking in no earthly voice. He was one day walking with a friend, and conversing on subjects of deep import, when their conversation was arrested by one of those peals of thunder, that seem to shake the very pillars of heaven. They both stopped, dark clouds had gathered around them, and the forked lightning shot athwart the sky. To the solemn thought of Luther, it was a type of the day of judgment, when the graves shall give up their dead, and the dead come forth. He turned to speak to his friend ; the thunderbolt had passed *him*, but fallen *there* ; it had pierced the heart that a moment before was throbbing with affection ; it had silenced the voice that responded to his with genuine sympathy. Luther knelt by his side, and, filled with awe and terror, made a solemn vow to devote his life to Heaven. It is not strange, that, educated as he had been in the Catholic faith, this heaven should

seem to him to be found in a monastic life, devoted to prayer and praise, to abstinence and penance, to humility and self-denial. When he communicated his vow to his father, he strongly remonstrated against it, and said, "Take care that you are not ensnared by a delusion of the Devil." He entered the monastery in 1505, after passing a cheerful evening with his friends.

And did he here find the heaven he was seeking? It would seem not. Hitherto, among his serious and deep convictions, there was an exterior of cheerfulness, and, according to the manners of the age and country, an occasional jocularity. It was soon observed, that the deepest gloom and dejection seemed to settle on his mind. He thus wrote to a friend. "I did not thoughtlessly become a monk. I had no idea of surrendering myself to indolence or indulging in feasting. The terrors of death drove me to the resolution, and I made a reluctant vow; my only desire was to serve God more fervently."

The delusion had passed; he was disgusted with the lives of the brothers, and found no communion with them; he grew gloomy and discontented; the fire of his zeal was quenched, and for a time nothing seemed to supply its place. Those who had before seen the light of his mind, now beheld its darkness with wonder and grief. He became, through listless indifference, a drudge,

and by degrees the door-keeper, holding a bag in his hand, to receive alms for the Augustinian convent. It must not be supposed that he neglected any of the forms or habits of monastic life. "If any man ever won heaven by monkery," he wrote afterwards to a friend, "I should have won it; for the truth of this, I appeal to my fellows." He shut himself up several hours during the day in prayer; at midnight he sought the cloistered aisles, and knelt for hours on the hard stone. By this zeal he obtained a great reputation for piety; but his heart was cold and dead, the abstraction of his mind increased, and his health began to decline. At this period of his life, John Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinian monks in Germany, a nobleman of high birth, and greatly esteemed by Frederic the Wise, visited the monastery. He closely observed Luther, and expressed so much interest in him, that the young man opened his heart to him, explained to him the depression that clouded his mind, and besought counsel. The reply of Staupitz was remarkable. "God does not thus exercise you for nothing; you will one day see, that he will employ you as his servant for great purposes."

While in this state of despondency he turned to the Bible with new ardor, and soon gained too much light to sit down supinely, in slothful discontent. His mind burst its monastic fetters. He

wrote to Staupitz a letter, that induced the vicar-general to recommend him, in the year 1518, to the University at Wittemberg. He arrived there and became a public teacher. A short time after he was sent to Rome by Staupitz, about the affairs of the Augustinian brotherhood. Few could have undertaken this journey with more ardent feelings than Luther. He had long considered Italy as containing within herself the finest specimens of painting, for which art he had conceived almost a passion, through his friend Louis Cranach. The names of Michelangelo, Raphael, and Julio Romano had crossed the Alps. There too was the holy city of Rome, with its classic legends; its glorious Church of St. Peter; the Vatican, the residence of the Pope, the vicegerent of Heaven. His young heart throbbed as if it would burst its earthly tenement, when he thought of the august faith, the lofty piety, he was to witness. Here at least he might kindle an undying flame of Catholic zeal. He performed his journey principally on foot. The way did not seem long; the enthusiasm, that was a part of his nature, strengthened and animated his purpose.

At Milan he presented his letter to the prior of a convent. The brothers received him with cordiality, and admitted him to their good cheer. It was all unlike the Augustinian cloister he had left at Wittemberg. He found there sumptuous ta-

bles, the generous juice of the grape, and a total disregard of the forms, which he had been accustomed to consider a part of his religion. When Friday arrived, and he beheld the monks eating flesh as on any other day, he broke forth with that spirit which afterwards reached the chambers of the Vatican ; severely admonishing them, and charging them with a violation of their duty to the Pope, who, he said, was entitled to boundless reverence. The friars were acquainted with his embassy to Rome, and, trembling lest he should denounce them, secretly plotted to silence him by poison. They first administered a small quantity, meaning to increase the drug ; but Luther, finding himself indisposed in the night, concluded that the water or climate did not agree with him, and arose early in the morning and pursued his journey ; thus unconsciously frustrating the schemes of his enemies. He continued his way on foot through Lombardy, and at length arrived at Bologna. Here he was delayed by a severe fit of illness. When sufficiently recovered, he proceeded to Florence, beheld the works of Michelangelo, and had a glimpse of Raphael, who was born on the same day with himself. His religious zeal rose to a holier flame, as he contemplated the infant Jesus, and the beautiful Madonnas, of that artist. His whole journey had been a school of preparation for the new and ele-

vated views which he fully believed were to be revealed to his mind. When he entered Rome, he threw himself on his knees, raised his hands to heaven, and cried, "I salute thee, holy Rome, sanctified by the blood of the Martyrs." With an impetuosity he could not control, he ran from place to place ; all seemed to him like consecrated ground, and all filled him with religious fervor.

Julius Second was then Pope, and the pious Luther panted to behold him. He inquired when he could have audience about the affairs of the Augustinian order. They told him, that his Holiness was much engaged in secular concerns, and he must wait his leisure. When he inquired further, they spoke of him, to his astonishment, as a great warrior and statesman, skilled in politics, instead of the holy pontiff, the meek follower of Christ.

Luther began to awake from his dreams ; he saw luxury prevailing among the rich, and the poor despised and trodden under foot. When he repaired to the churches, he was shocked at the haste with which the priests performed the services. " Before I had finished one mass," he said, " they had gone over half a dozen, as if they had been praying for wages."

Short as was his stay in Italy, after he had accomplished his business, he acquired a very thorough knowledge of the Roman constitution,

and Italian government, and had the good fortune to witness a splendid procession, on the election of a new cardinal. Luther looked upon the gorgeous ceremonies of the Catholic Church with profound veneration. His mind had never doubted for a moment of the infallibility of its doctrines, and pomp and parade were a part of its religious rites.

The Pope was borne on the shoulders of the favored priests, who were raised above the multitude by a platform. On such an occasion as this, the haughty and warlike Julius condescended to appear like the servant of the Most High, at least in exterior deportment; his head bared and bowed upon his breast, in token of deep humility; his eyes closed, as if unworthy to look upon the glories of the scene; his hands devoutly crossed; while his splendid pontifical robes, enveloping his shoulders, fell over the sacred altar on which the host was elevated; thus uniting the successor of St. Peter, by some mysterious union, with the holy of holies. His jewelled and glittering tiara was borne on a cushion, by the highest dignitaries. Then followed others, some with banners, and some bearing immense fans, gorgeously ornamented with the plumage of the ostrich and the peacock, which they ostentatiously waved around the mighty pontiff, as if to prevent any thing unholy from approaching him. Cardinals



and mitred bishops followed ; then crosses, relics, flowers, and incense ; lighted tapers, rich costumes, and solemn music, with the treasures and trophies of centuries ; thousands of priests, magistrates, and citizens ; and lastly the long train of beggars at the end, exemplifying for once in this life, that the rich and the poor meet together. Yet what was all this, compared to the majesty of the consecrated Eucharist, placed under its superb awning ? When the bell rang, with what fervor Luther knelt in the dust ; with what enthusiasm did he listen to the chant of innocents and full grown choristers. At length it was over, and he afterwards said, “ This was all of religion I found at Rome.”

On his return to Wittenberg he preached with new unction ; the deficiencies of others supplied, to his active and conscientious mind, stronger motives to holiness. It seemed as if he felt, that the ark of the Lord had fallen into corrupt and feeble hands. It is curious to find at the same time his noble and fearless spirit subjugated by the bands which had early fettered him. Having neglected reciting the canonical hours, from pressing business, he shut himself up for several days, reciting them all together, with the most punctual exactness, neither eating nor sleeping the while.

Staupitz early discovered in Luther an energy and power that could accomplish wonders ;

and he urged him to become a doctor of divinity. Luther was unwilling ; " I am convinced," said he, " that my days will be few ; my health is feeble, and it is far better for you to seek out those who promise a long and healthy life."

" Ah my son," replied Staupitz, " God has work to do in heaven as well as on earth, and wants young doctors there, as well as here."

He at length consented, and the expenses attending his degree were defrayed by Frederic the Elector, who took a warm interest in the character, learning, and piety of the young Luther.

The new doctor devoted himself with ardor to the cause of letters. His knowledge of Greek and Latin led him highly to prize the writings of Erasmus of Rotterdam, who was considered the reviver of classical literature. Yet even at this early period, Luther dissented from him in his interpretations of parts of Scripture, and wrote an able letter to Spalatinus, the chaplain of the Elector, and a learned friend of Erasmus, stating his objections, and requesting him to make them known to that accomplished scholar.

Such was the early life of the Saxon reformer ; to our short-sighted view, little preparing him for the part he was to act on the great stage of life. Yet it soon became apparent, that his stay at Rome had led his mind to deep inquiry. The Scriptures became his daily food, and he already

began to use, unconsciously, his own reason in the interpretation of them, sometimes in opposition to the Catholic dogmas.

It was certain that he brought back to Germany, after his residence in Italy, a thorough disapprobation of the ecclesiastical government. A yet, however, he did not presume to doubt the infallibility of the Pope. It was not till a much later period that he was accustomed to say, "I had not been at Rome, I might have been afraid of doing injustice to the Pope."

## CHAPTER II.

THE death of Julius, shortly after Luther's visit to Rome, raised John de Medicis, the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, to the papal chair. He took the name of Leo the Tenth; and, as he was only a cardinal, it was necessary to admit him to priest's orders. The ceremony of his coronation was an imposing one. He was accompanied by dignified ecclesiastics to the Church of St. Andrea, and habited as a priest for the celebration of mass. Thence he went to the great altar of St. Peter, preceded by the master of ceremonies, with a reed in each hand, to the end of one of which was attached a lighted candle, and to the other a bunch of tow. The officer, kneeling before the Pope, set fire to the tow, at the same time repeating the words, "*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" Having celebrated his first mass, the Pope was conducted to the steps of the church, where the tiara was placed on his head by Cardinal Farnese and the Cardinal of Aragon; after which, raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he conferred his benediction on all present, and returned to the apostolic palace.

It is customary for the new pontiff to grant whatever the cardinals may request. Probably, in any case, they are not modest in their demands. But, in the present, they felt sure Leo would not disappoint them. They had been in habits of familiarity with him as Cardinal de Medicis, and had not opposed his elevation to the supremacy. They were likewise well acquainted with the generosity of his disposition and they determined to make the most of their opportunity. Their requests were so numerous and unreasonable, that Leo was actually overcome by surprise ; recovering himself, however he said with a courteous smile, " Pray take my tiara, and then you may agree among yourselves as so many popes, to divide things as you think proper."

The ceremony of taking possession of the Latran see was postponed till the 11th of April, the anniversary of the day on which Leo had been taken prisoner at the battle of Ravenna. He was mounted on the white steed which had borne him on that occasion, and which was ever after to be released from service. The inauguration afforded an opportunity for gratifying the new pontiff in his well-known taste for magnificence, and all the citizens cheerfully concurred. The nobility of Rome, and the ambassadors from other states, assembled. The thronged streets and

squares, through which the Pope had to pass, were spread with tapestry; fresh flowers were continually strewed beneath his feet, and triumphal arches raised over his head.

On the arrival of the Pope at the Castle of St. Angelo, the Jews approached him in a body, presented the volume of their law, and requested the confirmation of their privileges. Leo took the book, opened it and appeared to read; then, suddenly letting it fall, replied with a benevolent sorrow, but with his smile of peculiar grace, "*We confirm, but we do not assent.*"

When the pontiff arrived at the church of San Giovanni Laterano, at the great door of which was placed a marble chair, he was conducted to it; when seated, three cardinals approached and raised him from his seat, chanting, at the same time, "He raiseth the poor from the dust." He then entered the church, and, having prostrated himself before the high altar, received the insignia of his dignity. Thence he proceeded to the chapel of San Silvestro, where the nobility were allowed the privilege of kissing his feet. The cardinals and bishops were more honored, and allowed to kiss his hand. To each of the latter he presented a medal of silver, and to each of the former, two of silver, and one of gold. He then proceeded to the Hall of Constantine, and passed the remainder of the day.

Though the election of Leo to the supremacy was unexpected by the people, it gave, upon the whole, general satisfaction. He had been popular as a cardinal. Some spoke of him as a peace-maker ; others, of the vicissitudes of his life, as if they had necessarily made him wise ; some of his taste for literature and encouragement of the fine arts, of the decorum of his private life, of the lenity and discrimination he had always discovered, and of his disposition to promote the public happiness.

Nothing could have added to the triumph of Leo, but the control of overflowing coffers. To his great vexation, he found the revenue of the Holy See exhausted by the rapacity of his two predecessors. In vain he devised schemes for replenishing his treasury ; all fell far short of his requirements. Yet his love of splendor, and the liberality with which he rewarded genius, soon made him the idol of Italy.

Leo was little accustomed to restraint ; made an archbishop at the age of eleven by Louis of France, a cardinal at fourteen by Innocent the Eighth, and now raised to the papal chair, his power seemed unlimited. Who that beheld him dressed in his ermine robes, surrounded by the luxuries of life, and seated, half reclining, on a couch in his private cabinet, would have detected the secret anxiety that preyed upon his mind ?

On a certain day he was to give audience to the foreign ambassadors and to many Christian princes. It was to be one of pomp and ceremony, and he was to receive them as a gentleman, a scholar, and the head of the Church. It would seem, however, that he had not put on, with his pontifical robes, the graceful and elegant suavity of manner, that charmed all Europe ; his brow was clouded, his cheek flushed ; sometimes he sat erect, as if some vigorous purpose had entered his mind, then sank back to his former posture, in the listlessness of despair. The works of St. Jerome, of St. Augustine, of Thomas à Kempis, and Thomas Aquinas, with many others of the venerable fathers, stood near him in brilliant casings. Whatever was the cause of the pontiff's disquietude, he did not repair to these for comfort ; some of the lighter works of the time were strewed around him, the poems of Aretino and Ariosto, and the spirited Colloquies of Erasmus.

A servant entered, and announced to his master, that a Dominican monk was in waiting. The musical accents, with which Leo spoke in public, could hardly be recognised in the hoarse, impatient tones, with which he ordered the monk to be admitted.

The Dominican entered, and the pontiff half arose, but immediately resumed his former posture.



The rising seemed to be involuntary, the resuming of his seat the result of thought. Probably he was surprised at the appearance of the monk. It was the usual policy of their order to assume a humble, suppliant air, with folded hands and downcast eyes ; not so the present visiter, who stood before Leo the Superb, like one who had more to give than receive, and with a bold and reckless demeanor.

“Tetzel, I presume,” said the pontiff.

“The same,” said the monk, bowing low, to perform the usual reverence, and making the sign of the cross, and presenting him with a sealed letter from Albert, Archbishop of Mentz.

“Holy father,” said Leo, suddenly changing his expression, “I have need of your counsel and aid. Heaven knows with what zeal I have endeavoured to fulfil my high office, how strenuously I have sought to effect a union between all the Christian princes, for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and how ardently I wish to complete the stupendous building of St. Peter’s Church, for the worship of that high and holy Being, of whom I am the humble vicegerent on earth.” Again the monk made the sign of the cross.

“When elected to this holy office, I found the treasury drained by my predecessors ; by rigid economy, and denying myself all but the

necessaries of life," (the monk looked round upon the private cabinet, upon its massy golden candlesticks, its superb paintings, its velvet and damask drapery, on the splendidly wrought musical instruments, on his white and jewelled hands, evidently with an effort to suppress a smile,) "I have been able to reward talent, and I trust promote the glory of God and his saints. The revenues of the Church are now exhausted, and the Church of St. Peter remains unfinished. You, holy father, have been mentioned to me as a man fertile in invention, resolute and bold in action; give me counsel how a revenue may be raised, that shall promote the glorious cause of religion."

"My Lord," said the monk, "there is one inexhaustible treasury, — the infinite merits of Jesus Christ would alone fill it; — but, added to these, the good works of the saints, over and above those which have been necessary to their own justification, are here deposited. The keys of this treasury were committed to St. Peter, and to his successors, the Popes.

"True," replied Leo, meekly; "the treasury was opened by Urban the Second, in the eleventh century, and a certain portion of superabundant merit given to the soldiers who fought for the Holy Land. My predecessors, Alexander and Julius, granted a comfortable portion of

these merits to all who assisted in building the Church of St. Peter ; — but, my good Father,” added he with a sigh, “ the age grows venal ; it is money, — money they must have ; they refuse to work for the superabundant merits of the Saints, and I much doubt, if all yours, with those of your order, were added to the treasury, whether it would tempt them.”

A sarcastic smile passed over the face of Leo, which he checked immediately, but it did not escape the monk.

“ If it were possible, my Lord,” returned he, “ that this treasury could be exhausted, it might be well for you to throw in some of your Excellency’s superabundant holiness ; but we know it is inexhaustible. You have only to unlock it with the key which St. Peter intrusted to you, and issue certain portions in the form of indulgences. It is but just, that these should be sold for the benefit of the Church ; and what man can be found, who will not be glad to purchase the remission of his sins at the expense of his coin ? ”

“ Excellent,” said Leo, springing from the couch, with less dignity than became the holy pontiff ; “ I commission you, and the monks of your order, to dispose of these indulgences as you best can. It is not worth while to put them at too high a price, lest some unregenerate souls should be found, that love their base coin beyond their own redemption.”

"Trust that to me," said the monk significantly.

"Do you not think," said Leo, "that the merits of the saints are powerful and abundant enough to procure redemption to sinners for such sins as they may in future commit, as well as those they have already committed?"

The Dominican seemed struck with the idea. "There are no bounds to be set to the merits of the Saints," replied he; "it would be impious to question it; but such indulgences ought to bring a double price."

"Have it your own way, Father," said Leo, "time presseth; only remember, that the treasury of the Church is to be filled, in proportion as that of the Saints is exhausted. I would recommend to you to undertake the sale of indulgences in Germany. You will find an able adviser in Albert, Elector of Mentz, who recommended you to my notice; — but beware of Frederic, Elector of Saxony."

The Pope and Dominican monk parted, with probably an equal knowledge of, and respect for, each other's motives.

It required the hardened indifference of Tetzel, or the lofty principle of Luther, to have appeared before the pontiff with such cool self-possession. To the high dignity of his office, Leo added those of his own exterior endowments.

His countenance was uncommonly striking, his complexion florid, and his eyes large and prominent. In stature he was much above the common standard ; not corpulent in his person, but commanding and full ; his limbs finely shaped ; his hands strikingly well-made, on which he always wore valuable gems. His voice he had the happy art of varying to suit his subject ; on serious and important concerns, it was deep, sonorous, and solemn ; in moments of hilarity, it was joyous and musical ; on mournful occasions, it was gentle and low. His manners were conciliating, even kind, conforming to all classes ; it was not uncommon for him to receive his guests with an embrace. The indifference, almost contempt, with which he treated the Dominican, sufficiently proved, that he perfectly understood the character of the man to whom he committed the treasury of the Saints, and who had been recommended to him not only by Albert, but by Cardinal Lorenzo Pucci.

Tetzel, accompanied by many friars of his order, began his pilgrimage, and proceeded from place to place. Some of the conscientious monks, when they perceived the ill effects that arose from the sale of indulgences, forsook the traffic and returned home.\* In the breasts of good men

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\* For the form of Indulgences, see Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth."

a degree of indignation was excited ; but, the Dominicans holding the keys of the Inquisition, and Prierias, the Inquisitor-general, being a Dominican, they were afraid to make any opposition. The friars of St. Augustine were, above all, disgusted with this abuse of papal power, and, when Tetzels made his appearance in Saxony, determined to arm themselves against him.

## CHAPTER III.

It was about this time, that Luther began to preach, with a power that instructed the ignorant and roused the negligent. His office as a Catholic divine led him to an intimate knowledge of the minds of his hearers. What first awoke him to the enormity of indulgences, was certain persons boldly asserting, that, though they had committed great crimes, there was no necessity to comply with the penances which he enjoined them, as they possessed diplomas of indulgence and on that account demanded full and free absolution. Luther listened to such assertions with indignation, but began gently, at first, to signify to them, that they might be better employed than in running about after indulgences. He did not, at that time, as he afterwards said, clearly understand the traffic, and wrote a letter to Albert, Archbishop of Mentz, requesting him to investigate the matter, and, if he found the sale of indulgences as pernicious as he feared, to treat him to withdraw the license.

Luther, at that time, had not the slightest suspicion, that Albert had his own personal share

of the gains, and was the patron of Tetzel. He therefore sent him theses, which he had drawn up in the form of queries, confessing that he saw enough, in this proceeding, to alarm his conscience. As Albert took no notice of his letter, he wrote to several other bishops, always with deference and modesty, and as one seeking to be enlightened.

His conduct, at that time, was free from all excessive excitement. He was seeking the truth with his whole soul, and, as he sought and studied, it gradually opened upon him. Having in vain tried to interest the dignitaries of the church, he wrote his ninety-five theses, which, in fifteen days, spread through Germany.

"I was commended, at this time," says Luther, "as an excellent Doctor, who alone had the spirit to attempt so great an undertaking. But the fame, which I had acquired, was by no means agreeable to me ; because I had still some doubts concerning the nature of indulgences, and because I feared, that the task I had undertaken was beyond my powers and capacity."

The doubts of Luther did not exist long ; he began to see the enormity of the thing in its true colors, and boldly asserted, that "human absolution could not pardon sin, and forgiveness could only be obtained by repentance." Tetzel was greatly enraged, and declared that he had orders



to burn alive all who opposed the sale of indulgences. He kindled bonfires, and many of the friends of Luther expected to see him burning on the pile. Some of them said to him, "Brother Martin, you have truth on your side, but nothing else ; creep into your cell and chant, ' Have mercy on me.' "

Luther now deemed it proper to appeal to the Pope, and he wrote a most respectful letter which proves that nothing was then further from his mind, than separating from the mother church.

Though rumors of the opposition indulgence had received in Germany, and complaints of Luther, reached the ear of Leo, he did not pay any attention to them. A poor monk of the Augustinian order was not of consequence enough to rouse his anger. When Prierias showed him some of Luther's publications, he replied, " It is evident Brother Martin is a man of fine genius and these squabbles are the mere effusions of monastic envy."

It soon, however, became apparent, that the ample source of revenue derived from indulgences was failing, and Leo began to rouse from his security, passing at once from the extremity of indifference to the most outrageous excess of violence. He ordered Luther to appear at Rome within sixty days, to be judged by Prierias, the Grand-Master of the Inquisition.

Luther, though under the government of Frederic the Wise, had never had any personal intercourse with him. He now determined to make a direct appeal to him for his protection. The Elector understood the peril in which he was placed, and immediately urged the competency of a German tribunal. Leo was unwilling to incense Frederic; he therefore yielded, and wrote him a civil letter, stating that, if the delinquent showed proper marks of penitence, he should be received into the bosom of the Church; but, if he continued in his heresy, he should be pursued by its anathemas. "He has had the insolence," continued Leo, "to represent you as encouraging and supporting him. I know there are no grounds for this assertion; but I exhort you in the Lord to be on your guard against this prevaricator, this son of iniquity; lest your honor, and the honor of your family and ancestors, should be tarnished by his calumny."

Frederic conducted with the utmost wisdom; he promised the Pope, that Luther should be at Augsburg, and accordingly sent him there at his own charge, and procured from the Emperor a safe conduct. Cardinal Cajetan was appointed to preside.

When Luther learned that Cajetan was appointed to be his judge, he was sanguine that he should

be heard with candor. That prelate had taken a different ground, in former times, from other members of the Catholic Church, and contended that he had a right to interpret Scripture according to his own understanding of it, not being obliged to follow the footsteps of the Fathers. This had drawn upon him severe animadversions and gave Luther a reasonable hope for indulgence.

At length he appeared at Augsburg, well protected, and with the safe conduct of the Elector who had strongly recommended him to his friend there. They cautioned Luther to be constantly on his guard, and not to trust himself alone with the Italians, who were waiting the arrival of the Pope's ambassador.

At the end of three days the Cardinal arrived. It is striking to remark, what Luther was, under the Catholic dominion, and what he became after he had thrown off its fetters. He hastened immediately to the presence of the legate, and found him surrounded by Italians. Throwing himself upon his knees, he bowed his head almost to the earth, and remained in this attitude. The Cardinal was not prepared for such deep humility, and desired him, in a gracious voice to rise. Still, however, he remained in the same attitude, till the condescending legate had repeated his command. He then obeyed, and silently withdrew.

"I perceive," said Cajetan, "we shall have no difficulty in taming this monk. He is brave at a distance, but, let him see the majesty of the Vatican, and the work is accomplished."

The next day he was summoned into the august presence of the Cardinal, who was clad in his robes of office, and surrounded by all the pomp of embassy.

"We have but one word to require of you," said Cajetan; "it is easily spoken, and we shall then be satisfied, and receive you to our arms, as a pious son of the holy mother Church."

"Please, my Lord, to name it," said Luther.

"*Revoco*," replied the Cardinal.

"Impossible, my Lord," said the monk. "I have asserted nothing but what I believed."

"Do you foresee the consequences of this obstinacy?"

"They are with God," replied Luther.

"The Pope will not suffer Germany to shield a heretic from his anger," said the Cardinal.

"Do you expect the princes to defend you, and that they will raise armies in your behalf?"

"God forbid," said Luther fervently; "he who slayeth with the sword, shall be exterminated by it."

"Who, then, will defend your cause?"

"God will defend his own cause."

"And where can you shelter yourself?"

"Under the broad canopy of Heaven," said Luther, with deep solemnity. "Permit me continued he, "to state my views; they have undoubtedly been misrepresented to the Pope.

"No," replied Cajetan haughtily; "I cannot here to listen to the cavils of a wayward monk. I came as the representative of his Holiness, the high and mighty successor of St. Peter."

"St. Peter himself was not infallible," said Luther; "it is possible Pope Leo may not be more so."

Cajetan knit his brow. "The authority of the Pope is given him from on high," replied he, "and is far above all human counsels."

"I rest my convictions on the Scriptures," said Luther; "I only ask to be confuted by them, and to be shown wherein I have erred. Then I will willingly retract."

"It is not for me to dispute," said Cajetan; "You must retract at once, or suffer the consequences."

It became evident, that nothing could be gained by this mode of proceeding. The courage and independence of the reformer rose in proportion as he thought himself unjustly and insultingly dealt with, and Staupitz requested that Luther might be permitted to give his answer in writing. This was at length conceded.

At the next conference, Luther's paper was read.

Cajetan told him, that his answers were those of an idiot, — that they did not bear on the question, — that it was useless to reason with an insane man. "Depart from my presence," said the insolent Cardinal, "and come no more into it, unless with the humble determination to retract."

That evening, however, Cajetan sent for Staupitz.

"It would be a work worthy of your sacred office," said he, "to bring this young monk back to the Church."

"I will do my utmost," replied Staupitz.

"You must answer his Scriptural arguments," said Cajetan.

"In truth, my Lord," replied Staupitz ingeniously, "that is beyond my power. I am his inferior both in capacity and knowledge of the Scriptures."

"We will not trouble him about particulars," said the Cardinal, "about his doctrines of justification by faith, if he will amicably retract his opposition to indulgences, and confess himself in the wrong."

"The doctrine of justification by faith," said Staupitz, "he never will give up; he would consider it like denying Jesus Christ himself."

“Very well,” replied Cajetan, “we will say nothing on that subject; all that we want is a declaration of unqualified submission to the Church of Rome.”

As Luther was forbidden to appear in the presence of the Cardinal, he remained quietly at Augsburg; but, through the solicitation of Staupitz, wrote a humble letter to the Cardinal, begging pardon for any thing irreverent that might have escaped him, and promising to desist from the subject of indulgences, provided his antagonists were enjoined to a similar silence. But at the same time he said, he “could not retract or give up the truth.”

This letter has been made a matter of condemnation against Luther; but the candid mind will see in it, an earnest desire to avoid extremities with the mother Church, in whose bosom he had been educated.

He concluded it by saying, that “he had done every thing that became an obedient son of the Church; he had undertaken a long and dangerous journey, though he was weak in body, and had very little money to spend; that he had laid his book at the feet of the Pope; he had appeared before *him*, his most reverend delegate, and he now only waited for his permission to return, as there could be no use in his remaining there, and being a burden to his friends.” Four

days Luther waited for permission to leave Augsburg, but none arrived. On the fifth, a friendly senator requested to see him. "Father," said he, "you know not the dangers that surround you; a messenger has been sent to Rome; the Cardinal dares not seize your person till that arrives, and then it may be too late for escape."

"They will not violate their word," said Luther. "Has not the Emperor granted me a safe pass? let them seize me if they will; I am safe in my cause."

"It were better," said Staupitz, "to avoid such extremities; I conjure you most earnestly to fly."

"I go then," said Luther, "in pursuance of your entreaties; but, mark me, I fear not what Antichrist can do against me."

Staupitz procured a horse for him, on which he mounted, dressed all unlike a rider of the time, for he had neither sword, boots, nor spurs. When he arrived at the end of that day's journey, he was wholly overcome, and fell as he attempted to dismount.

Staupitz appears, from this time, to have changed his views; hitherto he had been a fast friend of Luther's, but he now determined to renounce all part in these contentions, and leave Luther to pursue his own course. He retired



from the world, and soon after was rewarded for his forbearance by an abbacy.

When Luther heard of it, wholly unsuspecting any alienation, he wrote to him, that such a slander prevailed, and begged him to contradict it. To this letter he received no answer ; again he wrote ;

“ Reverend Father, your silence is unkind. Your best friends are sorry for your leaving us ; but let neither of us interfere with our respective rights of private judgment. I shall wonder if you are not in danger of denying Christ. . . . . We still hope the best of you. May you be as much estranged from the Popedom as I am at this moment.”

This dereliction of his hitherto fast friend deeply afflicted Luther. Perhaps he was sensible, that his own violence had, in some measure, frightened the timid and shrinking spirit of the aged man. Staupitz enjoyed his abbacy but a short time, dying in the year 1524.

Cajetan was enraged at Luther's abrupt departure, and completely mortified, that so little had been gained by the meeting at Augsburg. He wrote to Frederic of Saxony, admonishing the Elector to surrender him, that he might be tried at Rome, and, as he valued the peace of the Church, on no account to suffer him to remain in his dominions. He then hastened to

Rome, to give the first account of the interview with Luther. Leo listened with an unmoved countenance; it was evident, even from the statement of the Cardinal himself, that he had conducted injudiciously. "I expected," said Leo, "that you would have silenced him by your learning."

## CHAPTER IV.

Nothing could have been more alarming at this time, than the situation of the Reformation. There was much doubt whether Frederic would be able to protect him against the Holy See, and yet he was Luther's only dependence.

While these events were passing, Maximilian died, and an Emperor was to be elected. Leo now forgot the monk, and was absorbed in an important debate. The Elector Frederic came into possession of additional power, and he determined to protect Luther, for the benefit of the University at Wittemberg. Indeed, he greatly favored the views of Luther, and earnestly wished to see the papal power of Rome restored. A suspension of Leo's measures against Luther took place for eighteen months. The contest between the two youthful monarchs, Francis and Charles, for the German Empire, the interference of Henry the Eighth, who defended the papal power against Luther with great zeal, that Leo afterwards conferred on him the title of Defender of the Faith, — all so much more engaged the Pope than the dispute

Luther, that the Reformer was suffered to go on quietly gaining strength, and extending his inquiries. It was no longer merely indulgences that he denounced. One truth after another broke upon his mind. He detected the inutility of pilgrimages and penances, the impiety of worshipping Saints, the abuses of the confessional, and even went so far, during this period, as to condemn the celibacy of the Romish clergy, and disapprove of their monastic vows. Nor did he confine himself merely to argument; he threw ridicule on the exorbitant demands of the Romish Church, and attacked it with all the power of sarcastic wit.

Leo became at length convinced, that a poor, obscure monk was shaking the papal throne to its foundation. His aristocratic pride gave way, and it is said, that he offered Luther a sum of money and a cardinal's hat, which the Reformer rejected.

Leo had been thoroughly displeased with Cajetan's manner of conducting his examination of Luther. He now appointed Charles Miltz, a Saxon knight, remarkable for his address, to undertake the office, commissioning him to present to Frederic the consecrated golden rose, which was considered as a peculiar mark of the Pope's favor. Frederic had formerly solicited it with much earnestness, but he now

received it with cool politeness, and positively declined changing his measures with regard to the professor of Wittemberg.

Miltz, relying on his powers of address, undertook to tame the German bear in person ; he so far succeeded, as to persuade him to write a submissive letter to the Pope. For this he has been much censured, and accused by some of mean servility, by others of deep hypocrisy ; but those who study out the character of Luther will perceive, that he was not more infallible than the Pope, and was sometimes inconsistent in his measures. He did not retract any of his former tenets. "It was a civil, rather than an humble letter," says one of his historians.

It was at Altenberg, that the man of the world and the monk met.

"Is it possible," said Miltz, "that this can be the man of whom I have heard so much, who has drawn all the world after him, and deprived the Pope of some of his most important adherents ? Why, Martin, when I heard of your fame, of your learning, at the inns as I travelled, I took you to be some crusty old theologian, whereas I find you in the vigor of life. I perceive you are so much favored by the populace, that, had I brought with me twenty-five armed men, I could not force you to Rome. This, however, is not a thing to be thought of ;

it is for pacific measures I am sent to consult. After we have settled our differences, it would be a pleasant thing if you were to take it into your head to return with me. It is a pity you do not know Leo ; your prejudices would melt away before him."

"I have no prejudices against the Pope," Luther replied, "independent of his measures ; on the contrary, a most earnest desire to be at peace with all the world. I have been driven into these broils by mere necessity."

"Just what I have always said, and what the Pope himself thinks. In the beginning of this business, he said to Eckius, who complained of you, 'Brother Martin is a man of fine genius.'"

"I am willing," said Luther, perhaps a little softened, "to do all which I can, consistently with a good conscience. I will promise to be silent, if others preserve silence."

"I have been to see that impudent fellow, Tetzl," resumed Miltz, "and rebuked him sharply, before his own provincial, for his iniquitous practices ; but, depend upon it, he will never live to see how nobly *you* can submit, when convinced that you have been wrong ; he is now discarded by all, and I have given the finishing blow to the wretch. But we will wave this subject, and sup amicably together."

After his departure, Luther observed, "This

Charles Miltz is a frivolous character, and his conversation was frivolous. I saw through his Italian art ; yet, had I been treated in this way at first, matters would never have come to such extremities. They would have yielded to my proposal of silence on both sides."

Soon after this negotiation, Luther, in travelling, entered a wretched hovel, and was requested to visit a dying man. He approached his bed and found it was Tetzl. Like other instruments of vice, when no longer useful, he had been discarded ; alone and poor, he was wasting away his life, goaded by his own conscience, which brought a long array of crimes against him. Miltz had said truly, he "gave the finishing blow." Luther sympathized with him in his distress, and strove to soothe the anguish of his mind by leading it to God. When obliged to leave him and proceed on his journey, he wrote to him a kind and consolatory letter. But he, who had drawn so largely on the treasury of the Saints for others, could purchase no indulgences for the peace of his own soul, at the solemn hour of death !

There were periods in Luther's life, when he sighed for counsel and friendship ; when he felt, that he was struggling alone in the world. The wary and cautious were afraid of implicating themselves. Even Erasmus, the learned scholar,

though he wrote to him, preserved a studied ambiguity. Staupitz had deserted him, and Spalatinus, his warm friend, grew timid. On perceiving this, Luther wrote him the following letter. \*

#### LUTHER TO SPALATINUS.

“Do not give way to fear too much, my dear Spalatinus, neither tease your mind by filling it with human imaginations. You know I must have perished long ago, in my various struggles with the supporters of papal abominations, unless Christ had taken care of me and my concerns. . . . . My friends, if they please, may suppose me beside myself; nevertheless I say, if this contest be really of God, it will not be ended, till truth effectually save itself by its own right hand; not by mine, nor by yours. From the very first, I have been expecting matters to come to the situation in which they are at this moment. However, I always told you, that I would quit the country, if my residence in Saxony was attended with any danger to the Prince.”

Eckius of Ingoldstadt had been a friend of Luther's, but he now entered the lists against him. He was a man of brilliant eloquence, and

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\* Copied from John Scott's *Life of Luther*.



earnestly sought to distinguish himself, by challenging Carolstadt to dispute with him at Leipzig. The challenge was accepted. Luther obtained leave to be present. George, Duke of Saxony, uncle to the Elector, anticipated great glory in the papal cause from the victory of Eckius.

All the learned, from a great distance round, were convened; the assembly was splendid. Eckius opened the debate with Carolstadt, the dispute continued for six days, and the superior eloquence of Eckius seems to have prevailed. Luther sat by, and listened with deep interest; he had been permitted to be present only on condition that he should not dispute Eckius, flushed with success, now called up Luther to enter the lists.

"How can I," said Luther, "when I am only here upon my promise, given to Duke George, of silence?"

"If I obtain his permission, will you meet me and try your strength?" said Eckius.

"Most willingly."

The permission was gained.

A new triumph was anticipated, and it was confidently expected by Duke George and his adherents, that Luther would be completely vanquished.

Philip Melancthon was present at the disputation.

As the dispute continued many days, there were different accounts given. These conferences, however, determined Melancthon to employ his talents in theology, and gave to Christian truth a champion, whose mild and gentle manners were calculated to draw others into the broad wake, which Luther first made.

The bull of the Pope, which had been delayed for three years, was now issued. The Reformer's works were condemned as heretical ; all persons were forbidden to read his writings, on pain of excommunication ; such as had any of them in their custody were commanded to burn them ; and he himself, if he did not, in sixty days, send or bring his retraction in form to Rome, was "pronounced an obstinate heretic, excommunicated and delivered unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh ; and all secular princes were required, under pain of incurring the same censure, to seize his person, that he might be punished as his crimes deserved."

## CHAPTER V.

THROUGH all the perils of Luther, Frederic Elector of Saxony, had been faithful to him. Though educated in the Catholic faith, and possessing powerful Catholic connexions, his mind was inclined to embrace the new doctrines of Luther. His uncle, Duke George of Saxony, had mourned over his apostasy, and his maternal uncle, who resided in the Castle of Wartburg, had early written to him expostulatory letters. Pope Leo, as we have seen, had used art and persuasion to turn him from his purpose of protecting the monk. After Luther began to promulgate his doctrines of reformation, Frederic thus addressed himself to the reformer. "I have always indulged a secret hope, that we should even in my day, be blessed with a purer knowledge of what we ought to believe." He read the Scriptures with great delight, and impressed them on his memory. He had been the intimate friend of Maximilian, and, after his death, might have been Emperor of Germany, but refused the honor from pure and disinterested motive. Yet this is the man, whom some historians pr

nounce as being swayed by political motives wholly, in refusing to give up Luther, and in supporting the doctrines of the Reformation.

Soon after the conferences at Leipzig, the Elector being seized with a severe fit of illness, his mind for a time yielded itself to heavy dejection. Luther had now an opportunity of proving his faithful affection. He left all disputed subjects, and watched near the bed of his friend and prince. When Frederic began to recover strength, he expressed an earnest desire to retreat awhile from the cares of the world. Luther, notwithstanding his constant avocations, composed a small tract for him to take with him, hoping that he might derive comfort from the perusal of it.

It was on a beautiful morning in August, that Frederic took an affectionate leave of Luther, and directed his way to the solitary castle of Wartburg, situated on the summit of a mountain. Though still a part of his hereditary possessions, he knew little about it, and still less of its inhabitants. If his uncle were living, he must be very old. He was the uncle of his mother, and Frederic was mature in life. He had some recollections of a melancholy tale connected with the family, but they were confused and indistinct.

As he approached the castle he was struck

with the romantic beauty of its situation. It had once been a fortress for some of the ancient barons of the family, who resided there with a host of retainers. The fortifications had been constructed with vast labor, and the formidable moat, that once surrounded the building, was overgrown with weeds and mountain plants, that gave little indication of its having been ever filled with water. A drawbridge, however, seemed to place the fact beyond dispute, though the broken chains and portcullis proved, that it quietly kept its station, day and night, and through summer and winter.

Frederic travelled with no parade, and with few servants. He made his entrance into the court-yard without difficulty ; there was no massive gate to unbar, — no dwarf to sound his horn, as in ancient times ; all bore the appearance of quiet rural repose. Many years had passed since the Elector of Saxony had entered dwellings, without the parade and pomp of a distinguished reception. The twilight had already begun to obscure distant objects. His heart, softened by recent illness, felt powerfully the solemn beauty of the scene. It is thus that the Father of life and truth brings home his wandering children ; he speaks to them in a still, small voice, through his glorious works, renews in them the hope and joy of infancy, and restores

them to the bosom of their holy mother, Nature ; the mist raised by worldly ambition vanishes, they see clearly, and become "as little children." The Elector entered the spacious hall of the castle, and desired that he might be announced to the Baron as his grand-nephew, Frederic. He was immediately conducted to an apartment, where he found the aged knight seated in his arm-chair, his feet rolled in flannels. By his side, and evidently attentive to his wants, sat an antiquated lady, whose dress resembled what he remembered to have seen at the court of Maximilian, in his youth, and denoted those dames who came from the Gallic shore, light, airy, and tasteful, instead of the substantial garments of the German *Fraus*. She arose to receive the guest, which the poor host could not do, and Frederic turned to address the Baron ; but the lady informed him, that he was hard of hearing, and she would make known to him what he wished. It was a short story to be communicated. He was his grand-nephew, Frederic, and had come to pass a few days with him and recruit in the mountain air.

All this the Gallic dame screamed into his ear with a faithful Teutonic accent, that was not softened by the shrill tones of her voice.

It was a work of time to make him understand the matter ; nor could he comprehend it till

Frederic added his title, Elector of Saxony. A dreary hour passed. The lady had retired, perhaps to give orders, and the Elector, weary with his journey, was doomed to go through minute inquiries of by-gone times and people, and screw them into the Baron's ear, in imitation of the Gallic dame, though not by any means with equal success, as he was obliged to repeat again and again his answers. He was in some measure relieved from this service by the entrance of a young friend, the Count of Mansfeldt, whom he had selected for his only companion. It was observed, that the domestics and grooms who accompanied him were chosen from the most faithful and long-tried of his establishment. Agitated as he was, he came to the ceremony of an introduction; presently a step was heard in the gallery, and a monk with his cowl thrown back, entered, wearing the Dominican dress. Frederic glanced at the young Count with a vexed expression. The Dominicans had long excited his distrust. The violent opposition they showed to Luther, their open sale of indulgences, and their hostility to the Augustinian order of monks, which he patronized, made them particular objects of suspicion. The lady too, who had left the apartment, returned, probably she had been drilling the holy Father in some of the idle ceremonies of the world, as he introduced her to the Elector as Mademoiselle

D'Albret. Another hour passed less heavily for the guest, as the whole weight of conversation did not fall upon him. The visitors willingly submitted to the occasional absence of the Dominican and Mademoiselle, and, at one time, both together.

"By my troth," exclaimed the young Count, when they were out of hearing, "your Highness has chosen well for preservation, if not for restoration ; two finer specimens I have seldom seen. Mademoiselle looks as if she had been impaled alive, and just taken from the cabinet, and the holy Father much resembles a shrunken black beetle, that has had the misfortune to get cast, and found death, preceded by famine. I wonder how many days it will take to put us in so complete a state of preservation."

"Many more, Albert, for you, I trust, than for me," said the Elector, with a pensive smile, that at once checked the gayety of the youth. "My life has already been a long one."

"Only sire," said the youth, affectionately, "if you count by deeds and usefulness ; for our sakes, we would implore the blessed Virgin and the holy Saints to double your years."

"Martin Luther would say," replied the Elector, "we must implore God alone for all blessings, temporal and spiritual."

"Has Martin got to that ?" said the youth,



lightly ; "then Heaven have mercy on the Saints. The Father sweeps clean ; his besom leaves no cobwebs."

"Peace," said the Elector. "It is one of the evils that in some measure counterbalance the good of inquiry, that things holy and sacred become the jest of the thoughtless."

"And why," said the young man, with energy, "should they be considered holy and sacred, if they are not so ? Dr. Martin says, the Saints have only good deeds enough to redeem their own souls. Inquiry is the right arm of knowledge, and it is only timidity that can paralyze it."

At length supper was announced, and the Elector was escorted to it through all the domestic of the castle, arranged on each side ; the Baron was wheeled in as he sat, and the Dominican and young Count brought up the rear. There was a splendid show of ancient plate, of silver sconces and golden goblets, yet the long table, which was a fixture, looked desolate and dreary. There was a plate for another guest none however came to the table, and no inquiry was made on the subject. As soon as the Elector judged it courteous to his uncle, he begged leave to retire, and was escorted to his sleeping room with equal ceremony. Weary and exhausted he threw himself upon the bed, bade good night to his companion, the Count, who waited

upon him as gentleman of the bed-chamber, and, dismissing his attendants, was soon buried in slumber.

Not so the youth when he retired to his apartment ; he pondered over the strange inhabitants of the castle, and wondered what new curiosity was to have occupied the vacant seat.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN the morning the Count awoke before sun had risen, and with a degree of impatience to see if the outside was as singular and unusual as the inhabitants within. Descending to the court-yard of the castle, he found many a trophy honorable to the military prowess of ancient times remaining. The castle had, centuries ago, stood a formidable siege. The cannon were mouldered and arranged in order, but over them luxuriant vines had entwined their tendrils, and the grass and velvet turf formed a carpet, upon which they seemed tranquilly to repose. As he continued his observations, he found, in a little flowery nook, an altar erected ; on it was a crucifix, and, at one corner of the altar, stood a small, carved figure, representing the Virgin, holding a rosary on her fore-finger. There were no other insignia of zealous Catholic worship. It was evident the altar was dressed with fresh flowers ; they were yet humid with the dew of the morning. Some one had been there before him. Could it be the Dominican ? Could it be Mademoiselle ? There was something too ta-

ful, too poetical, in the scene, for him to believe it to be either. "A fine place we Lutherans have come to!" thought he. Yet, with the habits and impressions of early education, he knelt before the altar, crossing himself and repeating the morning orison; then, gathering a few flowers, he twined a wreath round the head of the Virgin. As he cast his eyes towards the east, he saw the sun was rising behind the distant mountains, and, with little effort, climbing to the ramparts, stood watching the far distant luminary, as it marked the beautiful outline of the mountains between. It was long before the glorious orb rose above the horizon, with a lustre too bright for human gaze; but at length it gilded the towers of the castle. Suddenly he heard a low, sweet voice, chanting its invocation to the Virgin.

Holy Virgin! Mother sweet!

Turn on me thine eye;—

See, a suppliant at thy feet,

Thy lowly daughter lie.

Let no earthly shadows stray

O'er this heart of mine,

While these dripping flowers I lay

On thy dewy shrine.

The youth listened and bent over; but the arching wall concealed the altar. He did not for a moment think it was Mademoiselle's voice, that he had heard so shrill the evening before.

In a few moments, a fair young girl, with apron full of flowers, was visible. She went to a little mound, and seated herself upon it, then began to arrange the flowers into a wreath. How to attract her observation, as he stood on the ramparts, was a puzzle ; he thought it more familiar to wish her good morning, and first was seized with a fit of coughing. The sound attracted her attention ; she listened, threw back her sunny locks, and at length raised her head to the parapet.

The Count had expected to excite some embarrassment ; but she appeared to feel none. " Ah," she exclaimed, " the mystery is explained ; you have been decking the Virgin with flowers, while I went to gather some new blue violets in the valley."

" Shall I come and help you wind the wreath," said he.

" Yes, do ; mine do not keep their place so well as yours."

The youth sprang from the wall, and was in a moment by her side.

" You do not know who I am," said she ; " have the advantage of you ; I know all about you."

" How so ?" said he.

" Mademoiselle told me."

" Her knowledge must have been very limited."

"She finds out a great deal in a little while," replied she, archly. "She told me your name, and that you came with the Elector."

"I wish she were here to tell me yours," said the Count.

"It is easier for me to tell you myself. I am Alice."

"And may I ask who Alice is, and what place she holds in the castle?"

"Baron Lichtenstein is my grandfather," said she. "I am an orphan. I have neither father nor mother."

"And Mademoiselle?"

"She is my governess, that is, she was my mother's governess, and so she is mine."

"And the holy Father? who is he?"

"Oh, he is everything; my poor grandfather depends entirely upon him."

"I did not see you last night," said the Count.

"No; Mademoiselle said I must be introduced in form, and so I am to be, to-day, at dinner. The Elector, you know, is my second cousin, or some other relation, I don't know exactly what. Mademoiselle said she would get the family tree, and show me; but I begged her to save herself the trouble, for I should not understand it any the better."

"And you live here all alone," said Mans-

feldt, gazing upon her with wonder and admiration.

"Alone? Oh no, indeed! Don't you call my grandfather, and Father Francis, and Mademoiselle, anybody?"

"I meant, without anybody of your own age, any companion."

"I do not mind that," said Alice; "I suppose because I never had one. They are very good to me. I have flowers and birds, and whatever I want; and Mademoiselle says, it would be very ungrateful, and Father Francis says it would be very wicked, in me, not to be contented. So I pray to the blessed Virgin to make me so. But I must go now; Mademoiselle would think it very wrong in me to be talking with a stranger in this way. Good morning; we shall meet at dinner, and then, after I have been introduced to you, I suppose we may talk together as much as we please."

"Will you give me this flower?" said the Count, taking one, with a sentimental air.

"You may have them all, if you want them," said she. "I have finished my wreath, and I shall only scatter them before the altar." With a childish air, she tossed them to him, and hastened to the castle.

"This seems likely to prove an adventure," said the Count, as he gathered them up. "She

is beautiful, — but so young, so much younger than her years ; she must be sixteen or seventeen, I should think, and yet she is a mere child in her manners.”

The Elector breakfasted in his own room, and the Count, after finishing his repast, set out upon a ramble. Whatever might have been the warlike appearance of the castle once, it was now but little more than a noble ruin, from which a poet or a painter might have drawn subjects for his pen or pencil. Nature had been suffered to wreath its towers with her festoons of ivy, and the old battlements were covered with moss. It was evident, that neither sword nor pruning-knife had disturbed the luxuriance of successive seasons.

Here Alice first saw the light, and here she had lived for seventeen years. No visitors came to the castle, and the old Baron seldom went beyond his daily airing, which, till his last attack of gout, was on a steed, trained to a motion that suited his years, while Alice rode by his side, on her prancing but well-broken palfrey. Two servants followed, at a sufficient distance to guard their master from accident, and yet not near enough to check any flow of conversation, that might arise between Alice and her grandfather. It must be confessed, however, this was a useless precaution. The deafness of the



Baron entirely prevented any interchange of remark; and, though the voice of Alice was clear "as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain," and as soft and musical as a flute, she had quite given up the idea of conversing, and amused herself with singing roundelays or ditties, or, when in a pious mood, with chanting hymns to the blessed Virgin and holy Saints.

Though brought up in solitude, she was considered by Mademoiselle to have had a finished education, as she herself had taught her all that was necessary to complete the circle of female accomplishments. Father Francis, who was nearly equal with the Baron himself in years and importance, had, for her sake, set aside his monastic rigor, and poured into a female ear the treasures of his lore. She knew by heart the whole calendar of Saints, could give the history of their canonization, could repeat her prayers in Latin,—and no other language,—and actually composed sonnets to the Virgin Mary and some of the most distinguished of the Saints, not forgetting Thomas à Kempis and Thomas Aquinas. To Mademoiselle's care Alice had been committed by her dying mother, and the conscientious lady had from that time considered herself as much a fixture as one of the towers of the castle.

Alice loved her like a mother, and was accus-

tomed to look up to her and the venerable Father as oracles of human learning. They could write and read, the Baron said, which he candidly confessed he was never taught to do. This avowal did not sink him in the estimation of his granddaughter, for she very justly observed, "he could not learn what he had not been taught."

As Alice grew older, she made many inquiries about her parents, but, with intuitive feeling, perceived that those inquiries gave pain to her grandfather, and she ceased to urge them. Towards Mademoiselle she had less forbearance, and frequently tormented the good lady with questions.

"Was she tall? was she handsome? had she black eyes or blue? do I look like her or my father?"

All these questions, Mademoiselle answered with tolerable directness; but, when Alice pressed on, and began to inquire the particulars of her mother's marriage or death, Mademoiselle became as deaf as the old Baron. These attacks of deafness were very provoking to Alice, because, in general, her venerable governess heard very well.

"Did my father die soon after my mother?" said Alice, raising her voice.

"You can see her portrait in the gallery," said the governess, making one of those oblique replies, to which the deaf are prone.

"Oh, I have gazed upon it every day for many years," said Alice ; "she looks as good and beautiful as an angel. Do you know, I think she resembles that picture of the Madonna, that was made by the young painter at Florence, Raphael. How I wish we could have another sent us. I must have that picture of my mother hang in my room, opposite my bed, that I may see it the first thing when I awake, and I will pray every morning to be made like her."

"Let it hang where it is," said Mademoiselle, pettishly ; "there is no prayer for the purpose."

"But I will ask Father Francis to make me one," said Alice.

"You must do no such thing," said Mademoiselle. "The Father has a great many things to attend to, and it would be very improper in you to trouble him to make a new prayer for you when there is plenty of old ones."

There is a strange kind of instinct in our perceptions ; Alice soon began to understand, that she must not talk of her parents, and, by degrees, she submitted to the restriction.

One day, however, Father Francis said to Mademoiselle, when Alice was present, "There is a picture missing in the gallery, a family portrait ; let it be replaced."

"It is in my room, Father," said Alice. "I had it hung there ; it is the portrait of my moth-

er. Ah ! I never knew her, but it is sweet to look upon her picture."

"Let it be immediately replaced," repeated the monk, sternly.

"Never," said Alice, with firmness, "never ! Where I sleep, that shall be ; where I go, that shall go. It is all I have of her ; it is mine, it is her daughter's right."

Opposition was new to the monk. Yet, strange to say, he cowered before the youthful champion. The subject was dropped, and the picture remained in Alice's room.

This circumstance had taken place but a few days before the arrival of the Elector. It was fortunate for the Dominican, that her mind was diverted from it ; for she said to Mademoiselle, when they were alone, " Since my grandfather has grown so deaf and infirm, I think Father Francis seems disposed to play the tyrant."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Elector was suffering from the effects of his journey, and did not rise till near the hour of dining. When he descended, there was the same parade of plate and servants as on the evening before, but another had joined the group, and this was the Lady Alice. Clad in her simple white dress, with her clustering curls and fair complexion, she came forward to meet the Elector. Mademoiselle had in vain tried to persuade her to wear the family jewels, which had been handed down for centuries. Alice said they would only trouble her, and begged Mademoiselle to wear them herself, if it was necessary to display them to the Prince. This good lady declined ; but, when Alice fastened a diamond pin into her cushion of false hair, and praised its beauty, she suffered it to remain.

“How superb these ear-drops are !” said Mademoiselle.

“We must get Father Francis to wear those,” said Alice.

Had Mademoiselle possessed much acuteness she would have perceived, that the young la

began to lose some of her veneration for the monk ; and, since the affair of the picture, she might be truly said to feel her own strength.

The dinner passed heavily. Had Alice been better versed in the tactics of a city, she could not but have understood the powerful impression which she had made on the young Count, whose eyes, independently of the faded flowers he wore in his button-hole, told unutterable things. But so unconscious was she, that she greatly embarrassed him by asking him why he wore them, and begged him to select fresh ones from the vases on the table. He did not venture to whisper in her ear, that they were more precious as a first gift, than all the exotics of her greenhouse ; for he felt, that there was something artificial in the language, which she would not exactly comprehend.

This day was given by Frederic to rest ; but the young people did not seem to require the same indulgence. Alice conducted the Count to her greenhouse, and made him admire her plants ; then to her aviary, where the birds were so tame, that they perched on her head and shoulders, and some, more daring, put their little beaks into her mouth, and plundered the sugar she had placed there for the purpose. The youth did not think this an astonishing instance of sagacity, but he did not venture to say so.

Mademoiselle was unusually happy ; it was the first time she had had an opportunity of matronizing Alice after the manner of her own country ; but, when the young people proposed crossing the dry moat and ascending a distant hill, to gaze on the prospect around, she gave up the attempt to follow them, and quietly took her usual seat by the old Baron.

The Elector had observed the Dominican with some scrutiny at first, but he soon began to think it hardly worth the trouble. He resembled so much the great body of Friars, with his dull, lifeless eye, and stupid demeanor, that he scarcely occupied his thoughts after the first examination. The monk only made his appearance at meals, and, whatever the religious services of the family might be, the visitors were not invited to join.

On the second morning after their arrival, the Elector requested the presence of the Count in his room. "My dear friend," said he, "it is evident that this building must fall into ruin, unless some repairs are made upon it. A large part of it is shut up and useless. I have spoken to the Baron on the subject, and he is willing it should be repaired. As to my remaining here, it is out of the question. I have been too long accustomed to a life of activity, to find health in idleness. I must leave you as my proxy, to

superintend all that is necessary to be done. Let the right wing be put in thorough repair, and made as separate from the rest of the building as it can be, under the same roof. May I trust to your performing this commission willingly ? ”

“ Most willingly,” said the young man. “ Let me, however, see you safe home.”

“ No,” replied the Elector, “ my plans are arranged.”

The next morning he took leave of the Baron, who scarcely seemed to understand that he was going, so much were his powers enfeebled ; and Count Mansfeldt was stationed in the family.

It was fortunate for the young man, that the task assigned him was sufficient fully to employ his time. “ Love lights upon the little purple flower called idleness,” in all periods of life.

The Castle of Wartburg was not too distant from Eisenach to procure workmen and materials from that place, and the work was immediately commenced. So extensive was the building, that the part which Frederic appropriated to his own purposes did not interfere with the stillness and tranquillity of the Baron’s residence. It was on the side that surmounted a precipice, inaccessible except by an interior passage and steps cut in the rock, or through the court-yard of the castle. That on the side of the Baron’s occupancy was not invaded.



A sterner and more invincible enemy than repair or alteration was, in a few weeks, at work among Alice's favorite resorts. The cold had driven her from her morning orisons before her rustic altar, and winter, by slow steps, was approaching. It was not till then, that she began to realize the pleasure of a companion of her own age. While she could be in the open air morning, noon, and evening, she was like the birds, rejoicing in sunshine, and spreading the light plumage even to the few drops of rain, that fell from a passing cloud ; but she well remembered the long, dreary winter evenings she had passed in the castle, the tedious homilies of Father Francis, the everlasting worsted and beaver work of Mademoiselle, and the weary games of checkers with her grandfather, in which her only study was *not* to be the conqueror, but to let him enjoy the triumph of believing that he improved daily in his play. Alice had been the playmate and companion of the Baron for many years, for he had long since dwindled into second childhood.

Their little narratives were mutually interesting. Age loves to repeat its legends, and infancy loves the repetition. "Tell me, grandpapa, the story of the Drawbridge," Alice would say, at least three times in the week ; "all about the lady, who was left alone with her female domestics, and how she forgot to have the bridge drawn

up, and there came four robbers and demanded all her money and plate ; and how, when she unlocked the iron door of the cabinet, that contained the treasures, they all rushed in, and she hastily closed the door and made them her prisoners."

" Well, child," the Baron would reply, " I will try to remember it."

He was safe ; for, if he varied in the narrative a syllable, the little girl could set him right.

But these times could not last always, though it must be acknowledged, that she had had every thing to stint the growth of her mind ; yet Nature, under the direction of its great lawgiver, is sure. Alice ceased to petition for the story of the Drawbridge, or Beauty and the Beast, or the Three Sisters, that lived in a glass house, and yet the Baron insisted on telling them ; and she was obliged to express the same wonder and delight at the catastrophe, that had been her early habit. Yet this was no useless discipline ; if her mind was not acquiring knowledge, her heart was improving ; and there could hardly be a more beautiful sight, than to see her bending over the age-stricken man, her luxuriant brown locks blending with his, " white with the blossoms of the grave " ; her sweet smile, and ever-varying complexion, contrasting with the pale, lifeless hue of his face, and her animated and fervent em-

brace, as she bade him good night, with the trembling salute that returned it.

All this the young Count was doomed to witness ; but, though it was a moving sight, it was feeble in its influence, compared to the communion that gradually began to spring up in their minds. Alice, though heretofore the veriest bigot that ever counted beads and rosaries, had all the elements of better things. Full of bright imaginings and gentle affections, quick to feel and understand, she wanted only teaching, to imbibe moral strength, and acquire expansive views.

Count Mansfeldt had been educated in the University at Wittenberg, had been the pupil of Luther, and clung to him with enthusiasm. That he was in the secret counsels of Frederick was evident ; but, on any of the Elector's measures he never spoke to Alice, nor would the name of Luther have passed his lips, but for the intemperate zeal of the Dominican, who appeared to have direct information of what was passing both in Italy and Germany.

One stormy morning, when the inhabitants of the castle were confined within doors, Alice and Mademoiselle at their respective needle-work and the Count with a book in his hand, the monk entered. There was something singular in his expression. His cheek was flushed, and his

usually rayless eye seemed to emit a gleam of fire. He strode backwards and forwards across the room.

"Father," said Alice, "has any thing happened."

"Glorious things," replied the monk; "the arch-fiend has completed his work, and sealed his own destruction."

"I suppose you mean Martin Luther," said Alice timidly. She was accustomed to hear him styled "the arch-fiend" by the Dominican.

"Assuredly; who else could deserve the title, but that son of perdition, that destroyer of souls?"

"Good Father," said the Count, closing the book he held, "methinks you encroach upon the titles which belong to his Satanic Majesty."

"They may well share them between them, as they do the kingdom of darkness," exclaimed the monk; "but Luther's reign is over."

"What has happened?" inquired the youth eagerly.

"Only five days since, he committed to the flames the bull of the Pope, with the volumes of the Decretals and the Canon Law; yes, amidst a numerous concourse of students and people the deed was done, the unholy pile erected, and kindled by the fire of Hell. Satan stood on one side and Luther on the other, but only the latter

was visible, while he exclaimed, ' Since ye have troubled the holy of the Lord, everlasting fire be your portion. ' "

" Horrible ! " exclaimed Alice.

" Most horrible ! " reëchoed Mademoiselle.

" You say, holy Father," said the Count, " that this was done in the presence of the professors and students of the University of Wittenberg, and a vast multitude of spectators ? "

" I do," said the monk triumphantly ; " no witnesses can be wanting to condemn his soul at the day of judgment."

" But why did they suffer such impiety towards the Pope ? " said Alice.

" The holy Saints permitted it, that the measure of his crimes might be full," replied the monk solemnly. " He formed a procession, that moved through the Elsterthor (a gate of the University, called by that name). There they arranged themselves into a circle, in an open place, round the sacrilegious pile, and the blasphemous deed was performed."

" Performed by one man, an obscure monk," said the Count, " in the sight of a multitude ! Does it not seem to you, Father, that they were abettors in the crime ? "

" If they were," said the monk, " there is no fire hot enough for them hereafter."

" Of that God must be the judge," said the

young man ; “ but do you suppose, Father, they might not save their souls by the purchase of indulgences ? I recollect they are thus worded ; ‘ May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority and that of his blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the most holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be ; and I remit to you all punishments which you deserve in Purgatory, on their account, and I restore you to that innocence and purity you possessed at baptism ; so that, when you die, the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight shall be opened ; and, if you shall not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death.’ ”

“ It would seem, Father, that even Luther himself might be saved by these indulgences.”

“ Let us hope,” said Alice piously, “ that he may. It is dreadful to think, that a human being should defy our most holy and Christian Father the Pope.”

“ And burn his writings,” added Mademoiselle.

“ He will burn himself for it to all eternity,” said the monk triumphantly.

The Count arose and left the room. He had

received strict orders from the Elector, to enter into no defence of Luther with any one, and to be particularly on his guard against the Dominican, and not suffer himself to be drawn into any party discussion with him. Yet, when Alice and he were alone together, and she said, "What a vile wretch this Luther must be!" he could not remain wholly silent.

"It is difficult for one that has lived so retired a life as the Lady Alice," he replied, "to comprehend the bitterness which may arise between honest men, on subjects that they believe all-important."

"But you surely think this Luther a very wicked man?" said she earnestly.

"No," said the Count; "I believe he is impetuous and rash, and I regret that he should so far forget himself as to treat the Pope, who is the vicegerent of God, with disrespect; but I, who have been a pupil of Luther's, cannot but bear testimony to the virtue and truth of his character."

"Then you do not think he has made a contract with the Evil One, as Father Francis says he has, and that he is to surrender soul and body at the end of a certain number of years?"

"No, I do not think any such thing. On the contrary, many people believe, that the Devil has appeared to him more than once, and that he always throws his inkstand at him."

“Do you believe this?”

“No.”

“Tell me, then, what you do believe about Luther.”

“Rather let me tell you what he believes himself; — that all truth is found in the Bible; that this is the true word of God, by this we are to be judged, and this we are to study.”

“But, if I have no Bible, what can I do?” said Alice.

“Then you are not answerable for any omission. The time may come, when both you and I shall have clearer views on this subject; a new light is breaking upon the world; at present it is dim to most of us. Do not repeat what I have said,” he observed, as they parted.



## CHAPTER VIII.


THERE were other subjects upon which Count Albert did not check the inquiries of Alice ; the phenomena of nature, the falling showers, the winged lightning, snow and hail, the congregated stars, the ebbing and flowing ocean, earth, with her mines of wealth and her granite monuments, — on these, and countless other subjects, he had the learning of the age. Perhaps it was fortunate for her, that a sense of delicacy in him, as well as the caution of the Elector, prevented his instructing her upon theological doctrines ; for it must be acknowledged, his own views were confused. Light breaks upon the mind, as day upon the earth, by degrees. First we see the faint outline of the horizon, then one object after another becomes visible, till the sun rises in all its refulgence. It was thus with the reformer of the age ; and no one, who reflects on the subject, can be surprised, that with important truths were mingled many errors. Qualities in Luther, that would be insupportable at the present day, his want of deference, his rudeness, and harsh and coarse language, were habits of the times,

and, in some respects, calculated to help on the great work of reformation. It ought not to be forgotten, that his writings were in Latin, and that, in a foreign language, many things may be said, that scarcely bear translation.

The Count, with others of his fellow-students, had followed after Luther, with an imperfect and dim perception of what was to come. From the indignant rejection of indulgences, he proceeded to the renunciation of private masses, of transubstantiation, and of the worship of images. Yet so powerful is early habit, that he seldom passed the image of the Virgin, without repeating an Ave-Maria, and making a genuflexion at her shrine.

This outward form satisfied the Dominican; and, though he knew the Elector had refused to give up Luther to the Papal authority, he considered the denial, as most others considered it, the policy of a prince to hold in check a supremacy, that had threatened, and in some degree subjugated, the whole German Empire.

All, therefore, remained tranquil at the castle; the repairs and alterations proceeded rapidly, without giving any disturbance to the former inmates. It was understood, that Frederic intended occasionally to seek this solitude, and rest from the arduous cares which thronged upon him.



In the mean time, the Elector held a distinguished place among the powers of Europe. In the contention for the Imperial throne between Charles and Francis, the objections which existed to both had induced six of the princes, who were distinguished by the name of Electors, to turn their eyes on the seventh, who was Frederic. His virtue and abilities had secured for him the title of *The Wise*. When this choice was announced, all Germany received it with joy ; but it was short-lived. The Elector of Saxony, after a brief deliberation, rejected the Imperial crown, and, offering substantial reasons, decided for Charles, the King of Spain. He was accordingly chosen. The ambassadors of the monarch waited on Frederic, to express their sense of the service he had done their master. "We consider it," said they, "as a small testimony of our gratitude to present you with this sum (handing him some Spanish *rouleaux* of gold), in the name of the Emperor, and beg you to consider it as only a first token of his gratitude."

Frederic coolly replied, "He who refuses a crown accepts not a bribe."


"At least," said the ambassadors, "permit us to distribute the sum among your courtiers."

"I have no authority to prevent their accepting it," replied the Elector ; "but whoever takes a single florin shall to-morrow morning be dismissed from my service."

"It would be improper in us to press this matter," rejoined the ambassadors ; "but allow us most humbly and cordially to make our acknowledgments for the preference you have shown to our noble sovereign over the French monarch."

"My motives," said Frederic, "have been openly avowed. The Turkish armies, led by a gallant monarch, are ready to pour into Germany. We must have recourse to foreign aid. Each of the rival kings can bring into the field sufficient forces for our defence, but the King of Spain is of German extraction ; he inherits the frontier of our nation which is most exposed to the enemy ; his claim is that of one of our countrymen, and on that account I gave him my vote."

The decision in favor of Charles produced a violent enmity between the two monarchs, and made it necessary, that the German Emperor should secure the friendship of Leo the Tenth, to protect himself from the dangerous schemes that were forming. One of the first favors that Leo demanded, as the reward of his alliance, was the surrender of the seditious monk, or that the Emperor would cause him to be put to death. Yet how could Charles make this concession, or how refuse his protection to Luther, now decidedly under the patronage of the Elector, who had, in fact, placed him upon the throne, by refusing to give his influence to Francis.



It was by no means imagined, that Frederick's protection of Luther arose from opposition to the Pope. On the contrary, they continued to interchange most civil letters, artfully worded on the side of Leo. It was believed, that the station which Luther held in the University, and the important branches of philosophy that he taught, were the secret reasons of the Elector's patronage; and, as the institution had been founded by him, no one was surprised, that he was unwilling to give up so important a professor.

Charles, therefore, evaded the demand, and deferred the whole decision to the next Imperial Diet, which was ordered to be held at Worms, on the 6th of January, 1521.

This concession, if it might be called one, no means satisfied the enemies of Luther. Eckius, who had become one of his most bitter adversaries, immediately repaired to Rome, and held private conferences with Leo.

The Pope, naturally indolent, much absorbed in the fine arts and elegant literature, and unable to comprehend the power which the monk had obtained over the minds of men, received him with impatience.

Luther, in depriving him of the revenue that proceeded from the sale of indulgences, had struck the blow which most nearly affected him. For mere speculative opinions he cared little, so that his tithes were paid.

When Eckius, therefore, opened his errand, Leo impatiently exclaimed, "The monk again? Am I never to be at rest on that subject?"

"Never, I fear, my Lord, till his doom is sealed."

"What are the mighty weapons, with which he fights so valiantly? Probably it is from the free use of our name, that he derives his importance."

"Alas, my Lord, would that it were. But this Luther, whom you term a despised monk, is a man of deep knowledge and erudition; and it is with those weapons that he carries on the warfare."

"Ha! is it so?" replied Leo sarcastically. "Then why not, most learned prelate, employ the same weapons against him? Write, and put him to silence."

"Your Holiness well knows, that I did not spare him at the disputation of Leipzig. His convert, Carolstadt, was allowed to be vanquished by every one, before Luther entered the lists. It was the duty of Hoffman, who was appointed judge, to have given a decision in my favor. But, beyond a doubt, Luther is in league with the spirits of darkness."

"But, if we have the Saints on our side, and St. Peter and St. Paul, we surely are a match for Luther and his Devils," replied the Pope.

"At any rate, I have done all in my power to quell this sedition. Have I not caused all his writings to be publicly burned?"

"Yes, Sire, and he has most insolently done the same by yours, thereby putting himself on an equality with the anointed of the Lord; he has likewise instigated Ulric de Hatten to reprint the papal bull, with notes full of scurrility, and at this moment it affords amusement from one end of Germany to the other."

"Is this true?" said Leo, clenching his hand.

"This is but a small part of the indignity offered to the Head of the Church," continued Eckius, who now perceived, that, however indifferent the Pope might be to Luther's heresies, he was by no means so to personal ridicule of himself.

"It seems, among his other enormities, he has had the boldness to draw caricatures of your Holiness, placing on a wild beast your sacred head, crowned with a paper mitre, for the diversion of the University at Wittemberg."

"If he has dared to do this," said Leo fiercely, "he shall be consumed by fire from Heaven."

"He most certainly deserves to be," replied Eckius, who seemed now to have gained an advantage in the contest, "especially if your

oliness has an extra stock in store. In the same time, would it not be well to take new measures to crush the reptile? The Emperor but half in earnest in his indignation, and theudent Frederic does not mean to lose his professor at Wittemberg."

"Are the honors I have won by self-denial," said the Pontiff, "by yielding to forms and ceremonies, by exposing my feet in the form of cross, for the adoration of the vulgar multitude on Good Friday, to avail nothing? Have I deeaned myself to wash the dirty feet of the lazzarini? Are these sacrifices to be deemed nothing, and am I to be made the jest of the world by a miserable, beggarly monk?"

"Pardon my temerity," said Eckius meekly, "but the Christian forbearance your Holiness has shown, I fear is the cause of these daring insults."

"It was my fate, early in life, to witness enough of the horrors of blood and carnage," said Leo with feeling, "to make me wish to avoid violent measures, where mild ones will answer."

"Mild ones will not answer," replied Eckius.

"It is evident," said the Pontiff, "the Elector of Saxony protects this Augustinian monk; it would be unwise and impolitic in me to proceed to extremities with a prince, whom all the



world respects. Added to this, there is a noble sympathy between us ; the zeal with which he advocates the revival of letters is only inferior to my own. They tell me he has a prodigy in the young Philip Melancthon, whom he has made Greek professor."

"Yes, my Lord," said Eckius, "and he holds an able pen. He has already written some spirited replies to Luther's adversaries. Carolstadt, too, who appeared to be completely slain at the disputation of Leipzig, is now again warmed into life by the monk, and crawling forth, to lay fagots on the pile of sedition. Since the negotiation of your nuncio, Miltz, nothing has been gained ; the letter of Luther was but a show of submission. The manner in which he treated the bull and the decretals is well known to your Holiness."

"Nothing," said Leo, "could have been more injudicious, than the conduct of Cajetan."

"Luther boasts, that a purse and a cardinal's hat have been offered him," replied Eckius. "It is said, that Erasmus is joining the party of the Reformer."

This last observation seemed to give pain to Leo, for he honored the talents and learning of this distinguished man.

"I intrude upon your Holiness," said Eckius, "and will leave you to your rest."

Leo smiled, and repeated the lines of Aldo ;

"Brief are the hours of rest the man must share,  
On whom a nation casts its weight of care."

"Permit me, however," said Eckius, in parting, "to remind you of the letter the monk had the temerity to write your Holiness." \*

It was unfortunate for the Catholic supremacy, and equally fortunate for the Reformation, that, amongst the council which Leo summoned the next day, consisting of Prierias, the Grand Inquisitor, Cajetan, Eckius, and Aleander, more ferocious enemies of Luther could not have been found. The consequence was, that a second

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\* The letter Leo well remembered. A few extracts from it are all that is necessary to show its bearing. It was written at the earnest request of Miltz, and is so full of sarcasm and irony, as to be hardly excusable, even in Luther. He writes ;

.... "Allow me, however, to caution you, my good Father Leo, against those Sirens who would persuade you, that you are not altogether a man, but a compound of man and God, and can require whatever you please. This, I assure you, will be of no avail. You are the servant of servants, and, of all mankind, are seated in the most deplorable and perilous place. Be not deceived by those who pretend, that you are lord of the earth, that there can be no Christian without your authority, and that you have any power in Heaven, in Hell, or in Purgatory."

This letter was sent some weeks before the first bull,

bull was issued in 1521, in which the Pope styles himself "the divinely appointed dispenser of spiritual and temporal punishments."

Aleander, another nuncio of the Pope, was the bearer of the second bull. He had instructions to procure from Charles, if possible, the condemnation of Luther. Charles had written to the Elector, to request him to produce Luther at the Diet of Worms.

The Elector, in his reply, informed him, that he had never undertaken either to defend the discourses or the books of Luther; that the accused offered to appear, upon the understanding that he should have equitable judges. But

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and probably produced that violent measure. Yet, even after the reception of this letter, it had been found necessary to work the Pontiff up to issuing the bull. For this purpose, it was represented to him, that the ecclesiastical orders accused him of negligence, and complained, that, while he was employed in pompous exhibitions, in music, in the encouragement of painting, he disregarded affairs of the Church.

The mildness and liberality of spirit, which Leo discovered on many occasions, would almost tempt one to believe, Luther had no sarcastic meaning in another passage of the letter just alluded to.

"Under these impressions, I have always lamented, O most excellent Leo, that you, who are worthy of better times, should have been elected to the pontificate in such days as these."

could Luther be persuaded to visit Worms? The Reformer, however, weighed all the circumstances, and promised that he would appear there, if the Emperor's word for his safe conduct was confirmed by the Diet. This was accordingly done.

## CHAPTER IX.

ALEANDER, the nuncio, had, on his return from the coronation of Charles the Fifth, visited Frederic, and insisted on his giving up Luther or imprisoning him till he should be sent to Rome.

Though the Elector was firm in his resolution he thought it judicious to consult Erasmus, who had given remarkable instances of his knowledge of character. He, therefore, sent to request his presence.

When he arrived, he found Frederic alone with his chaplain, Spalatinus. It was a cold evening in December, and the three gathered round a cheerful fire. After some preliminary conversation, Frederic requested Erasmus to give him his sincere and undisguised opinion of Luther.

Erasmus pressed his lips together and was silent.

The Prince arose and looked earnestly at him for a moment, and then said, with seriousness: "I would rather the earth would open and swallow me up, than that I should be found favoring

any false doctrine. But if Luther has truth on his side, whatever danger I may incur, he shall not reckon me among his adversaries. I do not think myself qualified to judge in so important a matter ; and, for that reason, I wish to know the real judgment of wise and learned men concerning the whole controversy."


"Luther has committed two great faults," replied Erasmus, with an ironical smile ; "he has touched the Pope on the crown, and the monks, who love good eating, in a more vital part."

The Elector could not repress an answering smile.

"In truth," said Erasmus, "Luther is just in his exposition of ecclesiastical abuses ; a reformation of the church has become absolutely necessary ; the Reformer's doctrine is true in the main, but there is a great want of mildness in his manner."

After the Elector had retired, Spalatinus and Erasmus pursued the conversation. A pen and ink were on the table, and Erasmus, seizing the pen, wrote as follows ;

"1. Persons of the best morals and of the purest faith are least offended with Luther. 2. The barbarity and violence of the bull against him offends all good men, and is unworthy of a vicar of Christ. 3. Only two of the Universities, out of so many, have condemned him ; and



these have not convicted him, nor do they themselves agree as to their reasons. 4. The man aims at neither rank nor profit, and therefore is the less to be suspected."

As he pushed the paper to Spalatinus, he said, "I learn more from a single page of his books, than from all the writings of Thomas Aquinas."

"Luther has hoped most ardently," said Spalatinus, "that you would come out as an open defender of the Reformation."

"Perhaps, had he been more mild, we might have gone along together," replied Erasmus.

"Many say," continued the chaplain, "that you laid the egg, which Luther has hatched."

"Which he has furiously *broken*," replied Erasmus, "ere the embryo was formed; but, indeed, there is call enough for reformation. The corruptions of the Romish Church have long afflicted the best disposed Catholics."

"May I ask," said Spalatinus, "if you include Leo in this corruption?"

"It is difficult," replied Erasmus, "to say how far judgment and inclination go along with one who has embarked his all in a cause. Leo is too wise and too enlightened to believe in the superstitions of the Catholic Church; nevertheless, he feels bound by his own interest, as well as by the supremacy conferred upon him, to support them to the uttermost."

“Then it is principle that he wants?”

Erasmus compressed his lips, as was his custom when he did not choose to answer.

“You have been at Rome, and knew the former Pope personally, I have understood?”

“Yes,” replied Erasmus, “mine has been a wandering life. Born at Rotterdam, and left an orphan at an early age, I was pillaged by my guardians, who, for the sake of my little patrimony, in a manner compelled me to enter a monastery. There I saw more of ignorance and corruption, than I wish to speak of. I determined to quit the place, and took some English pupils as a support. With one of them, Lord Mountjoy, I visited England and entered St. Mary’s College. There I devoted myself to the Greek language. It would be useless to speak of my poverty; that, and my love of learning, have been almost the only companions that have clung fast to me through life. I visited France and Italy, and was present at the pompous and triumphal entry of Julius the Second into the conquered city of Bologna. It was attended with all the wasteful expense and gaudy parade of a Turkish emperor; ‘and this,’ thought I, ‘is the man who pretends to be the vicegerent of the humble and lowly Jesus, who entered Jerusalem welcomed only by the hosannas of the multitude!’ At Padua, Alexander, the natu-



ral son of James the Sixth, became my pupil who afterwards perished in the bloody battle of Flodden Field, in 1513. Once more I visited England, and lodged in the house of Thomas More, and there wrote upon the corruptions of the Romish Church. At Basil, I published my translation of the New Testament. It was the first time it had been printed in Greek and drew upon me many censures from the ignorant and malevolent. One of the monkish fraternity had previously cautioned the world against translations, saying '*A new language has been invented, which is called Greek; guard carefully against it, for it is the mother of every species of heresy. It is a book which they call the New Testament, and full of thorns and serpents. With respect to Hebrew, it is certain, my dear brethren, all who read it are converted to Judaism.*' "

"Have you visited Rome since the present Pope was elected?" inquired Spalatinus.

"I happened to be there at the time," replied Erasmus, "and was recognised by him."

"Probably," said the chaplain, "he was a better man then, than he is now."

"Power," replied Erasmus, "is a dangerous engine in any individual's hands. Perhaps he would have used it with less tyranny than Luther has hitherto done. There is one remarkable

fact, that, while Luther and his adherents stigmatize him as a superstitious bigot, the Catholics complain of his indifference to the forms and ceremonies of religion. His mind is certainly unusually free from superstition; he has a real love of reading, and often has a book by the side of him at his meals, and occasionally changes his occupation from eating to reading."

"Does he select the dogmas of the church, or the lives of the saints on these occasions?" said Spalatinus.

The two scholars interchanged smiles.

"I should think not; he is fond of recreation, likes music, chess, and a private game of cards; but does not neglect the graver studies of theology, jurisprudence, and philosophy."

"If the mind of Leo is as free from superstition as you appear to think," said Spalatinus, after a pause, "why does he not exert himself to produce some reformation in the church? Every good Catholic laments the corruptions which prevail; and some of the superstitions are so palpably absurd, that I am tempted to ask, whence such falsehoods can proceed."

"Rather ask," replied Erasmus, "whence the spider procures the filaments for his web. They are spun from his own entrails. Many of the corruptions of the Church proceed from ignorance; terror, too, is a fruitful source of

absurdity. I have heard sailors coaxing waves of the sea in a storm, as if it were angry mistress, and imploring it, as most generous, most clement, and most beautiful, to appeased and save them. Others addressed Virgin, calling her the Queen of Heaven, Star of the Sea, the Mistress of the Earth, Harbour of Safety, none of which flattering titles the Scriptures anywhere give her. On the contrary, they originally belonged to Venus, who was worshipped by the heathen as the star of sea. But one vow, that best illustrates this species of superstition, was made by a man who promised St. Christopher, that, if he would save his life, he would give him a wax candle as large as the temple in which he stood, which is the highest in Paris. As he spoke in a loud voice, some one near said, 'You do not know what you promise. If you were to sell all your worth, you could not perform your vow.' He replied in a whisper, which he intended St. Christopher should not hear, 'Peace, fool; if I reach the land safe, I will not give even a tall candle.'"

"Did none of them pray to the Apostle Peter who had been so mercifully saved from shipwreck?"

"Not one."

"What didst thou?" said Spalatinus, and

a smile ; for he began to discover the ingenious manner in which Erasmus often conveyed his own opinions.

“ I considered,” replied Erasmus, “ that the heavens are of immense extent, and that, before any saint, even St. Peter, who sitteth at the gate, could hear me, I might be lost ; so I addressed myself at once to God, saying, ‘ Our father, who art in heaven.’

“ Some one, who stood by, asked me, if I did not fear to address the Father without the intercession of the Saints, when I must be conscious of having committed so many sins. I answered, that no father could be so angry against his son, as to let him perish, if he saw him struggling in a torrent. While all around were confessing to the Saints, and bargaining with them for their lives, I silently confessed my sins to God, repenting of my wickedness, and imploring his mercy. I was not anxious as to what would become of me if I perished ; I left all this to *my father*, not wishing to be my own judge. There was one little woman, who neither vociferated nor complained. She held her infant pressed closely to her bosom, as if her only thought was to shield it from harm, and, amid the fury of the storm and the dashing of the waves, true to her maternal office, nourished it at her breast, and prayed silently. When the sailors saw this, they

were moved. Nature is all-powerful, and they secured the mother and child with ropes, that they might not be washed overboard, instead of commending her, as they did themselves, to the 'clement and merciful sea.'

"There was a Dominican friar on board. A number confessed their sins to him, but he seemed in no situation to give them comfort; for the vessel was now reeling to and fro, and the waters bursting over her. We soon neared the land. The water filled the ship, and the sailors got out the boat as a last refuge; thirty crowded into it; they were the first that perished."

"What became of the little woman?" asked Spalatinus.

"We placed her on a wide plank and bound her to it so firmly, that she could not fall off; we then gave her a little plank, that would serve for an oar, and launching her upon the waves, pushed her off with a long pole, while she, holding her infant with her left hand, rowed with the right, and she was the first that reached the land.

Each one seized hold of what was near; one an oar, one a pump, one a bucket, and committed himself to the waves. The Dominican, too, began to swim, invoking Dominicus, Thomas, Vincentius, Peter, but especially St. Catharine of Siena."

"Did he not call on Christ?"

“No one heard him. Of fifty-eight that were in the ship, only five were saved.”

“How is Melancthon?” inquired Erasmus, suddenly changing the subject, “that wonderful young man, who has given to the dead languages the vigor and beauty of immortal youth. Carlstadt, too, the Arch-deacon of Wittenberg, they tell me he is fast following the steps of Luther.”

“It will be well,” said the chaplain, “if he does not get before him. He is a man full of intemperate zeal, fiery in his nature, rather than of determined, persevering energy, like Luther. The Saxon reformer evidently mistrusts his judgment.”

“I must begone,” said Erasmus, rising; “I seldom spend so much time in one place.”

After his departure, Spalatinus sat awhile buried in thought; he was doubtful whether Erasmus had merely recited one of his own Colloquies, or whether there was less of fiction than truth in the narrative. Either way he saw but little reason to suppose, that he and Luther would ever become bitter antagonists.

## CHAPTER X.

IN the midst of Luther's dark and gloomy prospects, a solace had arisen for him in the zealous friendship of the young convert, Melancthon, who came to Wittemberg in the year 1518. However important this admirable scholar had been at the University of Tubingen, Frederic, who was never forgetful of the interests of the University founded under his own auspices, determined to draw him to Wittemberg. Several letters were interchanged between them, and at length Melancthon received the appointment of Greek professor. The elegant and learned scholar Capnio, who had been teacher of languages to Melancthon, and who has been called the restorer of letters in Germany, took leave of him with the tenderness of a father, applying to him the language of Scripture, " 'Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee; . . . . and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing.' Thus I hope it will be with thee hereafter, my Philip, my care and my comfort."

The fourth day after his arrival, he commenced his public duties as Professor by delivering an oration.

The generous delight of Luther does honor to his heart. He wrote to Spalatinus immediately, and said of the oration, "It was inconceivably learned and elegant." He immediately became the pupil of the professor, (who was only twenty-one,) in the Greek language. "He is a mere boy and a stripling," said Luther, "if you consider his age; but our great man and master, if you consider his learning."

Melancthon had a taste for poetry, and it sometimes discovered itself in his prose writings. The following passage is selected from a discourse, which he delivered to the University, on reforming the studies of youth.

"Whenever we approach the fountains of truth, we shall begin to grow wise in Christ; his commandments will become obvious, and we shall be regaled with the blessed nectar of heavenly wisdom. When we have gathered the clusters amongst 'the vineyards of Engedi,' the bridegroom will come 'leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,' and with the kisses of his mouth,' and the 'savour of his good ointments poured forth,' will anoint those who are conducted into the palaces of Eden. United to him we shall live and thrive, contem-



plating Zion and Salem in the secret silence of adoration. Such is the fruit of celestial knowledge, which will always prove worthy of our supreme regard, when pure and unimpaired by human subtilties."

The concluding address to the young men, is too wise and beautiful to be omitted.

"Enter then, O ye youths, enter upon your course of wholesome instruction with this sentiment in your constant recollection, *Whoever determinately sets about a business, has half accomplished it.* Do not be afraid of becoming wise; study the Roman authors, but especially attach yourselves to those of Greece, without the knowledge of whom the former cannot be properly understood, and whose compositions will conduce to the knowledge of general literature, and, more than any others, to the formation of the mind to taste and elegance. I cannot help anticipating the effect of your example, and fancying that I can see, a few years hence, Germany, in various parts, reviving in literature, the general state of morals ameliorated, and the minds of men, at present barbarously wild, and barren as the desert, at length *tamed*, so to speak, and cultivated!

"Henceforth, then, you will devote yourselves to study, not only for the sake of your own personal advantage and that of posterity, but

for the honor of our immortal Elector, who is, by universal consent, the best of princes, and has nothing more at heart than the promotion of literature. For myself I am resolved to try my utmost, both to accomplish the desires of the most pious of princes, and the success of your studies. And with this design I solemnly devote myself, O ye illustrious princes and superintendents of this University, to your service ; consecrating my youth to solid learning, and not to useless or injurious pursuits, and confidently depending on your kindness and protection." \*

Such was the cherished friend of Luther. In a communion of heart, mind, and purpose, the difference of years was forgotten. Both looked at the abuses of the Romish church with equal disapprobation, and both were equally ardent for the revival and progress of learning, considering knowledge as the great instrument of the Reformation. But their different characters influenced their different reception of the great truths opening upon their minds. Melancthon was timid and gentle. He trembled for his friend, and often disapproved of the violence and severity of Luther towards his opponents ; amidst his own brightening prospects, for he had early mar-

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\* The above extracts are selected from Cox's "Life of Melancthon."

ried Margaret Crappin, the daughter of a respectable burgomaster of Wittenberg, a young girl of excellent qualities.\*

To the neat and pleasant dwelling of Melancthon, Luther often repaired ; and perhaps it was in witnessing this happy union, founded upon pure affection and deep religious sentiment, in seeing every domestic virtue in beautiful exercise, that he became more and more confirmed in the doctrine which he had already begun to promulgate, that monastic vows and a life of celibacy were not enjoined by Scripture, but, on the contrary, that marriage was mentioned as honorable.

It was on a cold evening in January, that Luther entered the little parlour of his two friends, whom he found as usual seated on each side of a round table before the fire ; Melancthon with his pen, and Margaret with her needle. A chair was drawn up, and an additional fagot added to the fire.

“ News, news,” said Luther, as he took from

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\* At the time Melancthon was married, he was delivering a course of lectures on St. Paul ; and he was so remarkable for his duty, that the suspension, even for a day, gave rise to this epigram ;

“ Rest from your labors, Philip says you may ;  
He ’ll read no lectures on St. Paul to-day.”

his pocket the Imperial message. "I am summoned to the Diet at Worms."

Margaret laid down her needle-work, and looked earnestly at Luther, his dark, piercing eye sparkling with unusual brightness.

"What would Margaret say?" said Luther.

"Don't go," she exclaimed; "I have gloomy presentiments."

The only drawback on Melancthon's happiness were the presentiments of his sensitive wife. Yet a few words of reason and religious trust usually dissipated them; but Melancthon himself had but too strong a tendency to superstitious apprehensions, and, in the present instance, his wife's fears met his own.

"Margaret is right," said he. "Do not go!"

"Not go!" exclaimed the monk, with vehemence. "I have said and written, that, if summoned by Charles, I should conclude it the Divine will that I should go. That time has come. Do not try to dissuade me, my friends, but recommend my cause to God, who saved the three children from the fiery furnace."

He then drew forth the summons of the Emperor, and, holding it to the light, gently struck with his finger upon the courteous address of Charles. "See," said he, "how the great man writes to the poor, despised monk. Do you think these concessions would be made, and

these measures taken, if they did not perceive their cause trembling and tottering? I have lived through the conference at Augsburg, through the disputation at Leipzig, and, if it please God, I shall return safe from the Diet at Worms."

"Do you not dread the legates of the Pope, who will be assembled?" said Margaret.

"Dread them?" replied Luther; "if I were master of the Empire, I would tie the Pope and his cardinals in one bundle, and throw them into the Tuscan sea! Such a bath is needed to cleanse them."

Melancthon looked at Margaret, and laid his finger on his lip with a melancholy smile. He perceived that her gentle and timid remarks were ill-timed, and only added fuel to the excited mind of the Reformer.

"Let us reason this matter together," said Melancthon. "John Huss went under the protection of a safe-conduct; yet how it was observed, we all know."

"He died the glorious death of a martyr," said Luther, "and professed his faith while the flames curled round his head. Who, if called by God, would not rejoice to yield his life in the cause of true religion?"

"At least," said Melancthon, "we are bound to exert all prudential measures for our safety. Take my counsel, and not mine alone; let us consult the wisest of our friends."

All trembled for his life, except Luther himself. His constant assertion was, "It is in God's hands."

At length he set forward on his journey, accompanied by Melancthon, Justus Jonas, a man who afterwards took a decided part in the German Reformation, and several other friends. Luther was forbidden to preach at any of the towns through which he passed, but he declared that he had never promised to obey that injunction, and that he would preach wherever he could find hearers. This he did, giving his whole soul and strength, as he was wont to do, to his discourses, forgetting himself and all present. He seemed to have but one object, the glory of God and religious truth. This undoubtedly was the great secret of his success.

Luther's affairs were now in a most alarming situation. All his security rested on the Elector, who held in awe the Emperor Charles. Leo was peremptory in his demands, and wanted only the power to enforce them. Yet the courage of the Reformer never for a moment was shaken. He constantly said, "If this is the work of the Lord, it will go on in spite of Antichrist himself."

The eyes of all Europe were turned toward the Diet of Worms. Charles the Fifth, in his circular letter to the Electors and other members

of the Diet, informed them, that the assembly of the empire was summoned for the purpose of taking proper measures for checking the progress of the new and dangerous opinions, which had disturbed the peace of Germany, and threatened to overturn the religion of their ancestors.

The Diet met with its usual forms. The legates of the Pope pressed for an immediate edict against the man, who had so long disturbed the peace of the Holy Church, and insulted its sacred authority. Aleander was the leading orator for the Papal See. He produced Luther's writings, to show from them his heresy and profaneness; he stated, that the evil was growing desperate, and nothing but an immediate Imperial edict could now suppress it.

The Elector of Saxony, with his usual wisdom and moderation, stated, that Luther ought to be heard before he was condemned; the question was not merely whether the writings and doctrines were false, but whether he was the author of them. This he must answer for himself. But they must all be sensible he would not appear, unless a safe-conduct from Charles was confirmed to him.

Charles had two motives in view; to pacify the Pope, and gratify the Elector; therefore he determined, that Luther should be heard.

Aleander said, "that such lenity was unheard

of ; that the monk had been excommunicated as a detestable heretic ; and to allow him to appear before that respectable Diet was an insult to his Holiness, the Pope."

Nevertheless, Charles granted Luther a safe-conduct to Worms, enjoining his appearance within twenty-one days ; and in the address he styled him "Our honorable, beloved servant, Dr. Martin Luther of the Augustinian order."



## CHAPTER XI.

It was curious to see the same man, who, in the pulpit, seemed abstracted from common things and almost an incarnation of religious doctrine mingling in society at other times with a gay and hilarity, that much younger men did not possess. Music was a favorite recreation with him; he played well upon the flute, sang the popular ballads of the country, and his own beautiful hymns. "There were times," he said, "when amusement was as necessary to his mind as exhausting labors, as food was to his body."

At Eisenach he had an attack of serious indisposition, and complained of uncommon debility. Some of his friends tried to persuade him to turn back, saying this was a sufficient reason for not proceeding. He replied, "I will encounter Worms, though all the gates of Hell, and all the powers of darkness oppose."

As soon as he was able, he again set forward. He was met by various alarming rumors, and was informed, that the Emperor had collected all the books. The hearts of his best friends began to fail them, as they approached the scene of action.

At Oppenheim, near Worms, he was met by Martin Bucer, with an escort of horse, to entreat him to take refuge in a neighbouring castle. They told him, that the Emperor had already broken his word, by ordering all his writings to be seized, and that the Imperial mandate, as well as the Papal bull, was everywhere published. They warned him of the fate of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. He also, at this place, received letters from Spalatinus, fervently entreating him to return immediately, and insinuating, that even the Elector's presence could not save him.

Melancthon now again ventured to remonstrate. "You surely will not go on," he said.

"Yes," replied Luther, "though I should be obliged to encounter as many devils at Worms, as there are tiles upon the houses."

"We have everything to fear from his daring intrepidity," said Melancthon to his friends. "I foresee, that his warmth and vehemence will seal his fate. Would that the heavenly fire burned less fiercely!"

Luther arrived at Worms on the 16th of April, 1521. As he stepped from the open carriage in which he travelled, he uttered these words, in the midst of a concourse of people, who had gathered round; "God will be on my side."

It is not wonderful, that the most intense curiosity prevailed to see a monk, a simple monk, whose name had extended through Germany, who had shaken the empire of the Pope, and who was an object of intense interest to Charles and the German princes. To judge this man, without wealth, titles, or family, this excommunicated priest, the great ones of the earth had assembled. He came with but few friends, for many had timidly deserted him at Oppenheim. He came with a firm step, undaunted courage, and an eye bright and piercing. It was a new era in the world, and thousands were gazing, to see what was to be the event. Spalatinus was there to receive him.

"Ah, my friend," said he, "if vanity, and worldly honors, and human applause had been the motives which influenced your conduct, you need seek no further. But I greatly fear what is to come."

"I have no fear," replied Luther; "death can come but once."

Immense crowds continued to flock to see him, and his apartments were filled with persons of the highest rank. He was looked on as a prodigy of wisdom and courage. Those who trembled at his bold defiance of the Holy See, gazed at him with a sort of sublime wonder; but many more rejoiced that such a man was born,

to enlighten the understandings and direct the sentiments of mankind. All offered a homage far more flattering than birth or condition can command. Not a few still entreated him to elude the assembled Diet. We can protect you now, said they, but, once in the enemy's power, we can do nothing for you.

“Think you,” said Luther, “that I have encountered sickness and fatigue without counting the cost? I am clad in an armour too weighty for flight;—I came to fight the battle of truth, and God is on my side.”

He was lodged with the Teutonic knights, near the Elector of Saxony, but had no intercourse with him. Never was there a human being more defenceless and unprotected.

The day after his arrival he was conducted to the Diet by the marshal of the empire. The members of the august assembly were all convened; Princes and Cardinals, with the outward insignia of rank;—there, too, was Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, full of the ardor and confidence of a youthful monarch.

Luther entered in the dress of a monk, with his black gown belted round his waist; he walked forward with an assured but modest step; there was no air of defiance, yet the settled purpose of his soul might be discerned in his countenance.

Melancthon, Spalatinus, and Justus Jonas, with many of his friends, were present, regarding him with almost breathless interest. Never was a man who had warmer friends and more bitter enemies.

The first question proposed to Luther was, whether he acknowledged himself the author of books published in his name ?

“ Let them be named,” said Luther calmly.

The titles were read over, and the question again put to him.

“ I am the author,” said he, “ and will never deny them.”

“ Are you ready to retract what has been condemned in those books ? ”

To this second answer he alleged objections ; saying, that it was a question concerning faith, and the salvation of souls, and that a rash answer might subject him to the sentence, pronounced by Christ, “ Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father who is in heaven.” He therefore entreated, that he might be allowed time to deliberate, so that he might answer without injury to the divine word, or danger to his own soul.”

The Emperor consented, and directed that he should appear on the following day.

His conduct, on this occasion, was a cause of triumph to his adversaries, who were eager to see

in it symptoms of vacillation and a recantation of his principles.

While Luther was on his way to the first interview, he was surrounded by immense crowds; even the roofs of houses were covered with spectators; women waved their handkerchiefs; and he heard encouraging words addressed to him, such as, "Fear not those who can kill the body only;" "When ye shall stand before kings, think not how you shall speak; for it shall be given to you in that same hour." When he returned, and it was understood what had passed, and that he had requested further delay, the enthusiasm vanished. Many believed it was a proof that he had no portion of the divine spirit, or he would have poured forth a torrent of words. They forgot, that Luther had never pretended to be inspired; he had always represented himself as a fallible mortal, anxious to discharge his duty.

The next day he again appeared before the Diet, and was asked whether he meant to retract the opinions asserted in his writings. He made his reply in Latin, from which the following extracts are translated.

"I stand here in obedience to the commands of his Most Serene Imperial Majesty, and the most illustrious of princes, and I earnestly beseech them to listen to this cause with clemency. It will appear, I trust, to be the cause of truth and

justice ; and, therefore, if through ignorance I should fail to give proper titles to each of the dignified personages who hear me, or if in any other respect I am deficient in courtesy, they will please to accept my apology with candor. I have not been accustomed to the refinements of a court, but to the cloisters of a monastery. Nor, of myself, have I any thing further to say, than that hitherto I have read lectures and composed books with that simplicity of mind, which regards only the glory of God and the instruction of mankind." He then went on to say, that he *could not retract those writings*, and to give his reasons why ; his whole defence was calm and energetic, and in concluding he admonished the young Emperor, with dignity and firmness, to beware of rash judgment.

After he had finished, Aleander, who was more remarkable for his great learning than for his diplomatic skill, observed, "that he had not spoken to the purpose ; that he must give a simple, unequivocal answer, whether he would retract or not."

Luther again replied in Latin.

" Since your Majesty and the sovereigns now present require a simple answer, I shall reply thus, without evasion or vehemence. Unless I be convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by evident reason, and unless my conscience be

prompted by the word of God, I neither can nor will retract any thing ; seeing that to act against my own conscience is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand ; I cannot do otherwise ; may God help me ! amen." The last sentence he pronounced in a louder voice, in his native German.

After some debate he was dismissed with great disapprobation, and ordered not to appear again before the assembly. When he returned, the partisans of the Pope and the Spanish Roman Catholics followed him with hisses ; while the friends of the Reformation were filled with admiration of his intrepidity. Even his enemies were astonished at the gentleness and dignity of his manner ; they had expected one of two extremes, either recantation or abuse ;—neither had taken place. The Archbishop of Treves was so much moved, that he visited Luther, and sought to win him from his heresy, and made important concessions ; but, though Luther was touched by his lenity, he remained firm.

As it was found that nothing could be done with the heretic, he was ordered by the Emperor to quit Worms immediately. Luther left the place on the 26th of April.

History records no event more remarkable than this, that a poor, excommunicated monk should be thus received, — be admitted to such an august assembly, and suffered to speak there for



hours, and after all be dismissed with safety, though surrounded by enemies, who would gladly have committed him to the flames.

He was conducted to the gate by a numerous and distinguished escort, and began his journey home. Melancthon waited behind, as did other friends, to see the result of the Diet.

Immediately the Emperor issued an edict in imitation of the papal bull, which was not to take effect till after the pledge of a safe-conduct had expired, — in which he speaks of Luther “the Devil, in the semblance of a man and in the dress of a monk. All the subjects of the empire are required to seize upon him and deliver him up to the hands of justice, wherever he may be found.”

It may be easily believed, that much distrust was spread among his friends. Melancthon fled to Worms and returned home. When he arrived there, a tale of horror was in circulation. Luther, who travelled with a companion, had been waylaid in the forest of Thuringia, dragged from the carriage by several men in masks, carried away, and without doubt murdered. His companion had escaped to tell the tale.

Consternation prevailed everywhere among the friends of Luther, and the streets and houses of Wittemberg were filled with wailing.

## CHAPTER XII.

HITHERTO the very steps taken by the Pontiff to prevent, had only served to promote, the Reformation. The edict now published by Charles was only wanting to give a still stronger impulse to the spirit of reform which had gone forth. Notwithstanding that he declared Luther to be a heretic and excommunicated, and issued orders that he should be seized and kept prisoner wherever he might be found, till the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty was known, and also directed that the same punishment should be inflicted on all his adherents or favorers, and their goods be confiscated, the effects produced were directly opposite to what the Catholics expected.

Luther was now by many considered a martyr in the cause of truth, and his disciples mingled a degree of ferociousness with their defiance of the Pope. Charles, who was surrounded by the splendor of circumstances, a young and enterprising monarch, would probably have been able, by rigorous measures, to have protected his edict from violation ; but he was obliged soon after the Diet to return to Spain, to quiet civil commotions

there ; and the legal administration of the government devolved, of right, upon the Elector of Saxony, jointly with the Elector Palatine. Hence it was, that the Lutherans triumphed in Saxony. The books of the Reformer circulated over Germany, Denmark, Bohemia, and the towns situated on the Rhine, and a long interval was given for the growth of the Reformation. The monasteries in some places were thrown open ; in others, many of the inhabitants escaped and took refuge with the adherents of the new faith. The light had arisen, and was rapidly approaching to noonday.

The Nymphal Cloister, under the patronage of Frederic, stood in a low and sheltered valley, inhabited by a small community of nuns. They were a set of holy women, most of them past the season of youth ; yet, occasionally, a young member was added as a noviciate, and, after the usual term had expired, took the veil, and pronounced the vows that were to seclude her forever from the world. Such acquisitions were a source of rejoicing ; the aged Abbess looked to them for the preservation of the institution in its vigor and purity, and felt, with pious joy, that

“ A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.”

They were welcomed with delight, and became the pets of the elder nuns.

Such was Catharine Von Borne, the last scion of a noble but impoverished family. We must go back to that period to realize, that the tenderness of her parents consigned her to this dreary abode, while yet too young to realize the worldly sacrifices which she was called to make. Full of cheerful gayety, she left the parental dwelling with the assurance, that, if she wished, she might return to it after the period of her noviciate had expired. There are few who have courage to assert this right, at that time considered little more than nominal. Catharine was grateful to the nuns for their kindness ; her parents had virtually cast her off ; the world was a vast wilderness to her ; here were her best friends, and the altar of her religion, and here she determined to remain. Frederic, whose munificence had often been exercised towards the convent, was requested to be present when she took the veil. The ecclesiastics considered it for the interest and prosperity of the institution, that it should be public. Many young women might be excited to follow such a noble example by witnessing it, and what pious Roman Catholic would not aid in consecrating a life to God ?

Dressed in the splendid costume which she was so shortly to renounce, and loaded with borrowed jewels, the innocent victim knelt to Frederic for his paternal blessing. Fervently he

gave it. As he laid his aged hand upon her youthful head, and affectionately smoothed the silken hair, so soon to be severed from it, he said, "Remember, my daughter, in me you will always find a friend."

Perhaps Frederic had begun to entertain some doubts of the propriety of monastic vows ; but earnestly he hoped that the faith, which led her to renounce the world, might be the means of conducting her soul to heaven. There were many present who had listened to the preaching of Luther ; to those the sacrifice was a melancholy one, and they ventured to express their convictions to each other.

Two years passed away, and at the end of that time Catharine was no longer cheerful or contented. She arose in the morning, not to hail the glorious sun, as it broke on the darkness of the night, — not to see the goodness of God expressed in smiling, contented faces ; but to gaze on the emblems of mortality, which were carefully placed opposite her couch, — the skeleton head, — a crucified Jesus writhing in his agonies, — not as he was seen glorified on the Mount ; and, when she arose and began her early worship of God, it was not to behold him in his glorious temple, but to gaze on the dark, oaken pannels of the ancient building, — to see the light dimly entering the high, grated windows, — to join the

everlasting chant of the nuns, — to partake in the same ceremonies, morning, noon, and night, — to repeat, again and again, the same Latin prayers, — to confess the same wanderings of mind, — to perform similar penance, and to receive the same absolution. And this she felt was not to last for a month, or a year, but as long as she lived, — the eternity of this world.

Luther's tracts penetrated everywhere ; the peasantry sang his hymns to the tune of *Old Hundred*, the music of which he composed. Many a wandering report found its way to the valley, and thence to the cloister. Visitors told the story at the grate, how a monk had dared to brave the Pope and the mighty potentates of Europe. Some listened with pious horror ; but not so the young Catharine. Her ardent and enterprising mind was astonished by the novelty of his doctrines, and captivated by his intrepidity. She questioned every one that came to the grate, made them repeat in what his new dogmas consisted, and caught the spirit of his language.

All the nuns talked of Luther ; all had some new anecdote to relate. Many remembered his coming to the cloister to shrive a dying nun, and administer extreme unction. "Then," they said, "he was a holy man, a man of God." The Abbess said, "the deep tones of his voice still trembled on her ear as he spoke peace to the dy-

ing penitent ; she still heard his low, solemn chant ! And his eye, too, that eye which seemed to look into the very soul ! Alas, who would have thought that such a man could fall into the snares of Satan."

Catharine was never tired of hearing the lamentable tale. There were many others of the nuns to whom it was excitement and variety. Every other topic of the kind was, in a degree, forbidden. But the Abbess said, "such a lesson and warning could not be slightly passed over." They remembered him when they counted their beads, and Luther became the hero of the convent.

Some months after this excitement in the Nymphal Cloister took place, a young girl, wrapped in a cloak, stood at the outer door of the palace, and entreated for admittance to the presence of Frederic. She was at first rudely refused ; but the soft tones of her voice, and the evident youth and delicacy of her appearance, at length interested one of the attendants, and he consented to take the name of Catharine Von Borne to the Elector. Frederic ordered her to be introduced, and with a trembling step and downcast eyes she appeared before him.

"What has brought you here ?" said he, in a voice less mild than usual.

"My conscience," she replied, "and your

promise, that you would always be a friend to me."

"But why are you not at the nunnery?"

"I have left it, — the ceremonies, — the worship — all, — I have renounced, and embraced the new faith."

"This is an unheard of step for so young a person."

"God speaks to the young as well as to the old. I could not remain there. I felt that it was hypocrisy to be offering vows at an unknown altar. God forgive me for having so long ignorantly done it."

"Did you leave the convent alone?"

"No, Sire, I left it with eight others; but they all have resources, — I alone am friendless."

"Poor child," said the Elector, yielding to his natural sympathies.

Hitherto Catharine had remained firm and collected; but the voice of kindness subdued her resolution, and her tears flowed freely. When she recovered her equanimity, she said; "I came not, Sire, to move your compassion, but to request you to place me in some respectable family where I may earn a living. That, and freedom of conscience, are all I ask. I have youth and health, and can make myself useful; I do not fear for the future."

"Have you no wish to return to your parents?" said the Elector.



“ Ah ! Sire, what can I expect but to be sent back again to the convent, or, what is worse, looked upon with horror, as an outcast, — a *heretic*.”

“ I do know of a family, Catharine,” said the Prince, “ which would receive you with my recommendation ; but it is the abode of innocence and truth. If any unworthy motives mingle with your renunciation of your ancient faith, — tremble to enter it.”

“ Are they of the reformed faith ? ” inquired Catharine, with a faltering voice.

“ They are.”

“ Then trust me,” said she with energy. The Prince wrote a few lines, and, sending for Spalatinus, said, “ Take this young person, with the letter, to Philip Melancthon. God bless you, my child,” said he, in a softened voice, as she left the apartment.

Catharine was received by Philip and his wife with the most cordial kindness. He was himself too deeply imbued with the doctrines of the Reformation to be surprised at any step a convert might take. She became at once a member of their family ; and, by her sweetness and cheerfulness, added new enjoyment to their happy lot. There was another member of the household that held an important place ; this was an invaluable servant by the name of John. He took the

whole care of providing for the family, leaving his master the free exercise of his time for literary pursuits, making their concerns his own, and avoiding all useless expenditure. This was highly important, as their means were small. Such was the home which Catharine had found. Without being obliged to perform any menial offices, she made herself useful and important to her kind friends, and they blessed God for having brought them together.

She often spoke of the friends she had left in the convent, with tender affection. "They were good and pious," said she, "and found peace and tranquillity in a monastic life. They did not, like me, remember too well the free and happy days of childhood, to submit cheerfully to their lot. There were none with whom my heart communed, and I had but one thing to love."

"What was that?" Margaret eagerly inquired.

"It was a little bird that flew into my window. How I welcomed it! It seemed to bring in a portion of the joy and gladness without. I petitioned the Abbess to let me keep it; she kindly consented; yet, when I saw it struggle to be free, and beat its head against the wires of its prison, I opened the door to let it fly through the grated window; it did not see the way out, and I was too selfish to repeat the experiment. It became my idol, — ah, it was too true, the nuns said so, —

and they told me I was perilling my own soul for a little bird ! I confessed my sin, — for I was faithful in my confessions. The penance enjoined was not merely to give it liberty, but to take its life with my own hand, — the hand that had so long cherished it, and that it had learned to caress. I could not do it. I knelt before the altar of the Virgin, and, in the darkness of my superstition, entreated her by some sign to release me from the terrible penance enjoined. At the moment I looked at her, hoping for some indication, my bird, that I had attached by a string, suddenly perched on her finger, which pointed towards Heaven. ‘He is free,’ I exclaimed, ‘and I am absolved from the cruel deed.’ I unfastened the string, and held him to the window ; he fluttered there awhile, perched on the iron grates, and hovered round, then spread his wings. I watched him till he was lost in the blue ether, and I saw him no more.”

“Dear Catharine,” said the wife of Melancthon, “this is all a fable ; it is your own story you are relating ; ah, I see it by your tears.”

“No,” she replied, “it is all true ; but I weep because it is so much like my own story. It was two years ago that it took place, — two years before my conscience was released from its struggles, and my faith unfolded its wings and soared towards heaven.”

“Did your convictions come all at once?”

“O no, they were gradual. If the sun should burst upon us in all its glory, it would dazzle and blind us. The books of Martin Luther found their way to the convent; they spoke of a life passed in the free service of God, — of the holiness of virtuous friendship, — of the active services of benevolence, — of the superstitious and blind adoration of Saints, — of the impiety of offering our vows to the Virgin Mary. The Abbess in her zeal bade us read the books, that we might learn to abhor the writer. I read them and learned *to bless him*. His books and his doctrines yet live; but they say *he* was murdered in the forest of Thuringia.”

“Do not believe it,” said the wife, with animation; “will not God preserve his anointed? I am sure that he lives; my Philip has not so spoken, but I read it in every look and gesture. I doubt not but he is bound by some promise of secrecy, or he would tell me so. We shall yet see Martin Luther, — he will again enter our humble dwelling, — we shall hear the deep tones of his voice, — we shall see again the light of his eye.”

“I think I should tremble before it,” said Catharine.

“No, you would not; none but the wicked tremble before it.”

"He must be very old," said Catharine.

"Not so *very* old," said her companion thoughtfully ; "but he is a good many years older than my Philip ; I think he must be forty.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE the doctrines of the Reformation were agitating the German empire, Albert, Count of Mansfeldt, had been limited by the wishes of the Elector, which to him were laws, to Wartburg Castle, and the region round, including Eisenach. Here his parents resided, and the rich mines of that district belonged to the Counts of Mansfeldt. Whatever were Frederic's motives in separating Albert from his own presence, they were satisfactory to the youth, who contrived to fill up his time with constant occupation. The repairs upon the castle were completed late in the autumn, and that part was entirely shut up, and seemed to have passed from the memory of the inhabitants. After its completion the Count had no excuse to remain there, even if the society of Alice could have reconciled him to the idleness of such a life ; but Eisenach was not so distant as to preclude his frequent visits, and the joyful welcome he received from her prevented their being far between. Often when the castle broke upon his view, as he approached it, he contrasted the landscape with his first introduction. Then

spring was wreathing it with her transient beauty ; — now it stood in solitary gloom, on one of the high mountains, surrounded by snow, through which the dark rocks were often visible. “ So all things change,” thought he, “ and so change human prospects.”

The winter passed away and Alice had lived through it ; indeed she had scarcely felt a diminution of her happiness. She had still her indoor pleasures, — her aviary and her greenhouse. She had books too ; Count Albert had selected a few for her that did not treat on theological or polemical subjects. English literature had begun to find its way into Upper Saxony ; and, through the teaching of Mademoiselle, she could read French with tolerable facility. Who shall fix bounds to the human intellect ? Give it freedom, and it will burst the bands of ignorance and superstition. Already she began to analyze and understand the characters of those by whom she was surrounded ; — the frivolous minuteness of Mademoiselle, — the narrow, and at times tyrannical, bigotry of the monk, — the now childish imbecility of her grandfather, amounting to a degree of derangement ; for he often talked strangely, saying, “ I am glad you have come at last, — we will say nothing about *that*, it was sad enough ! ” Then he would make a sign for silence, — “ He is coming, take care, Gertrude.” At first they

tried to set him right, and told him it was Alice. "O true," he would say, "I thought it was Gertrude; well, no matter, it is all the same thing." Sometimes the monk reminded him that Gertrude, his daughter, was no more. Then the old man seemed shocked, grew silent, and looked like a frightened child. At length Alice said, "Why do you vex him, Father; let him call me Gertrude; it is strange that I was not named for my mother; I like to be called Gertrude; I wish I could resemble her." The monk muttered something in a low tone. Alice begged him to repeat it, but he did not reply.

"It is strange," said Alice, "that nobody talks to me about my parents. I don't even know how my father looked; was there never any portrait of him?"

"Mind your work, Alice, and don't talk so much," said Mademoiselle in a sharp tone.

"You forget, Mademoiselle," replied she, as her color rose, "that I am no longer a child, and am not to be treated like one. It is only the infirmity of my poor grandfather that places me in this strange situation. Were I mistress here —" She stopped, and cast angry glances both at her and the Dominican.

"We should be discarded," said the monk; "I foresee it, Lady Alice. Were I influenced by any other motives than the holy religion I pro-



fess, I would not wait for that time ; I would seek one of the few cloisters which are not violated by the profane doctrines of the arch-fiend, and there spend the remainder of my life in prayers for the salvation of your soul ; happy, most happy, if any sufferings or penance of mine could open for you the Paradise of the blest."

Alice sprang from her seat and seized his bony and emaciated hand in both of hers, as if to detain him from such a step.

"Forgive me, Father," said she ; "forgive my petulance and impatience. I know you are all kindness ; I know you are my best friend, as you were my mother's ; (you were with her when she died ; ) you held to her, in the last hour, the cross of the blessed Redeemer, — you presented to her the consecrated wafer, — you closed her dying eyes, — you ——" She stopped, overpowered by her own emotions.

Father Francis had turned away ; his frame trembled. "Forgive me, Father, say you forgive me," said Alice vehemently.

The monk turned towards her his pale and haggard countenance, wet with tears. "My poor child," said he, "I have nothing to forgive for myself ; but be watchful over your own soul."

He quitted the room. It seemed as if the Baron was much more affected by what he saw, than by what they succeeded in making him hear.

For he said, looking after him, with a childish sort of exultation, "Let him cry ; it is good for him ; but don't mind him, Gertrude."

Mademoiselle, emboldened by Alice's penitence towards the monk, endeavoured to assume something of his solemnity, saying, "I, too, forgive you, Lady Alice."

"You are very kind," replied Alice, as she smiled through her tears ; "but I did not know that I required a forgiveness from you."

"You hurt my feelings," said Mademoiselle, trying to force a few tears into her eyes.

"I am sorry, but you hurt mine first ; really, you forgot how old I am."

"It would not be strange if I did," replied Mademoiselle, with natural feeling, "for it seems but yesterday that your mother committed you to my care. She never said a word about Father Francis's watching over you ; but she said to me, 'My faithful Clarice, watch over my child, and never leave her.' Ah ! Alice, I witnessed your mother's last breath, and closed her eyes afterwards."

"O ! I did speak improperly to you," said Alice, wholly subdued ; "never shall you leave me. I will always be to you like a daughter ; and Heaven grant that I may perform the same pious offices for you, that you did for her ; that I may receive your parting breath and close your dying eyes."

Mademoiselle gave a short cough. "Every thing is uncertain," said she ; "there is no knowing who will go first ; the young are often called and the *middle-aged* left."

It must be confessed, nothing could look less like "the ceremonies of the grave," than Mademoiselle's French finery, without which she never appeared even in the morning.

In this way Alice was kept in almost infantine subjection. Her religion was zeal without knowledge, and, except in her adoration of the Virgin, whom she seemed, somehow or other, to connect with her mother, it might almost be said to be without sentiment. She had been taught to bend the knee, — to count her beads, — to repeat Ave-Marias and chant hymns, — to say over the Latin prayers, with edifying fervor ; but the *understanding* heart was not there. God was not everywhere to her. He was in the chapel, — he was at the consecrated altar, — his eye was upon her when the host was raised, and she dared not raise hers to meet it, — he was in the sacred elements of bread and wine ; — but she heard not the still, small voice in the sighing of the wind or the whispering of the trees. There was often a desolation in her feelings. She had begun to think there was some mystery about her birth, that was studiously concealed from her. When she descended into the valley below and wound her way

among the cottages, she looked at the children who were at play, with envy. "They are happier than I am," said she; "they have parents!" Her song often abruptly ceased, and unbidden tears filled her eyes.

It was during one of these reveries that she beheld from the window Count Albert approaching on horseback. The sight restored her cheerfulness, and she went forward to meet him.

"Where is Father Francis?" he inquired.

"He has just received despatches," said Alice; "shall I call him? Do you wish to see him?"

"He will come soon enough," replied the Count.

At that moment he entered, with an expression of countenance which Alice had never seen him assume but once before, and that was when he announced the burning of the papal bull by Luther.

"Great news," said he.

"What has happened?" asked Alice.

"The Devil has at last got his own. The contract is up, and he has him now, soul and body."

"Whom, Father?" Alice inquired.

"The arch-fiend," replied the monk.

"What! Luther?" exclaimed she.

"The same, my daughter. Justice has over-

taken him. After going to the Diet, at Worms, braving the Emperor, insulting the Cardinals, and heaping blasphemies on the Pope, he set out to return home. In the forest of Thuringia, he was waylaid and murdered."

"I thought," said Albert, speaking for the first time, "that he had a safe-conduct from the Emperor."

"So he had; but not even emperors can stay the right arm of the Almighty, when it is outstretched for vengeance. The measure of Luther's iniquities was full. It is reported that he died blaspheming."

"Murder is a cruel deed," said Alice; "I cannot bear to take the life of an insect, even a worm."

"You ought to kill all you can find," said Mademoiselle, who could not let pass the opportunity of giving her counsel; "they are pernicious creatures, and destroy the trees; very pernicious," added she, puckering up her lips.

"God gave them life," said Alice; "I can take it from them, but I can never restore it again. I want every thing to live and enjoy."

"Are you sure," said the Count, "that this is any thing more than a report?"

"Perfectly sure," said the Father; "I have direct information."

"Poor man," said Alice pitifully; "let us say masses for his soul."

During this conversation the Count had preserved silence. Alice often cast her eyes towards him ; but he discovered no emotion. At length she said, "Count Albert, we will say mass for his soul ;—will you join us ?"

"I must quit you early," said he. "Let us leave him in God's hands."

From this time no allusion was made to Luther ; and the monk seemed to lose all excitement about him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

SPRING returned with its annual beauty. *A* was again at liberty to bound from rock to rock like a mountain deer ; but the inclination gone, her step was pensive, her eyes heavy, she began to lose the beautiful hue of her cheeks. She seldom rambled far from the castle, and from her short walks often returned pale and exhausted. Who was there to watch over the tender flower, to raise its drooping head ? The poorest serfs were less desolate than this forlorn maiden. Albert had marked her faltering step and waning health ; he hinted it to Marguerite, and she grew anxious as to the cause. " If we could remove that," said she, " it would be well."

" Have you any suspicions ? " said Albert eagerly.

" Not the least," she replied. " The symptoms are very much like love. I have had some experience on that subject ; but the thing is impossible."

" Why so ? " said Albert, with a heightened color.

"Because, there is nobody for her to be in love with ; she sees nobody. We women are often doomed to a solitary lot ; men may go out into the world, but *we*," added she with a gentle sigh, "are doomed to wither on the stalk."

"Why should you and Lady Alice be confined to this solitary spot," said the Count ; "there is society at Eisenach. You have only to say the word, and you might collect around you a pleasant circle. Let me bring —— " He stopped, as if arrested by a sudden thought. "At any rate, Lady Alice may have medical advice."

"She has the best," said Mademoiselle.

"Indeed !" said the Count, "I did not know that any one visited here."

"Father Francis is skilled in all the herbs that grow, and he can administer them with crucifixes and rosaries."

"Poor Alice !" thought the Count ; "thy chance for restoration is small, if it rests on beads and rosaries !" Sometimes a wayward thought entered his mind, that possibly she might be "*in love*" ; and he did not agree with Mademoiselle, that she was so entirely destitute of an object ; but it was a momentary thought, which he immediately discarded. He had been several years in the service of the Elector ; had visited foreign courts ; had seen accomplished and educated women. The days of boyhood were passed, and,



much as he was fascinated with the innocence, simplicity, and ingenuousness of Alice, he did not feel disposed to surrender his heart and future life to those qualities alone that might be found in an intelligent child. It was the thinking, feeling mind, that embraced truth from conviction, — the steady, resolute purpose of principle, — the elegant and cultivated taste, that gives vigor and beauty to the imagination, — the knowledge of foreign languages, which opens the rich storehouse of history and thought ; — these, with the beauty, sweetness, and natural gifts of Alice, were what he expected to find. To these he was willing to surrender *himself*. It may be asked, whether his own character qualified him to demand all this ; but who, among the aspirants for female perfection, puts this home question ? They are too apt to be satisfied with the high mark, without qualifying themselves for the attainment of it.

In this state of mind, the Count was too honorable to wish to gain the affections of Alice. On the contrary, he had always studiously separated his future interests from hers, and spoke of himself as destined to an active life. The hint that he had given Mademoiselle of the delicacy of Alice's health was not lost, and she took an early opportunity to speak with Father Francis on the subject.

"I have observed," said the monk, "that she looked pale, and, once or twice, I was going to ask her if she were ill ; but there were recollections came over me that checked the inquiry. Of late she has strangely reminded me of past scenes."

"You should try to forget them," said Mademoiselle, "because they are very disagreeable."

"Forget them," repeated he with energy, "never, never, in this world nor the next."

"Ah, there she comes," said Mademoiselle ; "I hear her footsteps in the corridor. Do you remember how light and tripping they used to be ? Now you can count them ; only hark ! one, two, three, — there, she has stopped."

In a few moments Alice entered. The monk made a sign for Mademoiselle to retire, which she obeyed.

"My dear daughter," said he affectionately to Alice, "you look pale ; I am afraid you are not well."

"Do I look pale," she replied. "I think I must, for Count Albert remarked it to me the other day."

The monk looked earnestly at her. "He seems to be an amiable man," said he ; "I hope he is a true son of the Church."

"I should think the friendship of the Elector would be a sufficient testimony in his favor," said Alice, without evincing any emotion.

"These are dangerous times, daughter; I hope you are on your guard."

"Yes. I carry about me the relics of the Saints." And she took a little box from her pocket. "See, Father, here is the lock of Mary Magdalene's hair, that you gave me; and here is a feather of the angel Gabriel's wing. Ah! how I wish I could have the tear we saw in the Dominican chapel, that our Lord shed at the grave of Lazarus. That precious tear! I would consecrate with it the grave of my mother." The monk turned away.

"It is strange," said she, "that I never saw where she was laid. Father, I should like, with your leave, to visit the family vault."

"It has never been opened since ——" He faltered.

"Since my mother was laid there? Well, perhaps when it is next opened, it will be for her daughter."

"Far more likely for your grandfather; but God only knows."

"True, Father," said she, with sudden animation; "God only knows who will die next; but those who have died are recorded in the memory of man. My dear grandfather is not capable of talking to me about my mother, but you are, and I demand it of you. You have no right to refuse me. Mademoiselle would tell me all that con-

urns her, but you have restricted her ; I perceive it plainly."

" If you think so, my child, have confidence me, and believe that all I do is for your good."

" I would believe so ; I do believe that you are to distress me ; but, indeed, Father, it is far more distressing to me to have no one speak of my parents. There may be afflicting circumstances connected with them ; but I can bear them all."

" Curiosity," said the monk sternly, " is the serpent which is the tempter laid for our first mother."

" It is not curiosity," said Alice resolutely ; it is filial love. You say I look pale. It is true ; my health and strength are wasting away. I cannot sleep,—I cannot rest,—my life will be a sacrifice ;—and who will destroy me ? You, Father, you, who watched over my mother, you will destroy her daughter."

The old man trembled and seemed bewildered. Seek not to know what would make you miserable," he exclaimed.

" There is something, then, concealed,—something to tell ; it is mine ; I demand it as a right,—I demand it in the name of the living God." He made an effort to quit her. Suddenly seizing his arm, she exclaimed, " I demand it in the name of that which we most dread, the holy Inquisition."

The monk looked wildly at her, tottered, and fell upon the floor.

"He is dead, he is dead!" she cried; "I have destroyed him!" She called loudly for help, — hung over him, and supported his venerable head, mentally resolving, if he ever recovered, to mention the subject no more. "If there must be a victim," said she, "let it be me."

The servants entered, and the monk was borne apparently lifeless to his room.

For weeks he lay suspended between life and death. At length his powers and faculties began partially to return, and it became evident that his mind was restored before he recovered his speech.

The Count visited constantly at the castle. The old Baron conceived for him the fondness of a child; and Albert often released Alice and Mademoiselle from their hourly attendance, and took the place of playmate or nurse. The monk, too, was not forgotten in his offices of benevolence. He often watched by the side of his sick bed. But Alice seemed wholly changed. She was no longer gay or light-hearted; the ingenuousness of youth had passed away; she grew silent and reserved, and communicated to no one the interview which had taken place between herself and the monk.

At this period Count Mansfeldt wrote the following letter to the Elector.

“MY MOST NOBLE SOVEREIGN AND FRIEND.

“Heaven has appeared for us ! We can no longer doubt of the righteousness of our cause. The Dominican monk, who has been a source of so much anxiety, is stretched upon the bed of sickness. He was struck suddenly by paralysis. It will be many months before he will be able to leave his room, if he ever is ; *that* God and the holy Jesus know. At any rate, your Highness may rest secure. There can now be no discovery ; every measure has succeeded as you wished and intended. Your uncle, the Baron, has lost in mind, since you saw him ; but in health is much the same. The lady Alice droops ; I think, for want of society, companions, and amusements congenial to her age. Mademoiselle and the old castle remain much the same. I grieve to say, the mines of Eisenach are a source of litigation to the Counts of Mansfeldt ; but a new cause of alienation has arisen ; there is a bitter division on the subject of religion. For my own part, when my faithful duty here to your Highness is over, I shall gladly quit, for a time, my native place, and visit foreign countries ; but all this I refer to you, and remain, with most obedient and devoted zeal, your Highness’ faithful servant,

“ALBERT, Count of Mansfeldt.”

However ambiguous the letter might seem, it was evidently satisfactory to the Elector. He wrote a reply, informing the young Count, that if matters were perfectly *arranged*, he had occupation for him at Wittenberg, and begged him to return immediately. He then added, "What you write me of the Dominican appears remarkable, as he seemed to be the only cause for apprehension ; but we must beware of falsely interpreting or twisting the general laws of God's providence into a special one to promote our views. There can be nothing surprising in this sudden attack of paralysis. Father Francis appears to be a man of austere life ; enduring with resolution the duties of severe fasting, and, probably, secret penance. In such cases, the powers of nature are sometimes exhausted. If I were indeed sure, that Heaven had appeared for us, and that the cause of the Reformation was the cause of God, I should not hesitate what part to choose. I humbly wait and pray for some divine manifestation of truth. In the mean time I am sure it is more acceptable to God to save life than destroy it."

## CHAPTER XV.

THE time had now arrived when Count Albert was to quit Wartburg, which had for many months been to him the scene of deep and multiplied interests. It was with some apprehension that he resolved to announce his intended departure to Alice. He thought, perhaps, there was a more tender impression on her side than was consistent with her happiness ; and, if it were so, heroically determined to sacrifice his future prospects of military fame in the service of the Emperor, and to live for the tender-hearted maiden.

The morning on which he resolved to make the sacrifice, was after passing a sleepless night, in revolving the subject. To take a right view of it, it was expedient to go back to his first arrival at the castle, — to the almost childish loveliness with which Alice was invested ; then came to his mind the rapid expansion of her intellect, — her grace and gentleness, — her tender and devoted attention to her aged grandsire, — the arch, yet affectionate playfulness she exercised towards Mademoiselle, and her pious reverence towards the Dominican Father. The whole was a beau-



tiful composition ; and when to all this was added a tender sensibility to his own attractions, it grew irresistible, and, by the time morning dawned, he was in the paroxysm of a first love. His dress was arranged with peculiar care, and his voice tuned to a more musical key, when he sought the lady of his night's reverie. He found Alice engaged, as she usually was in the morning, among her flowers. Dressed in her white robe, with her hair, unlike the fashion of the day, flowing in curls upon her neck, and mingling with the flowers over which she bent. He stopped to gaze upon her employment and graceful attitude, so congenial with youth and beauty. At the sound of his step she raised her head and looked round. There was the deepest expression of sorrow in her countenance, and tears trembled in her eyes.

"Has any thing happened to distress you?" said the Count in a tone of sympathy, as he drew near to her.

"O yes," said she, striving to recover her gaiety, and, as is often the case, overacting her part ; "my beautiful Italian rose is broken from the stalk."

"May you have no heavier calamity than that," replied the Count ; "none which devoted affection cannot avert."

"Ah !" said Alice, "you, who have lived in the world, and had so much to love, can hard-

ly imagine how important a flower may become to us. Any thing, indeed, that we see daily, grows precious, and we are pained to lose it."

It was a favorable moment for the Count. "Then I may hope," said he, "that this feeling will extend to *me*. I have come to tell you that I am summoned hence. I have received a letter from the Elector, in which he expresses a wish for my return ; and his wishes are laws with me."

"They ought to be," replied Alice ; "I believe he is the best and wisest of men."

"But may I not hope you will feel some regret at my departure ?"

"Most certainly I shall," she replied with frankness ; "your society has been a great happiness to me, but I was not so foolish as to think you could remain here always. I understood from the Elector, that you were destined to a military life."

"Then you are willing I should go ?"

"Not willing, but resigned."

"If a word from you could change my purpose, would you not utter it ?"

She looked inquiringly at him.

"If simply saying 'Stay and live for me,' would change my purpose, would you not say it ?"

"No," she replied ; "I would not be so self-

ish. I can endure this seclusion, because I am accustomed to it. You, I am sure, would find it insupportable."

"Have I not borne it for many months?"

"O, we can bear any thing, when we know there will be an end to it. You must have been constantly looking forward to the summons you have received."

"And yet it finds me unprepared," exclaimed the Count. "I did not know how hard it would be to part with you till now."

"It is just the reverse with me," said Alice; "for I have thought it over a hundred times, and felt sad enough about it; but, now that it is inevitable, I can submit to it."

"Ah, Alice!" said the Count, whose emotion had increased in proportion to her self-possession, "I perceive that I have deceived myself; that you know not the sentiment of love, and cannot understand its language."

The looks of surprise, which she cast upon him, inspired him with new hopes.

"O let me," he resumed, "be the happy mortal to teach it to you."

"I *did not* understand you, Count Albert," said she; "but I do now;—it is the language that I have no right to learn. My duties are marked out; as long as my aged grandsire lives, my life will be devoted to him; what is beyond I know not.

Your friendship, and the happiness I have enjoyed with you, will brighten many a dark hour, that, perhaps, is in store for me. I do not feel for you what Mademoiselle calls love ; but I have a higher and a holier sentiment ; — it is the wish to meet you in Heaven, with God and his holy angels.”

“ There is some hidden mystery in this language,” said the Count ; “ speak out, I beseech you.”

“ There is no mystery,” said she ; “ I never can be an earthly bride, for I have sworn to be the bride of Christ ! ”

The Count stood for a moment in profound astonishment ; all the early impressions of his youth rushed upon him ; he well understood the language ; “ the bride of Christ ” was but another name for the cloistered nun. He leaned his head against the trellis. When he looked up, Alice was gone, and he saw her no more.

With a heavy heart he took leave of the old Baron, and of Mademoiselle ; but went not near the apartment of the Dominican.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the Count arrived at Wittenberg, he hastened immediately to the palace of the Elector, and was admitted to his presence. He found him in his study, surrounded with papers requiring his immediate attention.

While many of the German princes studied to impress their retainers by their wealth and splendor, Frederic preserved the utmost simplicity in his dress, manners, and style of living. This was so much the reverse of the Catholic potentates, that it often drew upon him censorious remarks ; and, as Luther was a strenuous advocate for plainness and simplicity, he was considered as favoring his cause.

When Albert entered, the Prince received him with the most friendly cordiality, thanked him again and again for the fidelity and good judgment with which he had performed his mission ; inquired affectionately after the old Baron, and his young kinswoman, Alice, and kindly after Mademoiselle and the Dominican. The Count was not talkative on these subjects, and very soon contrived to wave them for what to the

Elector was much more important, the events that had occurred at the Diet of Worms, and those which were daily occurring.

"I have understood," said the Count, "that Luther spoke with a resolution and intrepidity that astonished every one."

"It did not astonish me," said the Elector; "I was prepared for daring courage, and a vigorous assertion of his own opinions; but when, in an affecting manner, he entreated the Emperor 'not to permit him to be compelled to do violence to his own conscience, by recanting what he felt himself bound to believe, on the authority of the Word of God,' I observed many were moved, like myself. Indeed, I could not help exclaiming to Spalatinus, who was near me, 'O, how excellently does Father Martin speak, both in German and Latin.'"

"It was, indeed, astonishing," replied Albert, "that an Augustinian monk should have acquitted himself with so much decorum and propriety, in a scene for which, by his natural impetuosity, and the habits of his life, he seemed entirely unqualified. There are few, even of the high-bred and the high-born, were they arraigned as criminals before such an august assembly, that would not have faltered and been intimidated."

"His bearing," said the Elector, "was that of a man who thinks more of a divine than of a human tribunal."

“ I wish to send you on a private embassy to my uncle George, Duke of Saxony ; he has written to me a letter, complaining of the influence my subjects exert on the consciences of his. I will need as much judgment to soothe his irritated mind as you have ever displayed. The sooner you accomplish this business the better ; as it may be necessary for you to return to Eisenach.”

“ Excuse me, my Lord,” said the Count with an embarrassed air ; “ but if it please your Highness, it is my earnest wish to go to Spain and join the Emperor.”

“ We will talk of that when you return from your embassy,” said Frederic gravely ; “ at present come with me to my private cabinet ; I have many inquiries to make.”

Luther's disappearance had greatly disheartened his followers. Various reports were circulated concerning him ; some were fully convinced that he was murdered, and some dared to whisper that he was confined in the cells of the Spanish Inquisition. This last report began to gain ground and, at length, excited the utmost commotion among many of his converts. In the midst of these conjectures a book was announced, — by Luther, — and dated after his disappearance. It was concerning the Abuses of Private Confessions, and written in the German language.

Nothing could exceed the exultation and delight that prevailed among his followers, at this proof, that he was not only alive, but at liberty to write as he pleased. The book was read with the greatest avidity, and the good sense and just representations of the abuses, produced an immediate effect. The Reformer seemed to be invested with new power ; he spake like one from the dead.

The Augustinian friars at Wittenberg were the first to adopt his doctrines. They abolished private masses, both for the living and for the dead ; and all religious persons were exhorted to partake of the sacrament, not according to the popish notion of its being an expiatory sacrifice.

This book had scarcely made its appearance before it was followed by another, upon the lawfulness of the marriage of all the clergy. He now began to write to his friends, dating his letters from Patmos.

"Here is a letter from our Luther," said Melancthon, when he one day returned home. Both of the females arose ; he held it to his wife, who hastily took it.

"Nay, Philip, it is in Latin," she exclaimed, "you must read it to us yourself."

"With all my heart," replied he ; "but we must persuade the boy to silence." This was their first-born, who was expressing his delight



at the return of his father, by various inarticulate sounds. Melancthon seated himself, and took the child in his lap ; then began to read, and suddenly stopped. "Where is John," said he, "let him have the pleasure of hearing the letter."

John, the faithful servant, was called. "Come and listen, my good friend," said Melancthon ; "we have a letter from Doctor Martin Luther."

"God be thanked !" exclaimed John, taking his stand by his master.

"Now for the letter," said Catharine Von Borne.

Melancthon, in his sweet, musical voice, read as follows :

**"LEARNED AND DEAR FRIEND.**

"Give yourself no uneasiness for me ; both you and your wife may rest assured of my welfare. I am not only supplied with all the necessities of life, but if I chose could command the luxuries ; but I trust God will preserve me from such snares. I wish not to receive the reward of my labors in this life, but in the life to come.

"You perceive, that I am in no very grievous confinement as to external things ; but I sit here all day reflecting on the wretched condition of the church ; how much remains to be done, and how few laborers there are. But God can do all ; and, when he needs my assistance, he will lead me

erth. I think I must be a burden to somebody. I am ignorant who supports me. This idea often makes me impatient, and then I feel as if I would not stay a moment longer.

"Lately, my keepers persuaded me to witness a hunting excursion for hares and partridges. They wasted the whole day, and brought home only two hares, and some miserable young partridges. . . . This, thought I, is an exact representation of Satan, who, by his snares and his agents, namely, corrupt theologians and ecclesiastical rulers, pursues and entangles simple, faithful souls, in the same way that the harmless hares and partridges are taken.

"I let my hair and beard grow, and pass for a country gentleman, under the name of Yonker George ; this is according to orders."

Melancthon stopped reading.

"You have not finished the letter," said his wife ; "there are two or three pages more."

Still Melancthon did not proceed ; and John, making his bow, retired.

The remainder of the letter was encouraging Melancthon to take a bolder and more resolute ground. "In my absence," said he, "you are called to sustain the character of superintendent. I beseech you not to encourage a desponding spirit. I lament the Elector's excessive caution ; once he took a more decided part, he would

find the peace and approbation of God to be preferred to that of the world. Perhaps he is not truly decided, but waiting for some outward sign or manifestation of the divine will. This is the true Catholic superstition, as if the Spirit of God did not manifest itself inwardly.

"I am translating the Scriptures, or rather the New Testament, into German, that all may know the grounds of their faith, and the faith I profess ; you will soon receive it.

"Farewell, dear brother in the Lord.

"Written from my Patmos."

Melancthon read it with a thoughtful air, and when his little boy attempted to seize it, as infants often do any thing within their reach, he gave him a parental embrace, put the child into his wife's arms, and left the room.

"There is something in Doctor Luther's letter that makes your husband thoughtful," said Catharine ; "I hope no calamity has assailed him."

"No," replied her friend ; "but there are strange things going on here ; I sometimes think everybody is deranged."

"Everybody but ourselves," said Catharine.

"Ah, do not laugh," replied Margaret ; "did you observe how strangely our professor, Carolstadt, talked last evening ?"

"I thought," replied Catharine, "he did not

show his good sense when he spoke so contemptuously of human learning. He said, every man was doomed to labor in the fields because that sentence was pronounced on Adam ; as if that were the only kind of labor in the world. For my part, I think a man who labors with his pen, like your husband, or one, who, like Luther, labors for all the world, and minds neither hardship, ill-treatment, nor imprisonment, labors much harder than mere field-laborers."

"What did you think, Catharine," said Margaret, a little archly, "Of what he said about vows of celibacy."

"I thought," said she, "it were better unsaid ; but I did not wait to hear the end ; I left the room."

"It is fortunate you did," said Margaret, "you would have disliked the end more than the beginning. He said he was going to marry, and that he had a nephew, a likely young man, who wanted a good wife. It was Bodenstein, who called with him the other day ; do you recollect him ?"

"Yes," said Catharine, "a tall, handsome young man."

"He then praised you, and said . . . shall I go on ?"

"No ; I am sure he could say nothing I want

"What, not about his nephew?"

"No," again replied Catharine coldly.

"O, but you must hear it; if you do not from me, Philip will tell you, or Bodenstein himself."

"My dear Margaret," said Catharine with energy, "in your house and under your roof, I am safe. No one will hurt my feelings; and, least of all, you, or your husband. Never let Carolstadt, or his nephew, speak to me alone; tell this to your husband."

"As you please," said Margaret; "I can answer for myself and Philip."

Though both the uncle and nephew continued to visit at the house, Catharine contrived to avoid them, and Melancthon frankly assured the young man, that he had no prospect of success with his guest in any matrimonial project.

Carolstadt very soon married, as he said, to set the example to the ecclesiastics.

It was a misfortune to the Reformer, that he had made such a convert as Carolstadt proved. In Luther's absence he considered himself as appointed to take the lead. In his first propositions, Melancthon was in some measure induced to join him. He contended for the equality of men, and Melancthon agreed with him on that subject. At length he asserted, that the knowledge of Divine Truth was the only thing necessary to man; he exhorted the students of Wittemberg to burn the

works of Aristotle and Plato, of Cicero and Tacitus ; and actually persuaded Melancthon to work occasionally in a baker's shop. He proceeded to still greater extremities ; and Melancthon began to perceive, that he was giving himself up to fanaticism, and exhorted him to stop short in his career.

“ I do not,” replied Carolstadt, “ recognise in your timidity the progress of reformation. While Luther is absent, I am bound to take his place ; nor is there any reason why I should yield to him in any respect.”

“ Beware,” replied Melancthon, “ of unchristian emulation, of pride, and envy.”

“ A new era has arisen,” exclaimed Carolstadt. “ The Scriptures are now understood. ‘ I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.’ Away with human learning ; come forth from the workshops, from the fields, from the stalls, ye who have true wisdom, and are qualified to teach ; let us stick close to the simple word of God.”

Through his influence the young academics left the University, the schools were deserted, and the greatest disorder prevailed. Luther had preached against the private mass and popish superstitions ; “ We will abolish them at once,” said Carolstadt ; and, heading a great number of the giddy

populace, chiefly consisting of the young, they entered the church of All Saints, broke in pieces the crucifixes and images, and threw down the altars.

The report of these things reached Luther in his Patmos. He immediately wrote to the Elector not to be alarmed ; that all, in the end, would go well. "Do not be afraid," he continued ; "this is only the beginning of the business ; Satan intends to carry matters much further yet.

Frederic was much distressed by this state of things. He answered Luther's letter, and said, if he could find out the divine will, he would cheerfully bear and suffer and do every thing that would be agreeable to it. He exhorted Luther to remain quiet and keep his abode secret.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE these events were passing in the world, information was constantly received by the Dominican, at Wartburg, of the state of affairs. His powers of mind and speech had returned ; and, though unable to quit his apartment, he still exercised a supremacy in the castle. Nothing could exceed his exultation at the fanaticism of Carolstadt. "This," he said, "was the true course of what had been termed the Reformation." Poor Alice was doomed to divide her time between the two invalids and Mademoiselle ; yet, under all the depression which had weighed so heavily on her spirits, her health began to return. There is a renovating principle in youth ; its genial currents are not easily frozen. She once more began to enjoy walking and riding, and to stroll around the vicinity of the castle, not with the light and bounding step of preceding years, but thoughtful and slow ; sometimes seating herself in some flowery nook, and sometimes watching the course of the silver stream that descended from the mountain.

She had one evening, with some peril, taken



a different course and descended the steep precipice on the opposite side. The sun had gone down, and a sober twilight rested on every object. There was a sadness in the scene, that accorded well with her now habitual state of mind. Something better than her superstitious worship seemed to dawn upon her soul. She thought of her conversation with Albert, when gleams of brighter faith opened. Suddenly, in a clear, deep base, the following words were sung.

“Trust to thy God for aid,  
In grief to him repair;  
Trust, and be undismayed,—  
Seek thou his tender care.  
He who directs the way  
Of winds and clouds and snow,  
Shall he not mark the path  
Where safe thy feet may go?

“O cast away thy fear!  
Poor soul, on him rely;  
He all thy griefs will hear,  
To thy requests draw nigh.  
Then on his mercy trust,  
And wait the joyful hour,  
When the bright sun shall rise  
In its all-glorious power.

“Up, up! and bid good-night  
To griefs that throng around;—  
Look to the cheering light,  
For there thy God is found.

What though thou rulest not,  
Nor can these clouds dispel,  
Our God himself directs, —  
And ruleth all things well.\*

Alice started up, as if to obey the call of "Up, up!" it seemed like inspiration. This was spiritual worship, unlike any thing she had ever heard. She listened again, but no sound came; her superstitions returned. "It was to me," said she, "it was addressed. O blessed Mary, if thou hast indeed sent thy beloved Son to cheer and comfort me, let me hear his voice again." Suddenly, from behind an overshadowing rock, appeared a human form. They both gazed upon each other for a moment in silence.

"Daughter," he exclaimed, "was it thou that calledst on the Virgin Mary in a voice so sorrowful?"

Alice took her rosary in her hand, and made the sign of the cross, as if for protection.

"If thou hast known sin or sorrow call on thy God and Saviour. Fear me not," he continued; "why shouldst thou fear? The Lord of hosts is round about thee."

"Who are you?" said Alice.

"It may be," said he, "that I do wrong to

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\* These verses are a free translation of Luther's beautiful hymn, beginning,

"Befiehl du deine wege," &c.

commit myself to you ; but I cannot frame a lie. I am Martin Luther."

Alice uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I occupy a part of this castle, by the Elector's order ; and now, Lady Alice, perhaps you will feel bound to betray me ; but I fear you not."

"You need not fear me," said she with dignity. You call me by name ; do you know me ?"

"Count Mansfeldt was my keeper," said he smiling, "for many months."

There was great benevolence in Luther's smile ; it inspired confidence. Alice felt its power, and she ceased to be alarmed.

"I must go," said she ; "it grows late, and I hardly know how I came here ; but I thank you for the consolation you have given me in the hymn you addressed to me."

"Believe me, lady, I did not know you were within hearing ; I saw you not ; if there was consolation, it came from God, not from a human voice. Take the path yonder, you will find it easier of ascent than the one by which you came."

"How strange," thought Alice ; "Luther here ! he, whom Father Francis calls the 'great adversary of souls,' — and Count Mansfeldt his keeper ; ah ! he did not think me worthy to be trusted ; but I am unjust, it was not his own se-

cret ; it was the Elector's and Luther's. How many facts rush upon my mind ! How often he was strangely absent, and came back as strangely ! She hastened to her room as soon as she could, to ponder over what had passed, and in low notes endeavoured to recall the music of the hymn.

Some days after, Alice sought the same spot, but Luther was not there, and she returned disappointed. Again and again she repaired to the place, hoping to catch the deep notes of his voice. At length she was rewarded. It would seem, that he loved to worship in the open air. It was a more complete contrast to monastic walls and graven images. His voice rose on the still air, as she approached, and waited unseen on a crag above.

“ A fortress is our God,  
A weapon of defence ;  
With him the saints have trod,  
And found their recompense.  
The ancient, cunning foe  
Is busy with his snares ;  
Fiercely he works below,  
Nor earth his equal bears.

“ Our feeble strength is slight ;  
Weakly our arrows aimed ; — ”

He paused, and resumed in a powerful voice, —

“ For us the man will fight  
Whom God himself hath named ;

Who is he? askest thou?  
As Jesus Christ he's known;  
Tzeboath's God! that title now  
Belongs to him alone.

“ Were hosts of devils here,  
All eager to assail,  
We have no need to fear,  
For he will never fail.  
The prince who reigns below,  
Shall watch and wait in vain;  
The Word has judged the foe,  
He triumphs not again.” \*

A long pause followed, and again she heard his voice in prayer and adoration.

“ And this is the heretic,” thought she, “ the arch-fiend ! ”

Luther felt heavily his seclusion in the castle. His was an active mind and body. The disturbances which were taking place at Wittemberg greatly annoyed him. Carolstadt had become a madman in his intemperate zeal, and Melancthon, — his beloved Philip, — had yielded in some degree to the fanaticism. Earnestly he longed to be on the spot. He did not fear for himself, — Luther knew no fear; but the Elector continually wrote to him to remain where he was, and

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\* Original hymn of Luther.

“ Ein veste burg ist unser Gott,  
Eine gute wehr und waffen,” &c.

account to return. "This life of idleness will destroy me," he wrote to Spalatinus; "if the Devil appears to me, I throw my inkstand at him." \* It is curious to note what the monk called a life of idleness. During his stay here he wrote various books. He had one called, the "Babylonish Captivity," on the doctrine of private mass, a year before. He now resumed the subject, and wrote further on it; also upon the "Lawfulness of the Marriage of the Clergy," and upon "Monastic Vows." The most important of his works was the translation of the New Testament into the German language, so that all could read it. "This," he said, "would do more for breaking down popery than all that man could devise." Besides all this he wrote numerous letters; encouraged the timid, reproved the timid, lamented for the oppressed, and exulted in the progress of the knowledge of God's word. He replied to his adversaries with the most daring intrepidity, and perhaps on the great work he had undertaken as if he were in his study, as if he had been laboring in his cell. Still, however, he languished for liber-

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is probable, that his language was figurative; but in fact, that a large black spot is shown on the wall of the room, where Luther threw his inkstand. Though the inkstand still stands, there is little similarity to what it is described as having been in 1521.

ty, and for action ; his spirits and health were drooping under confinement, and he resolved to visit Wittemberg, without the permission of the Elector, as that could not be gained. One great object of his anxiety was the distressed state of the reformed clergy of Saxony. They had little or no salary ; and, though Luther had written to the Elector in their behalf, his cautious policy had prevented his helping them. Probably what Luther at that time considered excessive caution, was a wise restraint of the Prince's, on the sometimes intemperate zeal of the great Reformer.

He wrote thus to a friend.

“ My residence is now in the midst of clouds, in the empire of singing-birds, without speaking of the multitude of other birds, whose mingled voices would drown a tempest. Near here there is a wood, vocal from the first to the last branch with songsters, besides ravens and crows. From morning to evening, and sometimes during the night, their cries are so indefatigable and so incessant, that I doubt whether there is any spot in the world where so many birds are assembled. Not a moment's silence ; willingly or unwillingly you must hear them ; old and young, mothers and daughters, glorify, as they best can, their name of raven.”

His letters from Wartburg have many fanciful dates ; sometimes “ From the region of air and

birds ;" sometimes "From the midst of the birds who sing joyfully among the foliage, and praise God day and night with their sweet melody." He dated also, "From the mountain on the isle of Patmos." In one of his letters to Melancthon he says ; "What art thou doing, my Philip ? Hast thou forgotten to pray for me ?" In another to him he says, "I cannot approve of your timidity with regard to these false prophets, though you are my superior in learning and erudition." Also,

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF WITTEMBERG.

..... "You attack masses, images, and crucifixes, while you abandon faith and charity, of which you stand so much in need. You have afflicted by your disorderly conduct many pious souls, who are much better than you."

"I could not," he wrote to another of his friends, "endure this solitude were it not for the solace of music ; it charms the evil spirit from Saul ; the Devil is of a melancholy cast, and music soon drives him away."

In his Patmos, his imagination had leisure to exercise itself, and, as usual with those who indulge this power, at some times it made his torment, and at others his happiness. That he believed in the visible appearance of the Devil has usually been asserted ; but there is often such a mixture of humor with his narratives, that it seems



scarcely credible. Such a belief, however, was in conformity with the age.

“To-day, when I awoke, the Devil came to me and said, ‘Thou art a sinner.’ I answered, ‘Tell me something new, Demon ; I knew that before.’

“When he comes in the night to trouble me, I say, ‘Away, Devil, I want to sleep now ; for it is the command of God, that we should work in the day and sleep in the night.’

“I have found, that the best way of getting rid of the Devil, if you cannot do it by words of Holy Writ, is to address him in language that is sarcastic and full of mockery.”

To these exercises of imagination may be opposed the following beautiful illustration of divine aid.

“I arose, last night, in the middle of the night, and looked from my window. I saw the stars and the majestic vault of heaven sustained without my being able to perceive the pillars upon which the master-builder had supported it. Yet it trembled not. There are those who search for the columns on which it rests, and would fain touch them with their hands ; but as they cannot do this, they are filled with terror lest the heavens should fall, without their aid to support them.

“I still gazed and saw heavy clouds, charged with water, floating over my head like a suspend-

ed ocean. Nevertheless, they did not fall, but saluted me solemnly and passed along. As they were passing I discerned, underneath, the arch which had sustained them, a beautiful rainbow, with its delicate colors and ærial texture ; heavy as were the clouds, they rested safely upon it. Let us not fear, that the rain will fall and that we shall perish by the flood. Our arch may seem to us feeble, and the clouds heavy, but we shall yet rejoice in its strength."

These are slight sketches of the operations of the Reformer's mind in his region of air, amidst birds and flowers. The accounts from Wittemberg became more and more distressing to him, and the gentle spirit of his beloved Philip seemed to be drooping under the disorders of fanaticism. He resolved to return, and wrote a letter to the Elector to inform him of his intention. It was written in great anguish of mind. He says, — "Should I be taken or put to death, you must stand excused in the judgment of my best friends, because I have not followed your advice."

The letter is a long one, and discovers the bold intrepidity of Luther's spirit. The lenity and indulgence with which Frederic met it does honor to his Christian virtues.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ALICE had passed through another tedious winter, and saw the opening of spring with something of her former delight. Her spirit, which had gone forth like the wandering dove, had apparently found a resting-place. Again her soft, musical tones resounded through the Gothic halls, and her step was as light and bounding as ever. It was enough for Mademoiselle, that she had her dear, cheerful Alice again ; and even the solemn Dominican felt his spirits lightened by her presence. She had one evening gone through her usual routine of duty and attentions to the old Baron, and hastened to the apartment of the Dominican to read to him the usual portion of evening service ; he was now convalescing and able to resume his seat by the fire.

"It is a stormy evening, daughter," said he ;  
"I am afraid the courier will not arrive."

"It is too bad for any one to be out," replied Alice. "Hark, Father, hear how the wind blows ; and such a tempest of hail and snow ! It is a dismal evening."

The only diversity in the monotonous life of

the monk since his tedious confinement was his letters, and he always grew impatient at the stated time for them to arrive. Alice opened her book. "Wait a little, daughter," said he ; " I think I hear the shutting of the outer gate." They both listened, and, in a short time, Jonas, the grey-headed and faithful steward, entered with a letter, and gave it to the Dominican.

" Good Jonas," said Alice, who always qualified her requests to him by some kind appellation, for she had grown up under his devoted services, " throw on some wood, the room is cold ; ah, how the wind whistles through the corridors ! "

While Jonas was engaged in this office, the Dominican opened his letter. As he read, his countenance took a paler hue, and he pronounced with fervor several Latin adjurations.

" Most extraordinary ! Most strange ! " he repeated. " We are beset by snares on every side ; the enemy is round about us, and we know it not. Incredible ! and yet it must be true."

" What must be true, Father ? " said Alice.

" We have been in the jaws of the lion ; but, God be praised, salvation is nigh ! Luther, the enemy of souls, is here ! Yes, daughter, he inhabits the north part of the castle ; he has been here for months."

" Are you sure, Father ? " said Alice, with trepidation.

"Most sure ; it is now well known. He has fallen into the snare the enemy has laid for him. To-morrow he will be seized, and conveyed to Rome. The proscribed, excommunicated heretic. You tremble, Alice ; fear not ; his doom is sure. To-night he slumbers in security, — to-morrow he triumphs no more, and shortly the flames will curl round him. Happy, if this were the only fire."

"Good night, Father," said Alice, hastily rising.

"God keep thee, my child," said the monk tenderly ; "I wonder not at thy emotion."

She hastily retreated.

"Must he be taken prisoner ? Must he die ?" thought she. "No ; I will give him warning, — it is a debt I owe to Albert, and to the Elector ; but, more than that, to my conscience. He is a fellow-being ; he is bought with the blood of a crucified Redeemer. They may call him a heretic. It matters not ; he feels, and breathes, and suffers as I do." Hastily throwing on a cloak, she approached the outer door of the castle, opened it and issued forth. The hail and sleet nearly suffocated her. She still persevered and hurried on, till she had passed the gate. Bewildered by the darkness, she knew not which way to proceed ; and, perplexed and distressed, stood still. At that moment she perceived some one following from the castle ; it was Jonas.

"O Lady Alice," said he, "where can you be

going? — what will become of you this dreadful night?”

She hesitated as to what was best to be done; whether it were safe to confide in him and send him on her errand. She remembered Albert's course. “It is not my secret,” thought she; “I have no right to betray it; and how do I know but Jonas may deem it a duty, as much as Father Francis, to deliver him into the hands of his enemies? I will return to the castle,” said she to Jonas; “it is too tempestuous for me to be out, even to save an afflicted fellow-being.” She turned back. When they reached the shelter of one of the buttresses, she stopped and said, “There is a persecuted man in the opposite wing of the castle; to-morrow will be too late to save him, he will be seized and condemned. Good, kind Jonas, will you not go to him, and warn him of his danger.”

“Tell me what it is,” exclaimed the old man.

“He must fly to-night, — before the dawn of morning; they have discovered his retreat, — they are in pursuit of him.”

With breathless haste the old man departed, and Alice hastened to her room. “I would have done as much for any fellow-being,” she repeated again and again to herself. It seemed an age before she heard the slow steps of Jonas approaching her door. Hastily she opened it.

"Have you seen him? Have you told him?" she inquired.

"The gates were barred," said he; "I could not make any one hear. I could not enter;—it is impossible for one man alone to do it."

"Then he is lost!" said Alice, clasping her hands.

"No, Lady Alice," said Jonas; "God has hitherto preserved his life,—he will preserve it still."

"Do you know him?" exclaimed she.

"I do," he replied.

They stood mutually doubting whether the other was well-informed. At length, Alice, unable longer to keep silence, said, "How did you know him?"

"My dear lady," replied Jonas, "when the Elector was here he confided to me his secret. He came to prepare a retreat for the Reformer; he foresaw his life would be in danger; and it was by his direction that he was waylaid and conducted here. I was an old man when you were born; I know many things you never dreamed of."

"Another time we will talk more on this subject," said Alice. "Now, is there nothing we can do for the prisoner?"

It seemed as if they both feared to mention the name.

"I will be up and watching as soon as the gate is unbarred," said he ; "he is an early riser ; fear nothing, he has been saved from greater perils."

Jonas arose before light. It was a dark and rainy morning ; he hastened to the secret entrance and found the gate unbarred. With a feeble though eager step he entered, and sought the interior ; it was all tenantless. Two attendants were allotted to Luther, — neither of these remained. After waiting and seeking, he returned to tell Alice the melancholy tidings.

All that morning the Dominican was in a state of exultation, and hourly expecting the arrival of the officers of justice. "Ah," said he, "if I were what I once was, this single arm would suffice."

"Perhaps they will not come here," said Alice, sorrowfully ; "the deed may be done already ; they may have taken him away in the night."

"That is true," said the Dominican ; "let us hope and trust that it may be so."

"The roads are said to be impassable," said Mademoiselle, who had got some insight into the affair ; "it is not to be expected, that pious Catholics should risk their lives for a heretic. For my part my blood freezes in my veins when I reflect, that I have been living under the same roof with him."



The next day the officers arrived, and hastened to the northern wing of the castle ; their search was vain ; and both Alice and old Jonas were convinced, that Luther had escaped their fury. It was a scene of bitter disappointment to the Dominican and the Roman emissaries. They remained at the castle but a few hours and then departed.

Alice felt a strong curiosity to visit the apartments where the daring heretic had so long resided ; and perhaps the memory of her friend and companion, Albert, mingled with this curiosity. Accompanied by Jonas, she entered the gate, and ascended the winding subterranean steps, till she stood on the mount which Luther called his Patmos. When she entered the building, it bore traces of having been inhabited. It was neatly and comfortably furnished. Jonas pointed out Luther's room. She remarked the black spot on the wall, and remembered what Count Albert had told her of the inkstand. The beauty of the prospect from the windows caught her eye, and she requested her faithful attendant not to wait for her, but to return home. For an hour she lingered, revolving in her mind the strange things that had passed. A small door in the wall attracted her attention ; she opened it and found a few books, also a manuscript in German, written in a very small hand. " These must have belonged to the heretic," thought she ; " I will not

leave them here, it is better to destroy his writings, though God knows I would not be instrumental in destroying the life of a fellow-being. Carefully wrapping them in her apron, she descended the steps, and found Jonas waiting for her below.

Luther, in his letters, had fixed on the first day of March for leaving Wartburg. Notwithstanding the violence of the rains, and the tremendous storm the evening before, his purpose did not for an instant change. Long before light he was up, and, dressed in the disguise of a cavalier, which was the habit he had worn at the castle, with his locks well grown, and beard formed into mustachios, he would scarcely have been recognised as the Saxon monk. With his two attendants he issued from the castle, after nine months' residence in it. When they came to the road which leads to Eisenach, he dismissed them, and travelled on alone. To his punctuality perhaps he owed his life.

## CHAPTER XIX.

ABOUT this period an unexpected event took place, in the death of Leo the Tenth. In the midst of his elegant and literary pursuits, while he was building up the family of the Medici, which had declined from the death of Lorenzo, and making them Princes and Cardinals, he, himself, was called away, not to fall like one of the mighty, or like a warrior. His sickness was short and suspicious. There were rumors of poison. No satisfactory investigation was made; he was buried without pomp or parade, and slept quietly with his fathers. The papal authority had decreased under his government; many good Catholics lamented his slight pretension to a sacred character. His love of show, of public amusements, and luxurious pleasures, had disgusted the austere; while his precipitation in some respects, and his procrastination in others, dissatisfied all classes. As a man, he was far better than his two predecessors, Alexander the Sixth, and Julius the Second. As the head of the church, he wanted the soul of success, sincerity.

Since Charles had issued his edict against Lu-

ther, his affairs were very much separated from the Romish cognizance, and the death of Leo only called forth a few bitter vituperations from the Reformer.

Immediately on his arrival at Wittemberg, he hastened to the house of Melancthon, and was received with delight by his friends. Margaret informed him, that Catharine Von Borne, a nun from the Nymphal Cloister, was under their protection. Luther expressed his satisfaction, that she had found such an asylum, and said she, with a number of others, had been commended to his care. He expressed an earnest desire also, that something might be done for the poor and suffering ecclesiastics.

While Luther and Melancthon were deeply engaged in conversation, Margaret hastened to the apartment of Catharine.

"Who do you think has arrived?" she exclaimed.

"Perhaps Bodenstein," said Catharine, with an expression of disgust.

"No," said Margaret.

"Carolstadt?"

"No."

Catharine was silent.

"Do try once more. Well! I see you won't; so I will tell you. Doctor Martin Luther. Come down and see him?"

"Did he ask for me?" said Catharine.

"No; but he knows you are here. Come," said she, pulling her gently by her dress, "come and see him."

"Another time," said Catharine, "not now;

"I cannot go now."

"But you must; I will not go without you."

"O Margaret," said Catharine, while the tears gushed from her eyes, "have pity upon me, do not urge me now; I am not prepared; it is not a slight thing to see the being who has opened the door of my prison, and, what is far more, taught me the worship of the true God."

"Another time, then, it shall be," said Margaret; "you poor little bird, that are frightened because you have escaped from your cage."

She returned to the two divines, and quietly took her work. Luther was just speaking in an earnest voice.

"I could not remain in my prison, knowing what was passing here. My dear Philip, pray for me, and aid me in trampling Satan, who reigns in Wittemberg, under my feet. It will be difficult to make Carolstadt yield. I know his temper well; but Christ will constrain him."

The importance of Carolstadt vanished before the influence of Luther, and he soon after quitted Wittemberg. But another source of evil had arisen. This was a class of men, hitherto en-

gaged in mechanic or laborious employments, who pretended to be prophets. Two men, by the name of Stark and Muntzer, were the leaders ; they preached the doctrine of natural equality, independence of all laws and magistrates, and a community of goods. This was a most taking doctrine, especially to the peasantry, who were still ground to the earth by feudal exactions and by the tyranny of the noble and the rich. Even Melancthon had been shaken by their pretensions, and probably his enlightened mind accorded with the justice of that equality which they asserted. Luther, however, saw at once what was commendable and what was false, and exerted himself effectually to banish them from Wittenberg. \*

Luther now resumed his favorite employment of preaching. He threw aside the dress of a monk, and wore a gown, the cloth for which was given him by the Elector. His success in preaching was remarkable. He had to calm the irritated passions of the multitude, and enlighten the minds of the ignorant ; his knowledge of the German, and the Scriptures, was acknowledged by all ; his manner of address was simple, energet-

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\* Muntzer's reign, the war of the peasants, and the Anabaptists of Munster, afford some of the most interesting and extraordinary details of history.

ic, and affectionate. Added to this, he well knew how to awaken the sensibilities of the soul. With much brevity he wrote down the qualities of

*A good Preacher.*

First. He should preach orderly.

Secondly. He should have a ready wit.

Thirdly. He should be eloquent.

Fourthly. He should have a good voice.

Fifthly. A good memory.

Sixthly. He should know when to make an end.

Seventhly. He should be sure of what he advances.

Eighthly. He should venture and engage, body and blood, wealth and honor, by the word.

Ninthly. He should suffer himself to be mocked and buffeted by every one.

*A Preacher to please the World.*

First. He must be learned.

Secondly. He must have a fine delivery.

Thirdly. He must have neat and quaint words.

Fourthly. He must be a proper person, whom women may fancy.

Fifthly. He must not take, but give money.

Sixthly. He must preach such things as people willingly hear.

"I would not have preachers torment their hearers," said Luther, "with long and tedious preaching. When I am in the pulpit, I regard

neither doctors nor magistrates, of whom above forty are here in the church ; but I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of whom there are more than two thousand."

"Christ," he said, "taught by parables, that all could understand, and this was the true art of preaching. Philip Melancthon and Justus Jonas are learned men, are well skilled in Scripture. I would not make a step into the pulpit for them."

Such were the principles upon which he addressed his hearers, and when are added the zeal, sincerity, and the perfect forgetfulness of himself, with which he gave his whole soul to the work, his success is not surprising.

Soon after his return he published his German translation of the New Testament, which, as Luther had predicted, spread the reformed religion far and wide. Women of the first distinction studied it with the most patient investigation.

Adrian the Sixth, the preceptor of Charles the Fifth, had succeeded Leo. He was a man of pure and correct life, and devoted to the popish cause. One of his first measures was to send a legate, Francis Cheregato, to the Imperial Diet, assembled at Nuremberg, with a brief addressed to the German princes. Luther was the main object of this brief ; it was filled with denuncia-



tions against him, and complaints that he was still suffered to go at large. Like a pious Christian, he acknowledged the corruptions of the court of Rome, and made many concessions, adding, "that the diseases were complicated ; but he should endeavour to cure them step by step."

"Yes," said Luther, in his marginal notes under it ; "but there is to be an interval of some ages between every step."

The Cardinals were much displeased at the new Pontiff's concessions.

The German princes answered the edict haughtily, applauded Adrian's intention of reforming the Court of Rome, and said, "that to attempt to enforce the edict of Worms against Luther, would, in the present state of the public mind, be attended with the most dangerous consequences." The legate replied, that "nothing short of a solemn execution of the edict against that incurable heretic could satisfy his Holiness." Cheregato received a most offensive rejoinder, and suddenly left Nuremberg, which was considered highly disrespectful to the Diet. A hundred articles of complaint were immediately drawn up and despatched to Rome, in which the Diet gave his Holiness to understand, that the burdens complained of were so grievous, that they *could* not and *would* not endure them any longer. These transactions show the declining power of

the Papal See, and the new-born vigor of German liberty.

Frederic had declined being present at the Diet. His advanced age and peaceful disposition made him unwilling to encounter the contentions that would necessarily arise. His personal friendship for Luther had increased, and he wished to avoid the debate concerning him. Adrian was greatly incensed at his absence, and wrote to him in severe and insulting language.

Notwithstanding the Diet had resisted the remonstrances of the Pope, they had no disposition to countenance Luther; on the contrary, they threw out such alarming threats, that the Elector once more informed him, that it was necessary for him to seek a place of concealment.

Luther replied, that "he would never again hide himself in a corner."

Frederic now seemed to stand almost alone among the German princes, as the protector of Luther. Yet neither his firmness nor his integrity was shaken; and he consulted with both Luther and Melancthon, whether it were lawful for him to take up arms, in case his subjects should suffer violence, on account of their religion, from the Pope, or any of the German princes.

They both decided that it *was not*, and gave convincing reasons.

The death of Adrian took place very soon

after the Diet of Nuremberg. Disgusted with the corruptions around him, aged and infirm, he probably resigned the pontifical office without reluctance, in the hope of another and a better life.

Julius de Medicis succeeded him in 1523, and assumed the name of Clement the Sixth. He determined to pursue a very different course from Adrian, and endeavoured to conciliate the German Diet. He wrote also a most complimentary letter to Frederic ; still, however, insisting on the surrender of Luther, which he affected to think a measure that would accord with the Elector's views, as he could not be supposed to favor a heretic. Frederic was not in the least degree moved by the letter ; on the contrary, he sent an envoy to oppose the demands of the new Pontiff. Charles the Fifth was at this time very solicitous to gain the Pope to his interests, and therefore he joined with him warmly in his complaints against the German princes for their lenity to Luther. The final decree of the Diet was, a promise to execute the edict of Worms as *far they could*. Luther exulted in this decision as much as the papal party were displeased with it ; saying it was in fact a confession, that they could *do nothing*.

This decision, and the measures which followed, made Luther's situation at Wittemberg much more secure ; but the happiest prospect to him

was the increase of Protestantism. Denmark and Sweden were uniting themselves to the cause. The renowned Gustavus Vasa, whose life has been the theme of the historian and the poet, having in his youth lived an exile at Lubeck, and become acquainted with Luther's doctrines, determined to reform the church after he was firmly seated on the throne. \*

Luther had now attained to a degree of success which must have astonished every reflecting mind. He was known throughout Europe. Henry the Eighth had written against him, and received, in consequence, from Leo the Tenth, the title of *Defender of the Faith*. The name of the Saxon Reformer was familiar in every one's mouth, from the lowest to the highest. His only official protector against the Pope and Emperor, was Frederic the Elector, and his protection had been secret rather than open. Luther's own explanation of his success is the most rational, — "God was on my side."

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\* The history of the Reformation in Sweden is highly interesting.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE insurrection, or "Rustic War of the Peasants," was now raging like a torrent through different parts of Germany. Many had long groaned under heavy burdens, and they published a manifesto, stating their causes of rebellion. Luther replied to it article by article, in an able, just, and candid manner, admitting their wrongs, yet proving the misery of rebellion. Their defeat fully justified all his predictions.

At this period Luther had more leisure for social intercourse than he had had for years. He was a daily visiter at Melancthon's, and often saw Catharine. But her reserve towards him seemed unconquerable. She answered his slightest questions in a low, timid voice, and never joined in the conversation. Melancthon was struck with her manner when Luther was present, and said to his wife, "It is a pity poor Catharine has conceived such a terrible idea of good Doctor Martin; we must try to convince her, that he has a kind heart, and is only formidable as an antagonist."

"My dear Philip," replied his wife, in a play-

ful tone, "they say Melancthon is a great scholar, well versed in Greek and Latin ; but, when it comes to the knowledge of the heart, it is another thing ; let his wife alone for that."

"Sometimes Luther addressed himself to Catharine, and once congratulated her on having recovered her freedom ; "Not," he said, "because she had escaped from a prison, or thrown off the dress of a nun ; but freedom of mind, the right of thinking for herself. Tell me," continued he, "what are the grounds of your belief."

"It is what I feel," she answered, "but cannot explain."

"Catharine's belief," said Margaret smiling, "is like John's ; 'If God so loved us, we ought to love one another.'"

"When Catharine left the room, which she immediately did after this short conversation, Luther said, "I pity this poor child ; her mind seems still oppressed. It is surprising how she ever got courage to throw off the popish yoke."

"She feels great restraint in your presence," replied Margaret, "but it is not so when she is alone with us."

Some time after, Luther came to Melancthon's house and requested to see Catharine alone.

Margaret hastened to her, and gave her the message. She entreated her friend to return with  
her

"That would not do," replied Margaret ; "he said expressly *alone* ; he undoubtedly has something very particular to say. Now Catharine take courage and open your heart."

Poor Catharine went with trembling steps to the presence of Luther.

"I have sent for you, my child," said he, "to converse on the subject of matrimony ; I hope you are convinced it is a holy state."

"Yes, Sir," said Catharine.

"Are you prepared to embrace it ?"

"No, Sir," she replied.

"Perhaps you have scruples on the score of monastic vows ; if so, I will mark some passages I have written on that subject, that may set your mind at rest."

Catharine was silent.

"I perceive, that I do not make much progress in my purpose. I am little used to these matters, and I had better be direct."

"Do you mean to abide by your monastic vows, or will you marry, like a rational woman ?"

This direct appeal seemed to rouse her courage.

"Even Doctor Martin Luther has no right," said she, "to ask that question without explaining his motive."

"Well said, Kate," replied he laughing ; "I must tell you, then."

“There is a person who would gladly take you  
‘for better and for worse.’”

Catharine’s color rose, and her eyes sparkled  
with additional brightness.

“Now say, has he any chance?”

“You have not told me who he is,” said she  
resolutely.

“And you have not told me whether you have  
any scruples of conscience on the subject; if  
you have, God forbid that I should urge you.”

“When I left the convent,” said she, in a low  
voice, “it was because it would have been hy-  
pocrisy in me to have remained there. I took  
the vows ignorantly, and almost by compulsion;  
I embraced the reformed religion with an inquir-  
ing and willing faith. God forgive me, that I so  
long offered him the worship of my lips, while  
my heart was far from him.”

“And now?” said Luther, after waiting for  
her to finish her sentence.

“Now,” she replied, “I need not ask his  
forgiveness for worshipping him in spirit and in  
truth. I am no longer a nun.”

“Well,” said Luther, “I suppose this is as  
direct an answer as I must expect. So, to my  
purpose.”

But even Luther stopped short, surprised at  
Catharine’s emotion.

“Perhaps, my dear,” said he kindly, “I do



wrong in speaking to you myself ; I had better commission Margaret. I suppose women converse on these matters better together, and yet, as I have begun, I will finish. The other day Bodenstein, the nephew of Carolstadt, came to me to solicit my influence with you. He wishes you to marry him. I told him, I could have no particular influence with you, unless you had scruples of conscience about marrying. He is a clever young man, and I see no objection. He is very unlike his fanatic uncle."

He might have talked an hour without receiving a reply. Catharine's manner had changed; there was no longer the emotion or the blush.

"What shall I tell him?"

"Any thing you please," said she, "so that I never see him again."

"Why, this is strange," said Luther; "you did not seem to have scruples of conscience just now. My dear Catharine, you must not forget that you have no natural relations here, and this young man can be a protector to you."

"I wish you would not speak of him," replied she.

"Is there any one else that you like better?" said Luther.

She made no reply.

"Nay, speak; I have every disposition to serve you; has any other person made the same proposals to you?"

"Yes," said Catharine, with a little womanly pride ; "Counsellor Baumgartner has made the same proposals."

"Do you prefer him ?"

"Yes," she replied rising ; "but I am as happy as I ever expect to be. My friends assure me, that I am no burden, but a help to them ; and so I wish you good morning."

Poor Catharine hastened to her room. Her dream was over. Luther, the austere, the insensible Reformer, had awakened her from it. Margaret entered while her eyes were yet red with weeping. She tenderly approached, and embraced her ; but neither exchanged a word.

"There is no hope for Bodenstein," thought Luther ; "it is evident Baumgartner is the object. Catharine is a child ; if the Elector dies she is without a support, except by the labor of her hands, and they do not look as if they were made for labor. I will write to Jerome Baumgartner ; he is well known as a young counsellor at Nuremberg. Accordingly he wrote.

"1524, October 12th.

"If you would obtain Catharine Von Borne, hasten here before she is given to another who proposes for her. She has not yet conquered her love for you. I shall rejoice to see you united.

"LUTHER." \*

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\* See Memoir of Luther, written by himself.

The young counsellor received this letter with surprise and incredulity. The positive refusal of Catharine, some months before, had left no doubt on his mind ; and he thought the wisest plan was to inclose the letter to her, and inquire whether it was written with her sanction.

In the mean time Luther's friends began to urge him to marry, particularly Melancthon. "You preach," said he, "what you do not practise."

He protested, however, that he would not be caught in the snare ; that his time was now fully occupied.

When Catharine received the letter from her former lover, she was filled with astonishment and requested Margaret to speak to Luther on the subject. He said he had done what he thought was right and would be agreeable to all parties ; but he found there was one science he did not understand, the heart of a woman.

"That is true," said Margaret, "or you would long since have perceived, that Catharine was yours, and now the mystery is out."

It required all her eloquence to convince Luther of the truth of this assertion ; he was forty and Catharine but little more than half that number of years ; that she could prefer him to her young suitors seemed to him incredible. Margaret, however, had said it, and a new life opened

to Luther, in the affection of a young and beautiful woman.

When he spoke to Catharine again on the subject of matrimony, he was more successful than before. He learned the history of her long attachment, which had become too much the reverie of her silent hours. The betrothment took place, and very soon the marriage followed. An account of it is given by Melancthon to Cameraarius, his friend, in a Greek letter.

“As some unfounded reports will probably reach you respecting the marriage of Luther, I think it proper to inform you of the true state of the case, and to give you my own opinion. On the 13th of June, to our great surprise, Luther married Catharine Von Borne, and only invited Luca the painter, Pomeranus, and Apelles the lawyer, to supper in the evening. Some may be astonished, that he should have married at this unfavorable juncture of public affairs, so deeply afflicting to every good man, and thus appear to be unaffected and careless about the distressing events which have occurred amongst us ; even though his own reputation suffers at a moment when Germany most requires his talents and influence. This, however, is my view of the subject. Luther is a man who has nothing of the unsocial misanthrope about him ; but you know his habits, and I need say no more on this head.

Surely it is no wonderful and unaccountable thing, that his great and benevolent soul should be influenced by the gentle affections. I have long had in my possession the most decisive evidences of his piety and love to God."

It is not wonderful, that the marriage between a monk and a nun, as the parties were styled by the Catholics, should have excited the highest indignation amongst them. But Luther had long written and preached against vows of celibacy, and a monastic life ; and it is the highest testimony to his character, that his marriage with the affectionate and virtuous Catharine, exclusive of the Reformation, is the most flagrant charge brought against him.

The more indulgent of his foes represented him as enduring great remorse and depression for having taken this precipitate step. A more probable reason for depression, however, occurs. Frederic, the Elector, his long-tried and faithful friend, oppressed by age and infirmity, was drawing near the close of his existence. Melancthon, too, had met with a heavy affliction. His health requiring a journey, he had proceeded across upper Saxony to Falda, in company with Nesenus. In the course of their wanderings, Nesenus entered a small fishing-boat on the river Elbe, which was fastened to a tree ; here he reclined at his ease, indulging the poetic dreams of his imagina-

tion, when the boat suddenly heaved about and whirled him into the water ; where, not being able to swim, he perished.

Luther felt the deepest sympathy with his friend, and devoted himself to his consolation, and to the sick bed of Frederic. At this time Count Albert of Mansfeldt was absent on the business of the Elector ; but he no sooner heard of his indisposition, than he hastened to him. Frederic's last moments were occupied for the welfare of his subjects, — their spiritual and temporal good. A short time before he expired, he desired to have his household and all his domestics assembled. They knelt around the bed with the deepest and most affectionate interest. Spalatinus stood by his side, and Albert, privileged like a beloved son, raised with his arms the pillow on which his head reclined. At a little distance stood Luther and Melancthon. Not a sob or a murmur broke the solemn silence of the scene.

At length Frederic spoke in a feeble voice.

“ I entreat you, my dearest children, in the name of God, and for his sake, to forgive me if I have offended any of you in word or deed ; and I further entreat you to make in my name this same request for me to others. We princes are apt to treat our poor, distressed subjects in a vexatious and unjustifiable manner. I can say no more.” His head sunk back, and he expired in the arms of Albert, like one falling asleep.

To Luther and Melancthon was intrusted the management of his funeral, which was conducted without ostentation, and with none of the rites which the papists were accustomed to observe on similar occasions. Luther delivered a discourse in German, and Melancthon pronounced an oration in Latin. A few extracts are here given. \*

..... "I omit the detail of a variety of excellences for which he was distinguished. I say nothing of his character as a peace-maker, or his fidelity in friendship ; of his care to avert dangers, of his firmness in sustaining them ; of the suavity of his manners, his gentleness, or his remarkable acuteness of intellect ; of his management of his financial concerns, by which of late they were so much recruited ; these things are all known to you, and, while you cherish gratitude to God for having bestowed such a Prince, they ought never to be obliterated from your memories. ....

"Our academy has lost a Mæcenas ; ..... all Germany has lost a Prince and a counsellor in every important affair ; for so great was his wisdom in German affairs, and his general influence, that he was deemed a proper person for the Imperial dignity, and was consulted as an or-

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\* See Fox's "Life of Melancthon."

acle ; lost too at a moment when Germany is ripe for a civil war."

It was too fair an occasion for Melancthon's poetic talents, not to call them forth. He said the Elector had plucked a flower from all the virtues. The following lines are selected from the translation of his Latin epitaph by Melancthon.

"Thy rule was reason, and thy trophy peace ;  
Thou hast deserved the triumphs of the field ;  
But 't was thy glory to bid discord cease,  
And, though *victorious*, the first to *yield*.

"The truth of Christ, the doctrines brought from heaven,  
By thee were well discerned and spread around ;  
To thee, by present times, applause is given,  
And future ages shall thy name resound.

"Yes, — distant times thy virtues shall proclaim,  
Nor death extinguish thy immortal fame."

Historians speak of him as an aged man. He was sixty-three. His death, taking place about the crisis of Luther's marriage, cast a gloomy cloud over that otherwise joyful event. Catharine, who considered him as her protector, was undoubtedly saved from much desolateness of feeling, by acquiring the right to consider Luther in that light ; and probably this circumstance hastened rather than retarded the union.

No one, except the parties themselves, rejoiced in the recent union more than Margaret ; and she said to Philip, "How effectually Catharine



has conquered her repugnance to Luther the Terrible ! ”

“ Your counsel was good, to keep to my Greek and Latin,” he replied ; “ but you must allow, that I have well understood the science of *one female heart*, which has more than justified my pretensions to the perfect knowledge of it.”

The affectionate smile of his wife ~~discovered~~ that she understood and appropriated the ~~remark~~.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**HITHERTO** we have seen Luther in various situations of life ; first, the obscure scholar, earning his education by his *bread music* ; then a humble and depressed monk of the Augustinian convent ; then opposing the decrees of the Pope, burning the bull, and resisting the Imperial edict. We must now behold him as a married man, enter his domicile, and see him at his table, and by his fireside.

Though no longer a monk, we find him still poor, and actually uniting the labor of his hands with the noble teachings of his mind. "I must contrive to increase my income," he wrote to a friend ; "my happiness needs no increase. Catharine, the dearest half of me, is by my side, and salutes you. She is well, thank God, and even more gentle and yielding than I dared to expect. I would not change my poverty for the riches of Cræsus." He had a taste for the fine arts ; Albert Durer was his intimate friend, and Luther had often gazed upon his paintings at Nuremberg, his native city, with delight. Luca Cranache was another of his friends. Both of these had inspired him with an ardent

love of painting. In music he was not only a lover, but a proficient. But these were arts that required gradual progress and improvement; and he became a turner. He writes thus pleasantly on the subject. "Since amongst us barbarians there is no taste for the fine arts, I and Wolfgang, my servant, employ ourselves in turning with a lathe."

The care of the house, of course, devolved on Catharine, and it was no easy task with ~~their~~ small income to make their dwelling a cheerful and hospitable resort for strangers and friends; yet such it was. The neat little parlour, with its windows shaded by vines instead of silken drapery, opened into a garden, where both she and Luther, like our first parents, cultivated the earth. Their table was supplied with vegetables from it, and fruits and flowers came in succession. "I have made a garden," wrote Luther to Spalatinus, "and in the middle of it, I have made a fountain. I have succeeded in both. Come and see us, and you shall be crowned with roses." This was in 1525. A friend made him a present of a clock. He replied to him, in a letter;

"It is necessary for me to study mathematics before I can understand all the mechanism of your present, for I have never seen any thing like it. I have also received the instruments; but you have forgotten to tell me how much they cost. At present I have machines enough, un-

less you have some new contrivances of a kind that will turn themselves, while my servant is snoring. My melons, my squashes, and my cucumbers increase daily. You perceive that I have turned to good account the seeds that you sent me. I have no anxiety for the future. Wealth is the smallest gift of God ; what is it to be compared to his word, or corporal gifts, such as beauty, health, and activity, &c. ? what is it to the gifts of the mind, such as intellect, science, or taste, &c. ? Yet are men so eager for wealth that no labor or danger is regarded in securing it ; there is neither *materialis*, *formalis*, *efficiens*, *et finalis causa*, nor any thing that is good ; therefore our God commonly gives riches to gross asses to whom he can afford nothing else."

Nothing could be pleasanter than the dwelling and garden of Luther. In his household, with his Catharine by his side, he was no longer the austere Saxon Reformer. Every object brought to his well-stored mind some pleasant thought or allegory ; in the latter he took great delight.

" See, Catharine," said he, as he held up a grain of barley ; " ah ! it has a great deal to suffer from men.\* First they bury it in the earth ; when

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\* Michelet says, see the beautiful English ballad of John Barleycorn. English readers will recollect it is by Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman ; probably his first idea was taken from Luther.

the plant springs up and is ripe, they cut it, beat it, dry it, and distil it ; make drink of it, and give the drink to make tipplers. Flax too, is *martyred* in the same cruel manner. When it is ripe, they tear it, they drown it, they dry it, they beat it, they strip it, they spin it, they weave it, and make cloth of it ; when the cloth is worn out, they make it into tinder, or bandages for wounds and bruises ; they make wicks of it, or they sell it to manufacturers, who make it into paper ; this paper is used for writing, for printing, for making cards, and at length loses all value, and is thrown away as worthless. These plants, like other creatures that are useful to us, have much to suffer ; good and pious Christians, also, have much to endure from the wicked."

Luther's mildness to the wavering and doubtful was striking. "The weak of faith," said he, "do also belong to the kingdom of Christ ; otherwise the Lord would not have said to Peter, 'Strengthen thy brethren.' Luke xxii. 'Receive the weak in faith.' Romans xiv. 'Comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak.' 1 Thes. v. If the weak in faith should not belong to Christ, where then would the Apostles have been ? whom the Lord after his resurrection reproved for their unbelief."

The house of Luther was often enlivened by music. One day, when he had some musicians

for guests, he listened to their performances with admiration. Suddenly he exclaimed, "If God grants us such noble gifts in this life, which is only dirt and misery, what will he not give us in the life to come? of which this is only the beginning."

"No man," said Luther, "ought to lay a cross upon himself, or to make choice of a tribulation, as is done in popedom; but, if it cometh upon him, then let him suffer it patiently, and know that it is good and profitable for him."

To one who played on the harp he said, "My friend, play such an air as David formerly did. I believe, if he were to come back, he would be astonished to find people so skilful in his art. Music is one of the noblest and most magnificent presents God has made to us. Satan is a bitter foe to music. It repulses temptations and bad thoughts;—he cannot stand against it."

Louis Cranache was a constant visiter; as a painter he never ranked high, but had a knack of drawing striking caricatures, which were congenial to Luther's abhorrence of the Pope. They were sometimes prefixed to his pamphlets and tracts; and probably, by throwing ridicule on the Pontiff, did nearly as much as Luther's pen, in rendering him odious.

Luther said to him, when he brought one of his caricatures; "Master Lucas, I wish you ex-

exercised a little more delicacy with your pencil. Above all, never introduce women into your caricatures. Spare them for the sake of our mothers. There are objects enough more worthy of the company of the Pope."

The caricatures and paintings of Cranache are little known or esteemed at the present day, and those which disgraced the art have gone into deserved oblivion.

For Albert Durer Luther had the highest esteem. When he heard of his death, at the age of eighty, he said, "It is sad enough, that we have lost him; but let us rejoice, that by so happy an end Christ has withdrawn him from the troubles of earth. God does not will, that those who are made for the happiness of heaven should live in sorrow here; he calls them to repose in peace with their fathers."

Melancthon and his wife were frequent guests in the pleasant little parlour. Many were the interesting conversations, that passed within the circle. It was a long while before Catharine was wholly divested of the timidity and restraint which her early life had imposed upon her, and most truly might she have said to Luther, "God thy law, thou mine." She often addressed him by the title of Sir (Herr) to the great amusement of Margaret, who loved her Philip with that perfect love which casteth out fear; but their ages ac-

corded. She sometimes rallied Catharine upon her respectful and obedient manner. Luther replied, "I do not know what Melancthon thinks ; but, if I wanted an obedient wife, I would have her carved out of stone ; otherwise I should not expect to find one."

"I despaired," said Margaret, "of the great Doctor Luther's falling in love ; as, the November before his marriage, he told Melancthon he did not intend ever to marry."

"If I had been prone to it," said Luther, "I might have found an object in Ave Schonfeldin, with whom I was acquainted a number of years. She has since married Basilius, the Prussian physician. I did not then love my Catharine ; I suspected she was proud and haughty ; but I have found otherwise, — God be praised. The greatest blessing God bestows on woman is a good and pious husband, to whom she may confide herself and all that she loves. Catharine, thou hast a pious husband who loveth thee ; thou art an empress." His testimony to the character of women was cheerfully given.

"I have often noted," said he, "that women receive the doctrine of the Gospel more heartily than men ; they are far more fervent in faith. They hold on it more stiff and fast than men do, as we see in the loving Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter."



It may easily be imagined, that Luther's garden, with its roses, its arbors, and its fountain, did not bring him competency. Indeed, his situation was one almost of penury. He had resigned the revenue of the convent into the hands of the Elector, saying, "as they performed none of the popish ceremonies for which it was instituted, it was not right to keep it." "I live," said he, "with the greatest economy and prudence, and yet I have been obliged to pawn three goblets for fifty florins. It behoves me to exert all my faculties to live, for my family will soon be enlarged. Shortly afterward his first son, John, was born."

Sometimes the friends who had been hospitably received at Luther's house, sent him and his wife presents. He writes to one of them thus :

"We have received with pleasure, my dear Gerard, the letter and cloth which you have sent us with so much kindness and benevolence of heart. My Catharine and I use your lamps every night, and we mutually regret, that we have nothing to send in return to remind you of us."

In another letter he speaks of the prospect of increase to their family with a degree of anxiety. With all this, it was truly one of the happiest periods of his life. He was surrounded by society and congenial friends. In his wife he seems to have found a companion beyond what he dared

expect in the silent and retired nun. He had ways dreaded solitude. "It is written of St. Paul," said he, "that when he had suffered ship-reck and great hunger fourteen days together, he went afterwards to his brethren, by whom being courteously received, he recovered himself again, was refreshed and comforted. Even so when I am in heavy tribulations, then I go to my swineherd and *swine*, rather than be alone. The heart of a human creature is like a millstone in a mill; when corn is shaken thereon it turneth and grindeth it to meal; but if no corn; there it still turneth and grindeth away itself. So it is with the heart of a human creature; it will be occupied; if it have not the works of its vocation in hand to be busied with, then cometh the Devil and bringeth tribulations and heavy and painful thoughts. '*Woe to him that is alone.*'\* When I am melancholy, ill-humored, and heavy-minded, then I abandon solitude, and repair to people and talk with them."

Now he was seldom alone; Catharine, whom he called his rib, was constantly by his side; and, by her endearing attention, her sympathy and affection, gave new charms to the life of the Saxon Reformer.

Some of Luther's historians speak of the two

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\* Ecclesiastes iv. 10.

or three years that succeeded his marriage as lost. Would that more of his time had been *thus* lost! There seems to have been a cessation to his angry and violent passions; his benevolent affections triumphed over them. Amidst the care and anxiety of an increasing family he found time for preaching sermons and performing innumerable labors of love for others. While he relinquished, from a sense of justice, part of his own revenue, he used all his influence to have that of the other ministers increased; his arguments on the support of the clergy are as admirable for the present day as for his own.

Louis Cranache, the elder, had painted the portrait of Catharine in the freshness of her youthful beauty. It hung suspended on the wall. Luther regretted, that it had been painted so early, as the portraits of his two little children, John and Elizabeth, might have been included.

“When Eve was brought before Adam,” said he, “he became inspired, and called her by the most beautiful, the most glorious, of names; he called her *Eva*, — that is to say, the mother of the living. He did not call her his wife, but the mother, — the mother of all human creatures. This sentence is short; but neither Demosthenes nor Cicero could have spoken thus. It was the Holy Spirit that inspired our first father.

“Cicero, with all his wisdom and eloquence,

was not able to comprehend God's truth ; yet he was a wise and diligent man, and suffered and performed much ; he was also surpassing in human wisdom. I hope God will be merciful to him and such as he was. It is not our duty, however, to speak certainly, touching that point, but to remain by the word revealed to us. 'Whoso believeth and is baptized, the same shall be saved.' God is able to give to every one according to his pleasure ; for there will be a new heaven and a new earth much larger and broader than they now be."

The tenderness and deep sentiment, with which he regarded his wife and children, were an evidence that he was formed for domestic life. When his infant was first brought to him, he said with emotion, "I would gladly have died at the age of this infant, and joyfully yielded all the honor that this world can give."

When playing with one of his children, who was full of the gayety and sports of childhood, he said, "Thou art the innocent little *simpleton* of our Lord, under grace, and not under the law. Thou hast no fear and no anxiety ; all that thou doest is well done. *We old simpletons* torment ourselves by eternal disputes upon the word. 'Is it true?' 'Is it possible?' '*How* is it possible?' we ask incessantly. Children, in the simplicity and purity of their faith, are certain,

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and doubt nothing which regards their safety. We ought to follow their example for our own salvation, and trust to the simple word. But the Devil is always throwing something in our way. Therefore it is better to die early."

"What must have been Abraham's feelings," said he one day to Catharine, "when he consented to the sacrifice of Isaac, to cut the throat of his only son? He could not have mentioned it to Sarah, it would have been too hard a task, and cost him too much. Truly, I would have disputed with God, had he ordered me to perform such a deed."

"I do not believe," said Catharine, with animation, "that God ever demanded of a father, that he should cut the throat of his son; and I am still more sure, that he never would have asked such a sacrifice of a mother."

"Ah, how my heart yearned for mine," said Luther, "when I was sick from home. I feared I should never see you and my children again; what anguish did this separation cost me! There is no person so disengaged from the ties of nature as not to feel their power. Nature is strong. What a noble bond is that which unites man and woman!"

Luther had that poetical and beautiful power of connecting the common events and blessings of life with something holier and higher. A branch

of a tree, loaded with cherries, and put upon his table, in primitive simplicity ; the innocent pleasure of his wife, when she treated him with a dish of fish from his own little pond in the garden, all awoke higher thoughts and led him to the Fountain of good. On a fine spring day he walked in his garden, this garden that was the source of so much pleasure to his Catharine and himself. They both regarded attentively the trees loaded with blossoms, and the new-born flowers, putting forth their perfumes and gay colors. "Glory to God," said Luther, "that calls all nature to new life. See these trees ! they are already filled with fruit. What a striking image of the resurrection of man ! Winter is death, and summer is the resurrection. Look at this flower ; it was broken at the stem last August. When all other flowers are withered and decayed, this is fair and fresh, and therefore it is called *amaranthus*, and, in winter, they make garlands of it. So is God's word ; it will never lose its freshness, never wither nor decay."

Just then Margaret entered the garden. "I tried to bring my husband," said she, "that he might enjoy this charming morning ; but he is always busy."

"Yes," said Luther, "Philip and I are oppressed with labor. How much rather would I live amidst the wonders of God, in the trees,

the flowers, the grass, and the birds. This enjoyment and leisure would be mine, if I did not require the discipline of labor, sometimes important, and sometimes useless."

One evening Luther observed a little bird perched upon a tree, and settling himself as if for the night. "This little bird," said he, "has chosen his place of rest, and will sleep quietly; he does not think of to-morrow, but sits tranquilly on his twig, and leaves God to think for him."

There was a little birdsnest in the garden; the birds were frightened when any one came near, and flew away. Luther exclaimed, "Ah, little flutterers, do not fear me; I wish you nothing but good, if you could only believe me. It is thus we refuse to trust in God, who, so far from doing us evil, has given us his own Son."

"God would soon grow rich," said he one day, "if he would be more provident, and deny us the use of his *creatures*. If he were to keep back the sun, lock up the air, detain the water, and quench out the fire, we should willingly give all our wealth to have his creatures back again. But he so liberally heapeth his gifts upon us, that we claim them by right. Therefore his innumerable benefits hinder and darken the faith of the believers, — much more, of the ungodly."

## CHAPTER XXII.

It is with a feeling of regret we turn from this peaceful and happy interval of Luther's life, to see him again involved in controversy, not with the Pope or his Cardinals, but with Erasmus, the elegant and enlightened scholar, the restorer of letters and of learning, who was said to have originated the first opposition to monks and friars, and to whom Luther and Melancthon both looked at one time for aid and support. There is no doubt but he entered the lists against Luther with reluctance, and not till he was urged to it by Henry the Eighth and by the Pope. Erasmus was flattered by this deference from persons in the highest stations, and at length said he could no longer refuse compliance. When Luther heard that he was about attacking him, he wrote a conciliatory letter, requesting him to be silent. He had relinquished the idea of his coming out openly in favor of the reformed tenets ; but he was deeply pained, that he should take the part of an enemy. Erasmus, however, was too far pledged to Henry, the *Defender of the Faith*, to retract. His own letter to his friend Richard Pace, will best show his views of the subject.



“If every syllable that Luther has written were unexceptionable, it was not my disposition to run the hazard of my life for the sake of truth. It is not every man who has sufficient courage to be a martyr ; and I am afraid, that, in case of trial or persecution, I should follow Peter’s example. I follow the decisions of the Pope and the Emperor when they are right, which is acting like a religious man ; and, when they are wrong, I submit, which is taking the safe side. And I am of opinion, that even good men may conduct themselves thus, when there is no hope of obtaining redress.”

Sentiments so different from the spirit of Luther must have separated these two eminent men, had they been brought much together in social life.

Erasmus published what he called his “*Dia-tribè on the Freedom of the Will* in 1524.” “The die is cast,” he says to Henry ; “my little book is published ; a bold deed, believe me, if the situation of Germany be considered. I expect to be pelted ; but I will console myself with the example of your Majesty, who has not escaped their outrages.” To Cardinal Wolsey he says, “I have not chosen to dedicate this work to any one, lest my calumniators should say I have been hired to please the great ; otherwise I should have inscribed it to you or the Pope.”

It is curious to observe the different color that writers give, according to their respective religious opinions, to this debate between the two scholars. One eminent writer says, that Luther advocated the *true scriptural* doctrine of original sin, including total depravity. Luther undoubtedly considered the sentiments of Erasmus, who softened down the doctrine of human depravity, and contended for an innate power of man to choose that which is good, and prepare himself for divine grace, as directly infringing the great doctrine, for which he had so long contended, of free justification.

Erasmus declared, that if man be not equally capable of choosing good or evil, his responsibility is destroyed ; that Scripture calls upon him to choose between the two.

Luther maintained, that the nature of fallen man is so inclined to evil, that he cannot choose good till that nature is changed by divine grace.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE fundamental doctrine of Luther was the justification of man by faith. The Church held, that the principles of justification were two, faith and good works. By "faith" was understood a simple belief in the doctrine and duties of the Christian church. Good works, as a condition equally necessary, could only be produced by the Spirit of God influencing the heart ; but then, as the human will coöperated with grace, there was believed to be some merit in such works. Yet their value was supposed to depend on the operation of the Holy Spirit, so that in all things the glory was God's, since the will itself was of grace, and as much a gift of God as the sanctifying influence of his Spirit. Both were the gratuitous effect of divine mercy, and, until the will was assisted by divine influence, it could not take one step towards the attainment of life eternal. But still, being free, the will could call on God through Christ, for a measure of his grace, to aid its imperfect efforts. Hence the work of salvation required the coöperation of God and man.

This doctrine Luther opposed ; he held, that

man was wholly corrupt in will, and every other faculty ; that he had not the power to coöperate in the slightest degree with the Spirit of God ; that man is passive in the work of his salvation, and merely the recipient of divine grace. Hence he contended, that those only could be saved whom God had elected from eternity, and only those be damned whom he had decreed to that fate. He read in Scripture, that mankind have been redeemed by Jesus Christ, and through faith in him are saved ; hence he concluded, that faith in the death of Christ sufficed for our justification ; by it his righteousness is imputed to us, and his merits become ours ; therefore we may offer his righteousness instead of our own. Luther, on this principle, had a personal application of the belief, that Christ died for us ; and, while that belief is offered to Christ, in virtue of that act our sins are remitted. " Search the Scriptures," was his constant exhortation. " Believe in Jesus Christ, and ye shall be saved," was his unceasing assurance. His description of faith, however, was new, — that " it was not attainable by human faculties, and that it was a miraculous gift endowed with miraculous properties."

This doctrine was the ground of debate at Leipsic, between Carolstadt and Eckius. The former supporting his master's theory ; the latter, the doctrine of the Romish church, as it had been

received for fifteen centuries. Luther's earnest desire to put down the papal power in conferring indulgences, which was founded upon the super-numerary works of the Saints, perhaps first suggested the idea. This doctrine of justification by faith alone was the strongest agent against the Roman Catholic church. It took away the merit of works of supererogation, and thus cut off many of the sources of papal revenue. He condemned the epistle of St. James, as not being written by an apostle, because he enforces the necessity of good works. He also wrote another work in his mother tongue, in which he affirmed, that the Emperor was the natural superior of the Pope and the clergy ; that every priest was a layman, and every layman a priest ; that both orders of men were equally bound to fulfil the commands of the prince ; that the authority, now held by the Pope, belonged solely to the sovereign ; that the cardinals were a set of useless men, not above four among them having either learning or morals. \*

Luther's reply to Erasmus did not make its appearance for some time after the *Diatribè* was published. He began immediately to answer this

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\* This slight and imperfect sketch of Luther's doctrine is given rather to lead to investigation, than to satisfy it.

work ; but the disturbances of Carolstadt were again renewed, and he resolved to postpone his answer till he should have done with that turbulent reformer.

The principal point on which Luther and Carolstadt at first differed was the question of the sacrament, — the real presence of Christ ; the latter having joined the Swiss Reformer, Zwingli, pastor of Zurich. Luther called his doctrine of the sacrament, *consubstantiation*, in opposition to *transubstantiation*, a distinction too nice for common perception. He maintained, that Christ was not the bread and wine, but dwelt in it. Carolstadt and Zwingli opposed both of these doctrines, and maintained, that Christ was not present in the sacrament, which was merely a rite instituted to perpetuate the remembrance of the Last Supper.

Once, when they met, Carolstadt told Luther he could no longer support his doctrine of the real presence.

“In that case,” said Luther disdainfully, “why not write against me ?”

The archdeacon replied that he would.

“Do so,” rejoined Luther, “and I will give thee a florin in gold,” which he drew from his purse.

Carolstadt took the florin, and they shook

hands as a pledge, that they would sustain the contest with vigor.

Luther could not write with moderation ; and Carolstadt had already proved himself a fanatic. His intemperate and violent conduct at length exiled him from the Elector's dominions. Luther, much as he detested him as an adversary, appears to have remembered their ancient friendship. After much entreaty, he succeeded in procuring from the Elector, John, a safe-conduct for the return of Carolstadt.

Luther now wrote his answer to Erasmus. People's opinions of this controversy will be colored by their own religious views. Luther, as decidedly as Calvin, ascribes every thing to the grace of God ; whereas Erasmus contended, that the will of man must operate with that grace ; that, if man is not capable of choosing good or evil, his responsibility is destroyed ; that Scripture calls upon him to choose between the two.

Luther's reply discovers deep learning and consummate talent. He begins with saying, "The palm of genius and eloquence all concede to you, venerable Erasmus ; much more, therefore, I, who am but a perfect barbarian, and have always been conversant in rude scenes." He then goes on to say, "By what fate or fortune it has happened I know not, but certainly you have not said one word new on this most important

subject, and therefore it may seem superfluous for me now to tread again the same ground which I have so often gone over before ; especially as Philip Melancthon has trampled upon, and absolutely ground to powder, every word you have produced.” He concludes, after a long and able reply, with the following perfectly characteristic remarks. “ I most earnestly wish you had confined yourself to your own peculiar gift, by which you have already done so much good, and gained so much applause ; I mean, that you should continue to cultivate and improve and adorn polite literature. In this you have been of use to myself ; and, therefore, while I look up to you with wonder and veneration, I own myself under considerable personal obligation to you. But it has not pleased God to qualify you for the great business we have in hand. I entreat you not to think this an effusion of pride. . . . . You say, ‘ You assert nothing, but only discourse and argue.’ A man does not express himself so, who has got hold of his subject rightly, and understands it to the bottom. In this book of mine I do not merely discourse or dispute, but I have asserted and do assert, and I submit to nobody’s judgment whatever ; but exhort every one to obey the divine truths which I maintain. May the Lord, whose cause it is, illuminate you and make you a vessel of glory ! Amen.”



This passage, which has been quoted by Luther's admirers, is too expressive of his character to be omitted. That which appeared to him truth, he never doubted for a moment was so ; and there were instances in which he claimed as much infallibility as the Pope.

About this time Luther wrote a conciliatory letter to Henry the Eighth ; who had, in 1521, published a severe and furious reply, to his " Treatise on the Babylonish Captivity." Whatever were the motives, that now induced him to make concessions, among them, no doubt, was an earnest desire of securing a royal convert. " Who knows," said he, " but, in a happy hour, I may gain the King of England ! " Yet another motive influenced him. Count Albert of Mansfeldt had exhorted Luther to use milder language towards his enemies.

The attempt to conciliate Henry was unsuccessful, and only afforded a subject of exultation to his opponents, and a report, that he had retracted his doctrines. This he could not endure, and he published, in the German language, " Luther's Answer to the Abusive Epistle of the King of England."

There can be no stronger proof of Luther's uncommon powers, than the wisdom with which he arranged the secular affairs of the church and the university. The ecclesiastical and academi-

al revenues were in the utmost confusion, and required impartial adjustment. All this he arranged with the utmost judgment and skill.

The controversy which Luther had carried on with Erasmus gave him, upon the whole, great pain. Another circumstance, too, deeply affected his spirits. A Polish Jew, a doctor of medicine, came to Wittenberg, and brought letters of introduction to Luther. He professed himself deeply interested in an investigation of the truth of his doctrines, and said the abominations of popery had been his principal stumblingblock in the Christian religion. He was received amongst the visitors of the little parlour. While he was one day there, he was arrested by the officers of justice, and taken before a magistrate. Luther, with a benevolent feeling, hastened to the spot, supposing there was some mistake, and found, to his astonishment, that the Jew was accused by one of his associates of an intention of poisoning him. Luther at first discredited the affair; but, upon the Jew's being examined, poison was found upon him, and two thousand florins of gold, the sum for which, it was said, he had agreed to perform this service. Before he was released, a letter reached Luther from an absent friend, begging him to be on his guard against such a person. As the Jew resolutely denied the intention, it was decided, that he should be put to the torture.

Luther used all his influence to prevent this from being done ; and said it was only worthy of the ministers of the Inquisition ; though he secretly expressed his belief, that the Jew was capable of the crime, from the wonderful cunning and versatility he discovered.

To feel how justly the Reformer deserved praise for this enlightened humanity, we must remember, that torture was the custom of his times, and that it had been sanctioned by the practice of the most civilized nations.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY in 1527 a dreadful pestilence prevailed at Wittenberg. It attacked the young and the old. The Elector John ordered the students to retire to Jena. The town was deserted by all who were able to leave it ; but enough remained to call for the affectionate care and counsel of Luther ; he would not desert his flock, but remained watching over them, and strengthening the bereaved. His wife was near being confined when the epidemic entered his dwelling. Two domestics, Hannah and Margaret, were seized with it, and his eldest child was dangerously ill from the same. "My house," he wrote to a friend, "has become a hospital. The wife of the chaplain is dead, and I have taken the curate, with his family. Everybody is filled with consternation. Our little John does not send any salutation to you, because he is ill, but he needs your prayers ; he has eaten nothing for twelve days. It is astonishing how he preserves his spirits and gayety ; but he is too feeble to play. Margaret begins to recover ; I have given her our warm winter chamber, and we occupy the great front one.

Little Hannah has a closet adjoining, and the wife of Augustine takes hers. We begin to hope there will soon be an end to the epidemic."

Soon afterward he wrote, "My poor son was almost gone, but he is restored. God has added a little girl to our family; we are all well except *Luther himself*; he suffers from weariness of body, and from the temptations of the Devil and all his ministers. How should God deal with us? Good days we cannot bear, evil we cannot endure. Giveth he riches to us? then are we proud, so that we cannot live in peace; nay, we will be carried on men's shoulders, and will be adored as gods. Giveth he poverty unto us? then are we dismayed, we are impatient and murmur against him."

Under all this anxiety and distress of mind, it is not wonderful that Luther's spirits sank. He lost the brightness that had supported those around him, when his immediate aid was no longer required; and Catharine had the sorrow of beholding him, on whom she leaned for support, unable to give it. "His high, unconquered spirit, which stood calm and secure amid the rage of popes and princes, now yielded to the deepest depression; he yet, however, made efforts to appear cheerful, and sometimes exclaimed, "People conclude I walk on beds of roses; but God only knows what I suffer." In the language of

the day he ascribes his depression to the temptations of the Devil.

“Satan,” says an historian, “took this opportunity to cast his fiery darts into the mind of this devoted servant of God.” His language at this time is that of a good man conscious of his imperfections, and seeking a higher and holier state of virtue. It is painful to think how deeply such a mind must have suffered from bodily disease before it became so prostrated. He wrote in great bitterness of spirit to some of his friends, particularly to Justus Jonas. “O, my Jonas, pray for me ; sympathize with me in the agonies I undergo. The temptation is sometimes less, but returns again with greater fury. May Christ never forsake me ! May he chastise me as a son, but not punish me as a rebel ! May I be strong in faith, even unto the end ! ”

His excessive fatigue and exertions had produced violent nervous excitement ; added to this, the seeds of disorder were lurking in his frame. He felt acutely the attack of Erasmus ; and the intrepid and undaunted spirit of the Reformer yielded to the united influence of these causes.

He, whom bodily fear could not subdue, was humbled like a child when the hand of disease was laid upon him.

On Saturday afternoon he was seized with a violent disorder in the head, which became so

extreme, that he thought he must sink under it. In the morning he sent for Dr. Bugenhagen and Justus Jonas. He spoke with great seriousness to them, and said, he thought his end was near. Catharine endeavoured to inspire him with courage, and so far succeeded, that he went to the dinner-table as usual, and was even cheerful with his friends. Towards evening, as he sat conversing, he suddenly exclaimed, "Give me water," and fell senseless. Jonas threw water in his face ; but he remained for some time inanimate and quite cold. They rubbed his limbs, endeavouring to restore vital warmth ; at length he opened his eyes and began to pray most fervently, "If this be my last hour, O Lord, thy will be done ! O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, chasten me not in thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord. I would willingly have shed my blood in the cause of thy Word ; but perhaps I was unworthy of that honor. Thy will be done ! Only may thy name be glorified, whether by my death or my life." While he uttered this prayer, the scene was most impressive. Catharine, with her children, knelt by his side, — their hands clasped, their eyes raised.

He then spoke to Justus Jonas, and professed his faith in the doctrines he had taught ; confessed, that he had often been intemperate in his

language, and deeply regretted it ; and he requested him to testify to the world, that he believed, to the last, in the doctrines he professed. He then remained silent some time, as if in mental prayer. Suddenly he exclaimed, " Where is my dearest little John ? " The child, now smiling with delight at the sound of his father's voice, was put into his arms. " My good little boy," said he, " and you, my dearest Kate, I commend to a good and gracious God. Ye have no worldly goods ; but God, who is the father of the orphan, and judges the cause of the widow, will defend and keep you. I give thanks to thee, O Lord God, that thy providence has made me indigent in this world. I have neither house, nor land, nor possessions to leave. All thou hast given me I return to thee, my wife and children. They are thine ; O feed them and watch over them." Catharine pressed his cold hand to her lips, to her forehead. " My beloved wife," he said, " let God's word be thy constant guide. — I have little of worldly goods ; the few silver cups are all that is of value, — they are thine." Poor Catharine was, for a moment, overwhelmed ; but, suddenly recollecting the injunction of the physician, that it was important to appear calm, she raised her tearful eyes, and said, with a voice of deep but resolute feeling, " My dear husband, thou hast been, under God, my salvation, my guide, and my



counsellor ; I trust that he will still continue you to me ; I feel the strongest hope within me, that your life will be prolonged. Should it be otherwise, not only myself and my children, but many other Christian people, will experience a heavy loss. If he takes you hence, I hope that I shall bow myself to his holy will ; and even now I can commit you into his hands, assured, that under his protection you will be safe. But why should you thus despair of life ? Already you look better ; the color is returning to your lips ; — take courage, for God is with us."

Once during the night he roused, and said, "Catharine, this ring that I always wear, I wish given to Albert of Mansfeldt. He will receive it as a token, that the faith I avowed supported me in my last moments. I would gladly have seen him again, and given him my parting blessing and some few commissions."

"You will yet see him," said Catharine, fervently ; "you will be restored."

"We are too prone to think our prayers will be answered according to our wishes," said Luther ; "you have prayed for my life, and you think God will grant your prayer."

"No," replied Catharine, "I have not prayed for your life, though you are the whole world to me. When I was in the convent, and a Roman Catholic, I tried to bribe God by vows and pen-

ances ; but now I only pray, that his will may be done, and that he will give me strength to meet it."

" Good child," said Luther, as his eyes again closed, and deep and heavy sleep came over him.

There are no disorders, that are so much alleviated by soothing words as nervousness. Luther's dreadful paroxysms were passing away, and, with his hand fast clasped in Catharine's, he slept quietly.

Melancthon, who did not receive intelligence of his illness till late at night, hurried to see him. He found him sleeping ; but so pale and wan, that his heart was filled with terror. He knelt by his bedside and offered up a silent prayer. When he arose, Catharine beckoned him away ; but neither spoke. All night she watched by his side, not daring to withdraw her hand or change her position, lest she should disturb him. When he awoke, peace returned with the light of morning.

Many months passed before he recovered from this severe attack of nervous disease. It is much to be wished, that he had seen the hand of God thus humbling him in the strength of his pride, and in the wonderful career of his success ; bringing his sometimes intemperate zeal to nought, and his learning to imbecility ; — instead of imagining he saw the power of the Prince of darkness in what he called his temptations. But, in the opin-

ions and struggles of Luther, we ought constantly to bear in mind the period in which he lived, the age of the Inquisition, and of the grossest superstitions. That he threw off the heaviest shackles and unchained a nation, is not to be forgotten. How constantly pious reflections occurred to his mind, is obvious ; and that he trusted in the goodness and power of God, is equally so, through his whole life. Bugenhagen was called to him before the paroxysms of pain had left him, and Luther repeatedly said, "The violence of the temptation stupefies me, so that I cannot pray or open my mouth ; when I can, and use scriptural expressions, it ceases to prevail." In speaking of these temptations, he said, "It is astonishing how Satan can transform himself, not to say into an angel of light, but into Christ himself !"

The agony of his spirit, under such convictions, was indeed terrible. We have met with but two ways of accounting for this impression. The learned John Scott supposes the temptations really existed ; Beausobre peremptorily rejects the supposition, and pronounces it to have been the effect of melancholy. A nervous temperament, highly diseased, no doubt sufficiently accounts for it. The testimony of Bugenhagen to the truth of the temptations merely proves, that *he* believed what Luther did.

## CHAPTER XXV.

AT the time that Luther wrote his conciliatory letter to Henry the Eighth, he wrote one of the same kind to George of Saxony, the bitter enemy of the Reformation. As both of the letters are preserved, his motives have been scanned and judged. The answer from Duke George was bitter and insulting, and must have effectually crushed any hope which the Reformer might have entertained of conciliating him.

The new Elector, the brother of Frederic the Wise, John, who might be called the *bold*, conducted the ecclesiastical affairs of his kingdom in a resolute and decided manner. Frederic had been educated a Papist, and many restraints of conscience and habit shackled his mind. Not so John. He determined to take an open and decided part. In this, he was greatly aided by his own son, John Frederic, who had early adopted Luther's opinions, and was in the habit of resorting to his house.

Soon after Luther's illness, Count Albert returned from his foreign embassy, and hastened to visit his old friend. He had not seen him since

the death of Frederic. The meeting was cordial and affectionate. The stripling had reached the strength and beauty of manhood ; and Luther, ever alive to the glorious works of the Creator, felt, as he looked at him, that God had made man in his image.

“ I have come,” said Albert, with frankness, “ to declare to you, that my scruples and doubts have vanished. I no longer hold outward or inward communion with the church of Rome. Your cause has become mine, and, the strength of my mind, my wealth, and, if necessary, my arm, shall be devoted to its success. My residence in Spain has completely opened my eyes, and I have returned in haste to make known to the Elector the measures that are taking to crush the Reformation. I have little time for social intercourse ; important communications are to be made, and no doubt your aid and Melancthon’s will be wanted. I go now to the Elector, and to my friend and early companion, John Frederic ; you will shortly see us here together.”

Albert hastened to the presence of the Elector ; he represented to him the determination of Charles and the Pope, to crush the Reformation, and with it the Princes who had espoused it ; that the Diet of Augsburg was near at hand ; that Charles was now residing with Clement the Séventh, at Bologna, instructing himself in the

views of his Holiness, and had sworn at his coronation to be, "with all his powers and resources, the perpetual defender of the Pontifical dignity, and of the Church of Rome." "The effect of a Diet at Augsburg, is now to be tried, and your Grace will see at once what measures are to be taken." It scarcely needed the energetic and ardent co-operation of his son and Albert to stimulate the Elector to decided measures. Immediate notice was given to the reformed Princes, to meet for a general council, which produced the *Protest* whence the Protestants derived their name. In the interim, John Frederic, Albert, and Melancthon, met in the little parlour of Luther, where was usually the cradle of the youngest-born, and Catharine, neither flattered nor daunted by her distinguished visitors, at its side. Luther's cause was no longer that of a unit in society. The two young friends, full of generous ardor, had embraced it with heart and hand, and the confederate princes were preparing for the Diet. Luther had furnished the materials for the Protest, or rather the Confession of Faith, as it was termed; but the elegant pen of Melancthon was constantly employed in polishing and retouching it to the last moment, sometimes to Luther's annoyance.

The principal leaders, on the side of the papists, were, Charles the Fifth, and his brother Ferdinand; the Pope's legate, Campeggio; Joa-

chim, Elector of Brandenburg ; George, Duke of Saxony, and William of Bavaria. Two papal nuncios, Cheregato and Pimpinello. These were the most conspicuous leaders.

On the side of the Protestants, were John, the Elector, now surnamed the Constant, and his son, Frederic ; Philip, Landgrave of Hesse ; George, Marquis of Brandenburg ; Ernest and Francis, Dukes of Lunenburg ; Wolfgang, Prince of Anhalt ; Count Philip of Hanover ; and, last, Count Albert of Mansfeldt. Each of the parties brought their favorite divines. Faber, Eckius, Cochläus, and De Wimpin, were among those of the papal party. Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Spalatinus, and Agricola, were the chief of the Protestant party. A proof of the high estimation in which Luther continued to be held, was, that though the Elector would not go without him, his heart failed him at Coburg, and he left him in the castle of that city, where he might have security, and whence he might give his counsel, if needed.

The Emperor, still a gallant young monarch, in the pride of power and royalty, mounted on a superb white courser, with housings of cloth of gold and brilliant trappings, accompanied by some of his principal courtiers, was met at Inspruck, by the Electors and Princes of the empire. He, with his brother, entered Augsбург on the evening of the 15th of June. On the approach of the prin-

ces, he dismounted and received them in the most affable and gracious manner. But the haughty Legate and Cardinals of the Pope sat erect on their mules, refusing to answer the courtesies offered them, in any other manner.

The day of the Emperor's entry into Augsburg had been appointed for a solemn procession of the Host. The Emperor requested all the Protestant princes to join the procession. They unanimously refused, saying they would not join in ceremonies which they condemned.

Charles wisely waved the matter, and contented himself with the pompous attendance of his own adherents. The Legate of the Pope exulted in the arrangement which had deferred the meeting to this day.

"This," said he to Duke George, "is the triumph of Christ in the sight of the Lutherans ; but another pill remains for them, which they will refuse as they have done this ; and, as it is the Emperor's cause, he will not take it so quietly. The Elector will be obliged, as Marshal, to carry the sword before the Emperor to high mass. A refusal will be considered treason."

They were mistaken, however ; this service was considered a civil office, serving the Emperor, not worshipping God. The Elector, therefore, performed it to the letter.

Melancthon's spirits were greatly dejected. On



him had devolved Luther's responsibility, added to his own. He had to contest every thing, step by step ; but Luther, who, from his retirement, knew all that was passing, wrote him most consoling and invigorating letters. Erasmus had been invited to attend the Diet ; but he declined, being seriously ill. His enemies, on both sides, accuse him of temporizing ; but he possessed an enlargement and philanthropy in his views, which were far in advance of his times. He corresponded with Melancthon on one side, and Campeggio on the other ; and, while he recommended toleration for the Protestant cause, he was determined not to become a martyr on either side.

The result of this Diet was extremely unfavorable to the cause of the Protestants. Whispers began to be uttered among them of having recourse to arms. Luther again wielded his pen, and no doubt did much for the strengthening of the cause, in the spirit of Christian peace. The Emperor, enraged at the firm resistance of the Protestants, resolved to take vigorous measures for enforcing the submission of the heretics. Luther endeavoured to exhibit the necessity of union ; and his young friend Albert devoted his days and nights to this purpose. He at length persuaded the Protestant princes to hold a conference at Smalcalde, and afterwards at Frankfort, where they formed a solemn alliance and confederacy,

with the resolution of defending their lives, liberties, and religion, against the edict of Augsburg. They invited the Kings of England, France, and Denmark to join the confederacy, and secured powerful protection and aid. A treaty was at length concluded at Nuremberg, and ratified at the Diet of Ratisbon ; in which it was stipulated, that universal peace should be established in Germany for a certain length of time, that no person should be molested on account of his religion, and that a stop should be put to all processes commenced by the Imperial Chamber against the Protestants.

The time had now arrived, which the Saxon Reformer had so earnestly desired to see, and for which he had so long been toiling. The free and undisguised profession of the reformed faith was permitted in Germany. The disciples and followers of the Augustinian monk were now a united body and of great political importance.

The death of the Elector, John, which took place near this time, and the accession of his son, John Frederic, to the Electorate, did not retard the cause ; for the new Elector, with the wise zeal and full faith of his father, united the vigor and activity of youth.

Albert of Mansfeldt, who had for several years been tossed on the ocean of political strife, now declared to Luther his intention of retiring to

Eisleben, and living the life most congenial to his taste ; at the same time protesting, that any call for his services in defence of the freedom and religion of his country would again summon him forth.

“ Do you know,” said Luther, “ how the family at Wartburg are situated ? ”

“ Much the same,” replied Albert, “ as it was seven years ago. The old Baron is still living. The Dominican, I understand, has recovered his health, and reigns supreme, — and Mademoiselle still continues to be a fixture.”

“ The mountain daisy,” said Luther, “ Alice, — have you nothing to say about her ? ”

“ Nothing,” said the Count, slightly coloring, “ except that I hear she is well.”

“ I trust she will not fade in that lonely spot,” replied Luther ; “ I presume you will have some inclination to visit the eyry, though the bird has flown. When I left there, a quantity of paper remained behind in the form of books, which is of little consequence ; but there was a manuscript that I should regret to lose. It is the original one, and on some accounts I prefer it to the copy. You will find all in the recess in the wall ; you have only to slide the panel.”

“ Do you think they have remained there all this time ? ”

“ Certainly ; who would take them ? Old Jo-

nas would have expected them to turn into vipers. That was a worthy creature ! He had many a struggle of conscience in harbouring my secret, for he was a true son of the Mother Church ; but his respect for the Elector held him by the wings.”

They exchanged farewells ; and Albert, loading the children with his parting presents, hastened away.

The Counts of Mansfeldt, among whom were shared the mines of Eisleben, were on one side zealous Catholics, and, on the other, proselytes to the new faith. Count Albert did his utmost to reconcile the difficulties, and willingly yielded a considerable part of the profits of the mines for the sake of harmony. These, however, were times more of *might* than of *right* ; judicial arbitration was seldom appealed to ; and, when religion mingled with selfish and pecuniary interests, her voice, instead of allaying the angry feelings, excited them the more ; all unlike that power which spake peace to the waves and they were stilled.

Count Albert had not read the Scriptures in vain. The character of Christ, the *peacemaker*, had become his study, and he felt a pure and holy desire to imitate his example ; and, while he claimed the patrimony justly bequeathed to him by his father Albert, he said, in the language of the patriarch, “ Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me.”

The fierce and undisciplined race looked at him with wonder. "This is the impetuous stripping," said they, "who contended so zealously, but a few years ago, for land and road." His cousin, Peter Ernest, alone appreciated his high qualities. Though an ardent son of Rome, and a warm adherent of Charles's crooked politics, he had sense and principle enough to understand the elevated character of Albert. Between these two young men there existed a warm and disinterested friendship. Their tastes, on some subjects, were similar ; both had a love of the arts ; but the military pursuits of Ernest, early separated them. "Our lots," he said to Albert, "I foresee, will be widely different. You will fight with books, and I, with the sword ; you will sleep under you native sod, and I, most probably, on the field of battle ; but we both pursue our different destinies ; and, if you go first, I will order masses enough for your soul to make your residence a short one in purgatory." In a few days he left Mansfeldt to begin his career in the service of the Catholics. As his life was a remarkable one, it may be well to mention, that after an eventful and honorable career, during which he was taken prisoner at Ivay, he was afterwards appointed to the command of the Low Countries, and died at Luxemburg, at the age of eighty-seven, with the title of the Prince of the Holy

Empire. His mausoleum, in bronze, is to be seen in the chapel bearing his name, adjoining the church of the Recollets at Luxemburg.\*

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\* His history, in Latin, was written by the Abbé Schannat.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

It was, perhaps, with more pain than pleasure that Count Albert, after arranging his affairs, determined to visit the castle in the "region of air," and secure the manuscript of Luther. The idea of seeing Alice conveyed no bright anticipations to his mind. He too well remembered his last interview, and was too well instructed in the Catholic belief, to suppose, for a moment, that she would renounce her intention of consecrating her future life to the performance of the duties enjoined by the Dominican.

When he arrived at the castle, it seemed to wear a more gloomy aspect than usual, and the domestics that received him were solemn and sad in their exterior. He inquired if ought had happened, and learned that the Baron was very low. He hesitated whether to obtrude his name, at such an hour, on Alice ; but finally desired, that both she and Mademoiselle might be told he was at the castle. After a short detention, Alice appeared. The Count started ; perhaps both were surprised at the change a few years had made ; but in her it was far more striking than in him.

The girl of seventeen, matured by thought, and disciplined by circumstances, is a different being from the woman of twenty-three, — at least so thought Albert, as he gazed on her calm and beautiful features, — her tresses, which, when he last saw her, had flowed naturally over her shoulders, now confined by a silver pin to the top of her head, and adding to her figure the simple grace of a Grecian bust. She was, perhaps, less brilliant and fascinating, but there was a holy spirit of resignation pervading her manner ; — it seemed as if she had entered into communion with a higher state, and he felt awed to silence.

“ I have left my grandfather,” said she, “ to see you, but it is only for a moment. Welcome back.”

“ I hear he is not so well,” said Albert, glad to say any thing.

“ The flame is nearly extinguished,” she replied, with a sad smile ; “ it flickers in the socket ; sometimes I think it is quite out, and then it brightens a little.”

“ Is there nothing in which I can be of service to you at this time ? ” said Albert.

“ Thank you, nothing ; Father Francis is constantly with him administering the last offices of religion. It might not be agreeable to you to witness so much *earthly work* for the soul of a dying man. My poor grandfather has no consciousness, and, I thank God, no suffering.”



She rose, and the Count took it as a signal for his departure, and telling her he should be at Eisleben, and begging her to allow him at a future time to be useful, he took leave, and hastened to the Patmos of Luther. He found the residence untenanted ; and, proceeding to the room, easily discovered the panel, and drew it back, but there was nothing there ; not a vestige of books or manuscripts.

Alice returned to the bedside of her grandfather. The monk, who had recovered his former degree of health, with the exception of a slight paralytic affection, was constantly at his post with book and bell, and Mademoiselle, too, losing her sense of sorrow in the nameless and numerous offices to be performed for a sick and dying friend. To Alice belonged that of administering cold water to the parched lips, and watching for the last sleep. But a short time before it took place, he opened his glazed eyes, and articulated, " Agnes."

Alice bent over and spoke to him ; but there seemed to be no recognition, and in a short time his breath ceased, — then a long space, and another came, — it was the last !

There is a fearful solemnity in the dying moment ; every deathbed has its own peculiar character ; though they are multiplied around us, and all terminate in the extinction of breath, all are

impressive, because all are different. Even those familiarized to such scenes walk with a slower motion, and speak in whispering accents, as if a loud word might hasten or retard the parting soul. And then, when it is really gone, when nothing but the lifeless form remains, when they walk round it, and perform those offices that are unnoticed and unacknowledged by the dead, who were once so active, we can scarcely realize that they are not conscious of what is passing. There is no stillness like the stillness of death, — the hand that falls inanimate, — the stiff and rigid limbs, — the form seated erect for its final ceremonies. All this Alice stayed by and witnessed. “These,” she said, “are the last offices, and I am the last of his line to see that they are well performed ; I will not shrink from them.” When these were all accomplished, and the monk and Mademoiselle again drew near with their religious rites, and prayers for their departed friend, Alice left the chamber with its wax candles lighted, as if to prevent the soul from groping its way in darkness, and flew to her own apartment, subdued by watching and grief. On the third evening after the death of the Baron, the funeral rites were to be performed, and the remains to be consigned to the family vault. The simplicity of the scene added to its impressiveness. There were only true mourners

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there. Old Jonas, with the domestics of the family gathered round, but there were no nodding plumes, or trappings of woe. When the coffin was to be deposited in the tomb beneath the chapel, Mademoiselle and the servants followed Father Francis, but Alice drew back.

"Not now, Father," said she, "this evening at sunset I will go alone with you."

"As you please, daughter," said he.

When the hour arrived, she was punctual to the time, and Father Francis walked by her side across the court-yard. The setting sun threw their shadows in gigantic size before them. The Dominican, in the dress of his order, with his cowl, loose sleeves, and flowing garments, resembled in his tremendous shadow some spectre of the lower world; while Alice, with her solemn earnestness, her countenance full of lofty and deep purpose, her hands clasped, and her eyes upraised, resembled a guardian spirit sent to conduct him to the realms of day. Neither spoke; — they descended the steps that led to the vault; Alice trembled, not from fear, but apparently from the intensity of her emotions.

"Let us turn back," said he; "there is no daylight here."

She motioned onward, and they entered the region of the dead. The old Baron was deposited in his last home, and wax tapers were

burning. Alice stood for a moment, then suddenly turning to the monk, she said, "Where are my mother's ashes?"

The Dominican seemed to be taken by surprise; but, when she repeated the question in a firm tone, he pointed to a recess in the wall, which contained but one coffin.

"Here," said he, "are the mortal remains of your mother; shall I withdraw the lid? do you wish to behold them? It is no new contemplation to me," said he solemnly.

"O," said Alice, shuddering, "let dust return to dust," and she turned hastily away. "But why," exclaimed she, "is it here alone? — why is such irreverence done to her mortal remains? — why is not the coffin placed in the family vault?"

"Ask no questions," replied the Dominican sternly.

She was for a moment silenced; but suddenly she exclaimed, "Yes, Father, I will ask, and I will be answered. The mystery you have so tyrannically thrown over my birth and parentage shall now be cleared up; — I will endure it no longer. — Where did my father die?"

"Peace," exclaimed the monk imperatively.

"By the Most High God, by the Blessed Virgin, by all the Saints and Martyrs, I demand of you an answer to my question. Where are the remains of my father?"

The Dominican, overcome by surprise, and shuddering at the resemblance he traced in the agonized and resolute countenance of Alice, suddenly exclaimed,

“Urge me not ; — one word more might seal your doom.”

“Does he live ?” said Alice ; “O tell me where, that I may fly to him.”

“It is impossible ; seek not to know what has brought misery on us all, — what condemned your grandfather to a premature old age, and would have laid me in the grave but for my iron constitution, which, alas, is no blessing. You consider me as an enemy, — I have long perceived it,” said he, groaning ; “yet I would willingly shed the last drop of my blood to benefit you.”

“Father,” said Alice, “I believe you are a good man, but you may be an erring one ; you surely are, or you would not take upon you this dreadful responsibility. Here I seat myself,” said she, sitting on a marble step which led to the family vault, “and I never will quit this spot alive without knowing the secret which you can communicate ; where my father is concealed.”

“Hear it, then, and tremble,” said the monk, “he was placed in the cells of the Inquisition !”

Alice arose and stood erect, but uttered no exclamation of horror.

"Proceed," said she ; " for what crime was he placed there ? "

" For the unpardonable sin," returned the priest, " heresy ! But you tremble not, your cheek does not turn pale with horror."

" No, I am calm ; proceed."

" The Count Aldrovandi, your father, whose name you have heard for the first time, was the younger son of a Spanish nobleman. He was educated for the Church, and instructed in the learning of the Fathers, and became a Dominican of our holy order. I was the unhappy cause of his being introduced here, — spare me the rest."

" No, Father, tell me all," said Alice, her eyes sparkling.

" Then be it so," replied the monk sternly. " He became acquainted with that arch hypocrite that has been let loose upon mankind, — Luther, — who confirmed the previously vain speculations of his mind. They were young in years, but old in crime. He had sat at the feet of Erasmus, who first profaned the sanctuary of the Church, though he has since atoned for it."

" What is all this to me ? It is of my parents you must speak."

" Aldrovandi," resumed the monk, " secretly renounced the Catholic faith, and I, all unknowingly, introduced him here. Agnes was then holy and blameless ; he instilled poison into her

ears, and contaminated her pure heart. They fled together to Switzerland, and were united in wedlock by a heretic priest. There was one, however, who never forsook them, who would willingly have died for the salvation of their souls. That one stands before you. I persevered till I discovered their solitude. They were residing in a beautiful valley, sheltered from observation by forests and huge rocks ; and, because their hearts were hardened, they imagined they had found happiness. I returned, armed with authority. I will not dwell on what took place. I brought your mother back to this castle, and strove, by holy rites, to wash away her sins and heresy."

"Did you succeed, Father ?" said Alice calmly.

"I firmly believe," said the monk, "that she returned to the true Catholic faith, but probably made a vow, as an expiation for her apostasy, never to speak. I often urged and implored her to give but a sign, a token of love, for the Mother Church ; but, from the time that she heard Aldrovandi was in the hands of the Inquisition, she never was known to utter a syllable till the hour of her death ; when she confided you to the care of Mademoiselle."

"Then was it your work, Father, that placed him there ?"

"It *was*, my child ; and, I trust, by that deed I

saved the precious soul of your mother. You little know what earthly affection, mingled with divine love, can accomplish ;—regularly at the hour of midnight I visit this spot, to pray that her soul may be purified from its stains.” He approached nearer the coffin, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, “ Victim of sin and sorrow, may thy Saviour love thee as I have done !”

Alice, too, drew near, and leaned over it with looks of love and reverence. At length she said, “ And this is all you have to tell me !”

“ Alas, my child, I could tell you much more. I could tell you of the anguish, of the strivings, of my own spirit for both ; for their souls were equally dear to me. Look at this lacerated bosom,” exclaimed he, baring his emaciated breast ; “ never do I retire to my wooden couch without applying to it anew a red-hot iron. O that my torments on earth might expiate their sins ! I have endured more than almost mortal man can endure and live, — yet not enough, or God would take my life. It is his pleasure that I should linger and suffer more, — perhaps, like my blessed Master, voluntarily die upon the cross.”

“ No, Father,” said Alice, “ there is one expiation demanded, that you have not made ; — it is, to confess and humble yourself for your own sins, for your misguided bigotry, your hard-hearted cruelty. Cease to torment your body ;



if you will apply red-hot iron, let it be to your soul, and let it burn deep. Cleanse yourself and cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Then will he accept your expiation for yourself; then will the blood of a crucified Redeemer wash you white, and the merciful Father pity and compassionate the benighted state of your mind. His Spirit you have not been able to stifle; it is remorse that haunts you, goading remorse."

"Daughter!" exclaimed the monk, in a voice of thunder. For a moment Alice was awed;—habit, education, prevailed, and she stood silent. He resumed in a milder voice; "I have but one object remaining, and that is to see you safely sheltered from the storms and temptations of life. Next week you will begin the order of holy vows; the Abbess and sisters are prepared to welcome you with the peace of Heaven; and for me nothing remains but to lie down and die."

"O, Father," said Alice, "believe it not; it is not so easy for us to die; God will call us in his own good time, and blessed are those who die in penitence for their sins. The period you look forward to will never arrive; you will never see me in that asylum that you say is waiting for me."

"What do you mean?" said the Father.

"I mean," said Alice, recovering all the resolution of her soul, "that I acknowledge no com-

munion with a faith like yours. I abjure, I renounce it for ever. It is not the faith of the true and living God ; it is one of darkness and superstition." She stopped, for there was an unearthly expression came over the Dominican's countenance, yet he seemed to struggle to subdue his feelings ; and, taking the lamp that stood by, he said, in a compassionate tone, " My poor child, this scene is too much for you ; your reason totters under it ; why would you bring it upon yourself ? Let us quit this damp vault and seek the light of Heaven ; even I, who am inured to it, feel a deadly coldness creep over me. Come Agnes, my daughter."

" Agnes ! " repeated Alice, " you forget."

" True," said he, trembling with emotion ; " but it matters not ; come."

" Hear me out, Father," said Alice ; " there is no better time for my confession, the last I ever shall make to you. My reason does not totter, it is enlightened by the word of God ; neither does the dampness or darkness of this region of the dead appall me. The light of another world has opened upon me, and I am no longer benighted."

She was encouraged to go on by the fixed attention of the monk. " You know, all in this house can bear witness, how devotedly I observed the fasts, the penances, and the worship



of the Catholic Church. Morning, noon, and evening I knelt to the Virgin Mary; ah, even now I bless her image, for she held to me the place of my own dear mother. At a later period a translation of the New Testament fell into my hands. I did not know what it was. I found it in the north wing of the castle; and, knowing it must have belonged to Luther, I was going to consign it to the flames, — but a few passages caught my eye. Father, you read the Scriptures in Latin; you have read the books of the two Evangelists, Luke and John; you will judge of the delight with which I read them in my own native tongue. The manuscript was blotted and interlined; but I studied it out, and every word went to my heart, for the power of God was in it. At last I looked at the books; they were Luther's.

The monk crossed himself and made a sign, to silence her.


“Father, hear me; the hand of God was in all this. Now listen to my confession. Do not believe it to be the ravings of a maniac; for I call God to witness,” said she, sinking on her knees, and raising her arms towards heaven, “that it is the solemn, the earnest conviction of my mind. I renounce the Catholic religion; I am a heretic, and God give me strength and resolution to die a heretic in the midst of persecution and fire, if such is to be my lot. Now,

Father, complete your work ; denounce me, as you have denounced my parents."

The Dominican stood without reply, as the lamp glared upon his features ; they were frightful to behold. A thousand passions seemed to be contending in his mind. Suddenly he uttered a low, deep groan ; the lamp fell from his hand, and he sank prostrate by the side of the coffin of his victim.

Alice stooped to raise him ; but, finding him motionless, she hastened from the vault of death to call assistance. The servants came and bore him to the castle ; all restoratives were used in vain ; he had gone to his long account ! It was the second and last attack of apoplexy.

Alice examined a packet of documents that he left behind, wishing, if there were any requests, to fulfil them. She there learned, with new horror, that he was himself an officer of the Inquisition, and bound by a solemn oath to denounce every heretic. It was probably the horrible consciousness, that this beloved and cherished being must be delivered into the hands of the Inquisition, that effected what years of self-inflicted torture and fasting could not accomplish, — death.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE two important events which had taken place at Wartburg Castle could not be long in coming to the knowledge of Count Albert. The death of the Dominican awoke new hope in his bosom. It was some time before he could think of any proper steps to be taken. At length he recollected, that the present Elector was perhaps the nearest relative of Alice, and, as such, ought to be informed of the death of the Baron. He immediately wrote to him, and mentioned the lonely, and in a degree unprotected, situation of his young kinswoman.

John Frederic sent a despatch to Alice, requesting her to come immediately to Wittemberg and reside in his family. Poor Alice's situation was too forlorn for her not to accept of this kind and friendly invitation, and in a short time she and Mademoiselle, with Jonas, were inmates of the palace. Few things could have been more propitious to the Count's views ; but as yet he knew not the change that had taken place in her faith, and he did not allow himself to hope. At the residence of the Elector was Elizabeth, the

wife of Joachim, and niece of Frederic the Wise. She early embraced the reformed religion, which when her husband discovered, he imprisoned her, with the information, that her confinement was to be for life. By the assistance of a female peasant, who had been one of her domestics, she made her escape in 1528, and fled from Berlin, disguised like the peasant's companion. They reached the residence of the Elector in the open market-cart in which they had travelled. The Elector received her most kindly, and promised, and through his life afforded her, his protection ; and, when his son succeeded him, she still continued to reside there, at his earnest desire.

She had long cultivated the acquaintance of Luther and Melancthon, and often spent weeks at their respective homes, deeply engaged in religious study. On this distinguished lady particularly devolved the reception of Alice. The serious and cultivated mind of Elizabeth was of essential importance in forming the character of the new guest, and in supplying her deficiencies of early education ; and, while Mademoiselle was permitted to enjoy all the ceremonies of her religion, and make new acquisitions of relics, that could now be bought at a reduced price, Alice, under the care of her new guide, began to thrive like the willow by the water-side. Elizabeth introduced her to her friends, Luther and

Melancthon, and she often made one of their circle.

It may easily be supposed, that she took an early opportunity to restore to Luther his manuscript and books, and Luther supplied the place of the former by one of his Bibles. Not many months elapsed before Count Albert of Mansfeldt was added to the circle. He again urged his suit, and was not, as before, rejected; and Luther united in the bands of wedlock two beings that were near his heart. The Count and Countess, with Mademoiselle and Jonas, returned to Eisleben. There, on his paternal estate, surrounded by objects of elegance and taste, cultivating the noblest and best affections, and guided by the precepts of the religion they had embraced, they quietly passed their days. Alice was never weary of relating to her husband, nor he of hearing, the mental experience she had gone through, since he first came to the castle.

"You beheld me then," said she, "a thoughtless child, undisciplined and uneducated, even young for the number of summers I could count. A change came over my spirits, for Father Francis informed me, that I was dedicated to a life of seclusion; and, when it pleased Heaven to call my grandfather hence, I was to take the veil. I think he had some fears of the influence that might be used, and therefore early began to impress this

destiny upon my mind. I fully believed that my mother had thus dedicated me, and Father Francis took advantage of this impression. When I was very young, I did not realize what taking the veil meant. He carried me to the convent in which I was destined to end my days. Never shall I forget the kindness of the nuns ; they loaded me with presents, and told me, if I came there, I should be a little queen. Then they talked of the peace and joy of heaven begun on earth ; and how Christ would come forth, with frankincense and myrrh, to meet his beautiful bride. They decked me with flowers, — and I left them with the impression, that no *fête* was more delightful than taking the veil.

“ After I became acquainted with you, I began to realize, that this ceremony separated us from the dearest objects of interest. I tried to evade the subject when Father Francis talked upon it ; and sometimes said, God would not have made such a beautiful world if we were to be shut up in convents, and never see it and enjoy it. But I believed my destiny certain, and, at last, after many struggles, which, you recollect, deeply affected my health, I grew cheerful, resigned myself to my lot, and felt the enthusiasm that belongs to the picturesque rites of the Catholic religion. It hardly cost me a pang to see you quit the castle,” said she, with a tender smile,



“for my heart was filled with no mean ambition. I believed myself chosen for a high destiny, and I looked down upon earthly temptations.

“Never shall I forget the morning when I visited the Patmos of our dear Luther. Perhaps I thought more of you, even then, than was becoming my holy vocation. But I drove such thoughts from me ; and said many a prayer for your salvation, as I counted my beads. In a little recess in Luther’s room, which corresponded to many in the castle, I found the manuscript and books. I can hardly say what impelled me to secure them secretly ; I think it was not common curiosity, but rather a fear that his heretical writings might do injury to others. I wrapped them in my apron and took them to my room. The manuscript I thought it a righteous deed to burn, and I approached the fire for that purpose ; but a few sentences caught my eye, and I knew them to be the word of God, because I had read them in my prayer-book. Instead of burning the manuscript, I sat down to peruse it. As I read, the fire burned within me ; my mind seized hold of new truths. Then I opened the books of Luther ; — there was much in them that I could not comprehend, but I read enough to convince me, that ‘the new faith was the way to salvation.’ Still, however, I was in darkness, and held communion with the Catholic church. I still told my

beads, and prayed to the Virgin Mary, and to the Saints ; but I looked forward to the time when, I might be better instructed. It was a weary life I led, — feeling that I was groping in darkness, yet earnest for daylight. I determined never to take the vows, but waited till the desperate moment should arrive, when it might be necessary to declare that determination. I have told you how early I was taught never to speak of my parents. As I began to reflect, this seemed to me strange, and at last mysterious. Sometimes I thought it was merely the tyranny of Father Francis ; but I was sure that he loved me, and I rejected this idea. How little did I think, that the bond between them and me was to be first knit by the great and important knowledge, that I had unconsciously embraced the faith which had cost them their lives.

“ It is the greatest alleviation to me to know that my father’s life terminated early. The particulars of his death, which have been procured by your indefatigable kindness, have relieved my soul from a weight of anguish. \* I should now be too happy, did not the strong tie which still binds me to them, mingle its dark thread with the

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\* The death of the Marquis took place in the third year of his imprisonment. Had he have lived a few months longer, he would have been one of the victims of the Auto de Fe.

bright and beautiful one that unites me to you. Alas ! never can I forget, that they yielded their last breath in anguish."

"O ! not so," said Albert ; " they yielded it in the blessed hope of a reunion beyond the grave."

Such were the recollections that threw a hue of sober sadness over the happy lot of the Countess, and made even her brilliant destiny one full of pious discipline.

The doctrines of the Reformed Church were now become so well established in Germany, that Luther might be truly said to have "none to disturb or make him afraid." In 1532, he speaks of John Calvin, as "confirming and exciting many minds, and as a fountain of divine grace." One child after another had been added to the family of Luther; John, Martin, and Paul, with three daughters, Elizabeth, Madelaine, and Margaret. Elizabeth died at the age of eight months ; on her tombstone was inscribed '*Hic dormit Elizabetha, filiola Lutheri.*

Soon after this event he wrote to a friend, "There are no ties in society more beautiful, more elevating, and happier, than a well-assorted marriage. It is a pleasure to behold two people living together in wedlock, in harmony and love ; but there is nothing more bitter and afflictive than when these ties are torn asunder. Then, too,

comes the death of children. This sorrow, alas, I have experienced."

Again he wrote.

"I write to you under deep depression. I have received the news of the death of my father, the good old Luther, so excellent, and so much beloved. He reposes in peace; but my very existence seems to be enfeebled; for to him, under God, I owed my life and its preservation. I take his name, and am now to my family *the old Luther*. It is my turn and my right to follow him, through death, to that mansion which Christ has promised to the most miserable and despised of men, who believe in him. I rejoice that my father has lived to see this day, and to behold the progress of truth."

In conversing on the subject of death, he said, "God would be exceedingly rich in money and in temporal wealth, if he pleased; but he will not. If he were but to come to the Pope, to the Emperor, to a King, a Prince, a Bishop, to a rich merchant, to a citizen, or a farmer, and were to say, 'Except thou givest me a hundred thousand crowns thou shalt die this instant,' then every one would presently say, 'I will give it with all my heart, if I may live.' But now we are such unthankful slovens, that we give him not so much as a *Deo gratias*, although we receive from him richly and overflowingly so great benefits, merely

out of his goodness and mercy. Is not this a shame? But, if he were more sparing of his benefits, then we might learn to be thankful. If, for example, John," (addressing his eldest son,) "he caused every human being to be born into the world with only one leg or foot, and seven years afterwards gave him the other leg; or in the fourteenth year gave one of his hands, and in the twentieth, the other, then we should better feel God's gifts; but now, since God heaps blessings upon us, we take them as a right."

Luther, in his manner of conversing with his family, imitated the direct and simple illustrations of our Saviour. One evening, when they saw the cattle returning from pasture, "Behold," said he, "there go our preachers,—there are our milk-bearers, butter-bearers, cheese and wool bearers, which do daily preach to us faith toward God, that we should trust in him, as in 'our loving Father who careth for us, and will maintain and nourish us.'"

As he and Catharine sat in the arbour of their little garden, the birds were so tame, that they came round them for the crumbs the children were in the habit of scattering. "No man," said he, "can calculate the great charges God is at, only in maintaining the birds and such creatures, which, in a manner, are nothing. I am persuaded, that it costeth God more, yearly, to maintain

the sparrows alone, than the whole year's revenue of the French king ! What, then, shall we say of the rest of his creatures ? ”

If the following observation of Luther's applied then, how much more does it at the present day.

“ God,” said he, “ hath given us a whole sea full of his word ; he giveth unto us all manner of languages, and good, free, liberal arts ; we buy at this time, for a small price, all manner of good books ; moreover, he giveth unto us learned people, that do teach well and orderly, insomuch, that a youth (if he be not altogether a dunce) may study more in one year, than formerly in many years. Arts are now so cheap, that they almost go about begging for bread. Woe be to us ! that we are so lazy and improvident, so negligent and unthankful.

“ The multitude of books,” continued he, “ is much to be lamented ; no measure or end is held in writing ; every one will write books. Even the Bible, by so many comments and books, will be buried and obscured, so that the text will be nothing regarded. I could wish that my books were buried nine ells deep in the ground, when I think of those who may imitate me.”

At times, Luther deeply regretted the impatience and asperity with which he was accustomed to speak.

“ God,” said he, “ is patient, long-suffering,

and merciful, in that he can keep silence, and can suffer long the most wicked wretches to go unpunished ; I could not do so."

On the wall of his room was a picture of the infant Jesus, sleeping in his mother's arms ; he pointed to it, and said to his children, " He will awake one day, and demand an account of what we have done."

One afternoon they went to hear a cousin of Luther's preach. When they returned, Catharine said, with her usual simplicity ; " Sir, I understood your cousin John Palmer much better than I do Dr. Pommer, who is held to be a far better preacher."

Luther replied, " It is very natural ; for John Palmer preacheth as ye women talk ; what cometh into your minds ye speak. A preacher ought to remain by the propounded text."

An English gentleman, very learned in the dead languages, spoke the German imperfectly. " I will give you my wife for a school-mistress," said Luther ; " she will teach you readily to speak the language, for she is eloquent therein, and far surpasseth me. Not that I commend women for speaking much ; it becomes them better, when they speak but little. There is no garment becomes a woman worse, than when she borrows one of wisdom that does not belong to her."

A new affliction was in store for Luther and

his wife ; they had early buried an infant, but they were now called to resign their Margaret at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father, with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, " Dearly do I love her ! but, O my God, if it be thy will to take her hence, I resign her to thee without a murmur."

He then approached the bed, and said to her, " My dear little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly father ; but, if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your heavenly father."

She replied, " Yes, dear father ; it is as God pleases."

" Dear little girl," he exclaimed, " O how I love her ! the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak."

He then took the Bible and read to her the passage in Isaiah ; " Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, " My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said, with touching simplicity, " Yes, father."



The night preceding her death, Catharine, worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick-bed, and slept. When she awoke, she appeared much agitated ; and, as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream.

“ I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Margaret, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her ; but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony.”

Melancthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife, “ These were holy angels, that Catharine saw in her dream ; and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal in the celestial kingdom.”

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. “ I go,” said she, “ to my Father in heaven,” and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them ; — in a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last, long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, “ The will of God be done ! — yes, she has gone

to her Father in heaven." Philip Melancthon, who, with his wife, was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love impressed on the hearts of men ; — God does not love the beings he has created less than parents love their children."

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Margaret, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt be reanimated ; — thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star ! even as the sun ! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realize that she is happy, better taken care of, and yet to be so sad."

Then turning to the mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catharine, remember where she is gone, — ah, she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds without doubt ; it is natural that it should ; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young ; — children do not doubt, — they believe ; with them all is trust ; — they fall asleep."

When the funeral took place, and people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said, they sympathized with him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied ; "I have sent a saint to heaven. — O may we all die such a death ! gladly would I accept it now !"

When they began to chant, "Lord remember not our ancient sins," Luther said, "Not only our ancient, but our present sins."

To his friend, Justus Jonas, he soon after wrote the following letter ;

"23d September, 1542.

"I doubt not thou hast heard of the birth of my little Margaret into the kingdom of Christ. My wife and I ought only to think of rendering thanks for her happy transition and peaceful end ; — for by it she has escaped the power of the flesh, the world, the Turks,\* and the devil ; yet nature is strong, and I cannot support this event without tears and groans, or, to speak more truly, without a broken heart. On my very soul are engraved the looks, the words, the gestures, — during her life, and on the bed of death, — of my obedient, my loving child ! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths in comparison with that ?) cannot turn away my thoughts from hers as it ought. She was, as thou knowest, lovely in her character, and full of tenderness."

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\* At this time there was great apprehension from the war with the Turks.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE dissensions which prevailed among those who professed to be devoted to the Papal See, were propitious to the progress of the Reformation. Clement had refused to annul Henry the Eighth's marriage with Catharine, and he appealed to another tribunal for that decree which he had been six years soliciting from Rome. Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, at length annulled the marriage, and Anne Boleyn was acknowledged Queen of England. Clement issued a bull declaring Henry excommunicated, if he did not abandon Anne and return to Catharine. This unexpected decree so enraged the "Defender of the Catholic Faith," that he kept no measures with the Court of Rome, but declared himself supreme head of the Church in England, and an act of Parliament was passed abolishing the Pope's authority in his dominions. When the innovations once began, it was difficult to stop them, and many proposed a total separation from the Church of Rome.


In the midst of this new rebellion, Clement died of a languishing distemper, and Alexander Farnese

was raised to the Papal throne, and assumed the name of Paul the Third. Soon after his accession, he determined to appoint a commission of cardinals and bishops to inquire into the corruptions of the Romish court. Though this was rather a stratagem for quieting the disaffected, it brought to light so many corruptions, that it essentially aided the cause of the Reformation. Among the agents sent into Germany on the subject of the council, was Peter Paul Vergerio. He was a man of great address, and consummate knowledge of the weaknesses of human nature, and of deep skill in the civil and canon law. He had instructions to bring over, if possible, Luther, Melancthon, and other eminent divines, to the Catholic cause. He arrived at Wittenberg with a splendid retinue, and immediately wrote a flattering note to Luther, requesting to see him the next morning. Luther could not but feel some little triumph at this proposed negotiation. "Have my best clothes in readiness, Kate," said he, "and let the barber be here in season; — Pope Paul has sent an embassy to Pope Luther, we must not disgrace our high office."

That evening Melancthon and his wife passed with them, and several of the children of the two families were present. Luther was cheerful, and full of anecdote. He spoke of his lonely and tedious residence in the castle of Wartburg,

and said there was a tradition about it that would amuse the children, which he would relate. They all gathered round to listen.

“The Landgrave of Hesse and of Thuringia,” he began, “was a fierce and choleric man, held in captivity by a bishop. He contrived, however, to make his escape by jumping from the window and swimming across the moat, aided by a trunk of a tree. After this, he behaved towards his subjects in a most cruel and tyrannical manner. One day his wife brought him some meat to eat on Good Friday, a fast-day of the Catholics. He was horror-struck with her impiety, and reproached her for it. ‘My Lord,’ said she, ‘you fear to commit this little sin, when you are every day committing great and deplorable ones.’ He was so much enraged at this speech, that he shut her up in one of the towers of Wartburg castle, and she, knowing his violent temper, was convinced that the only chance for her life was to make her escape. It was a very hard thing for her to quit her children, as your two mothers there will tell you. She embraced them, and cried over them ; and when she took her little infant in her arms, and kissed it, perhaps for the last time, she was so beside herself with maternal love, that she actually bit its little cheek. Accompanied only by a young girl, who was an attendant, she let herself down from the castle,



and down the frightful precipice, by a rope fastened at the upper end. Her confidential servant was in waiting with her coach, and conducted her secretly to Frankfort. When the Landgrave (who was called Albert the Unnatural) died, nobody grieved for him ; and they dressed him in the habit of a monk, which made everybody laugh, to see the fierce warrior changed into a friar."

"Look at this apple," said Luther, taking one from the table, "it is beautiful to the eye ; but see, it is decayed within," and he crushed it in his hand. "A man that depends upon the honors and riches of this world, and in the mean time forgets God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holdeth in the hand a fair apple, which, on the outside is pleasing to behold, and thinketh also it hath some goodness within, but it is rotten and full of worms. We may see in all things, and in the least things, and even in their members, God's almighty power and great and wonderful wisdom. For what man can make out of one fig a fig-tree, or another fig ? or out of one cherry-stone another cherry, or a cherry-tree ? Neither can we perceive how the apple of the eye doth see ; nor how intelligible words are spoken distinctly and plainly by the motion of the tongue within the mouth ; all which are natural things and such as we daily see and do. How

then should we be able to comprehend the secret counsel of God's majesty, or to search it out with our sense, reason, and understanding ? The Bible or Holy Scriptures is like a fair and spacious orchard, wherein all sorts of trees do grow, from which we may pluck divers kinds of fruits ; for in the Bible we have rich and precious comforts, teachings, admonitions, warnings, promises, and threatenings, &c. There is not a tree from which I have not shaken at least a couple of apples or pears."

Such teachings were not the emanations of a gloomy or harsh temper, as Luther's has been represented. Melancthon describes him in these little circles, as their fountain of enjoyment.

In an age like this, it may seem strange how he could contrive to be hospitable, and to keep a seat for three or four of his friends at his table ; but his own interpretation of the matter is this ; " ' Give and it shall be given to you.' This is a true speech, which maketh people poor and rich ; it is that which maintaineth my house. I ought not to boast, but I well know what I give in a year. If my gracious lord and master, the Prince Elector, should give a gentleman two thousand guilders, yet he could hardly maintain my house-keeping one year, and I have but three hundred guilders per annum ; yet God maketh it sufficient, and blesseth it."



Luther never refused giving, in some form or other. Once, when he was applied to by a suffering object, he said, "Well, *Ketha*," (a title he often gave his wife,) "we must find something to bestow." Poor Catharine was sadly perplexed, and obliged to confess, that not a farthing remained. He then took a silver goblet, and, giving it to the man, desired him to dispose of it and keep the money.

To return from this short digression.

When it was time for the little circle to separate, the children begged for another story. "Well," said Luther, "one more. There is in Austria a monastery, which, in former times, was very rich, and remained rich so long as it willingly gave to the poor ; but, when it ceased giving, it became poor, and is still so to this day. It fell out, that, not long since, a poor man came thither, and desired alms, which were denied ; the poor man asked the reason why they refused to give for God's sake. The porter belonging to the monastery answered, ' We are become poor.' Whereupon the poor man replied ; ' The cause of your poverty is this ; ye have had in this monastery two brethren, *Date* (give ye) and *Dabitur* (it shall be given) ; the one ye have thrust out, and the other is gone away secretly of himself. For after the one brother, *Date*, was put out and cashiered, so hath the other brother, *Dabitur*, lost what he gained."

When the children had retired with their mothers, Melancthon remained with Luther, and they sat conversing to a late hour.

“They talk of a new system of astronomy,” said Luther, “which endeavours to prove, that it is the earth which turns, and not the firmament, the sun and the moon ; it is the same, they say, with the inhabitants of the earth as it is with those, who are in a carriage or a vessel, and who believe the shores and the trees are passing them ! Thus it is with the world ; — they are not content with what has been discovered by the wise, but they must become sages too. The foolish pretender to knowledge wishes to change the whole system of astronomy ; but we have the authority of the Holy Scripture, that Joshua commanded the sun to stop, and not the earth.\* I cannot agree with you, Master Philip, that there is any truth in Astrology.”

“I believe,” said Melancthon, “that the art exists ; but there are none that understand it rightly.† Such people as are born in *ascendente*

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\* “Undoubtedly Luther referred here to Copernicus, who finished, in the year 1530, his book entitled ‘*De Orbium Cœlestium Revolutionibus*,’ printed in 1543, and dedicated to Paul the Third.” — *Michelet*.

† It is incredible, at this day, how such a man as Melancthon could give credit to such a false science ; but, in judging of both these great men, we must always re-

*Libra* (the first rising of the Scales towards the south) are unfortunate people."

"Ah," replied Luther, "the astrologers are always unfortunate creatures, who dream, that their crosses and mishaps proceed not from God, but from the stars. What patience can they have in troubles and adversities?"

"An astrologer, or star-peeker, is to be likened to one that plays with dice; when once or twice their calculations happen to hit, they cannot say enough of their art; but of their frequent failures we hear not a word. Astronomy is a noble science, it pleaseth me well. David, in the nineteenth Psalm, remembereth the wonderful works and creatures of God. He taketh delight in the firmament of heaven. Job also remembereth Orion, which they call Jacob's Staff, the Seven Stars, &c.; as for Astrology, it is merely a juggling trick."

Luther's strong sense was admirably calculated to regulate the occasional superstitions and fanciful opinions of Melancthon, in which his otherwise excellent and lovely wife exceeded him.

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member the period in which they lived. In Melancthon's days a belief in Astrology was common among the learned. The nativities of the new-born were cast. This was the case with Michael Angelo. Luther's good sense led him to reject it.

Margaret was accustomed herself to yield too much to a sensitive and delicate cast of mind. Sometimes her *presentiments* made both herself and her husband unhappy, and Melancthon confessed it was at times a cloud over his domestic enjoyment.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

LUTHER was up betimes the next morning, preparing for his visit to the Pope's Nuncio, who, with his splendid retinue, was lodged at the Castle. He wore his ring, given him by the Elector, and on which the Papists reported the Devil sat; also his chain of gold round his neck, with an ornament in front, likewise the gift of the Elector. He put on his best suit, and had his barber early in attendance. Those round looked on with astonishment at these uncommon preparations. "I wish to look as young as possible," said Luther, "to make my enemies think I have a long time yet to live. This is the way in which we must deal with these foxes and serpents."

It would seem, that Luther determined to put the monk out of sight, by adorning himself with the advantages of dress; he likewise assumed a more dignified and commanding air than customary, but one that was natural to him when his mind was filled with any important purpose. His figure, too, was more erect than usual, while his dark, piercing eye seemed to have gained new

fire. Catharine's heart swelled with delight, as she took leave of him ; and she said to herself, " This man, whom Popes and Cardinals are propitiating, belongs to the sometime nun, Catharine Von Borne ! " When Luther got into the carriage which was sent for him from the Castle, he exclaimed, " Here go the Pope of Germany and Cardinal Pomeranus ! "

When they arrived at the castle, they were introduced to Vergerio, who came forward to receive them with much courtesy.

" It has been gratifying to me," said he to Luther, " to be selected, on this occasion, to express to you the high respect the Pope and Cardinals entertain for Doctor Martin Luther, and their regret for the loss of one, who, had he employed himself in the cause of the Apostolical See, might have done them inestimable service. Indeed," continued he, " though I do not profess divinity, and have no idea of disputing on existing controversies, I can show you, by common reason, that it would, on all accounts, be highly advantageous for you to unite yourself with the head of the Church, and assist in forming a council that may correct old errors."

" I confess," replied Luther, " that I have but little faith that this council is seriously proposed. The Pope is playing with us, and if it is held, probably it will concern itself only about

tonsures and vestments, and not about faith and justification, and bringing Christians into the unity of the Spirit. However," said he, "call your council; God willing, I will attend it, though I should be sentenced to the flames by it."

"Where would you have it held?" asked Vergerio.

"Where you please; at Mantua, Padua, Florence, or anywhere else."

"Are you willing it should be at Bologna?"

"To whom does that place belong?"

"The Pope."

"Gracious Heaven! has the Pope seized that place too? Well, I will come even thither."

"The Pope," said Vergerio, "has so strong a desire to conciliate all parties, that he might be induced to visit Wittenberg."

"Let him come," replied Luther; "we shall be glad to see him."

Vergerio looked earnestly in the face of the Reformer, to see if he was sincere; but not a muscle moved, and he could discover nothing.

"Would you have him come with an army, or unattended?" asked the Nuncio.

"As he pleases," said Luther, with an air of indifference; "we are ready, either way."

"Are the ministers in Saxony consecrated?" inquired Vergerio.

"Certainly; here sits Bishop Bugenhagen,

whom we have consecrated, as the Pope would not do it for us."

The Nuncio now assumed a more serious air. "The Pope," said he, "is liberal and mild in his feelings; he blames the early harshness of Cajetan, and the severity of Leo, towards you."

"In truth," said Luther; "I have no reason to complain of either; nothing could have been more serviceable to me. I cannot ascribe their conduct to themselves, but to the providence of God; for at that time I was but a child in Christian truth, and had only discovered certain abuses in indulgences. I then would willingly have been silent, if my adversaries would have observed the same condition; but the writings of your 'Grand Master of the Palace,' as he styles himself, Prierias, the haughtiness of Cajetan, and the violence of Leo, drove me to an investigation of the subject, and thus to discover errors and abuses which a man could not conceal with a safe conscience."

"It is these abuses that the Pope wishes to remove, if it so be that they exist," replied the Nuncio; "but it demonstrates too much self-love for a man to trouble the whole world with his opinions. If he will adopt singular ones, let him keep them to himself. I am no divine, as I have before said," added he, "but, as your religion has only come to light about eighteen years ago, it cannot be the true one, nor come from God;



and, as a proof of this, it has raised innumerable sects and popular seditions. It is in your power to make it quiet. You have only to be present at the council, and be obliging and yielding to the Pope, who will reward you munificently, and hold you in high estimation."

Luther did not take the trouble to suppress one of his sarcastic smiles, as he replied, "It must be evident to your Lordship, that I make but little account of the estimation in which I am held at Rome. I fear not their hatred, and desire not their favor. I decline no labor in the ministry, though I am but an unprofitable servant; yet God will keep his word through the writing-pen upon earth; the divines are the heads, or quills, of the pens; but the lawyers are the stumps. If the world will not listen to the divines, they must hear the lawyers, who will teach them manners."

After a long conversation, which was carried on with great apparent civility, (for Luther determined not to be outdone in this respect,) but with some secret asperity, they took leave, Vergerio saying, "See that you be ready for the council."

"I will come," replied Luther, "with my life in my hand."

When they returned home, his friends gathered round for an account of the interview.

"I have never seen Doctor Luther more at

his ease," said Pomeranus ; " he took the superior ground which belonged to him, with the exception of external rank."

" I care not where this council is held," said Luther ; " I have set Christ and the Pope together by the ears, therefore I trouble myself no further ; and, although I get squeezed between the door and hinges, it is no matter, Christ will go through. The subject of it ought not to be faith, but discipline. Ah !" he added, raising his eyes towards heaven, " a truly liberal, general, and Christian council, God alone can call ; it rests with him in whose hand are the most secret counsels."

This proposition of the Pope ended in nothing, as was expected by the reformers ; and the one appointed by the Protestant Princes was held at Smalkald, some time afterward. Luther, though much indisposed, would not fail of being there. While attending the meeting, he was seized with a dangerous illness, and his life despaired of. Contrary to his expectation, he was suddenly relieved. He wrote to his wife, that he felt " like a new man ; I was as a dead one for eight days, and had committed you and my children to God, and our kind Prince. I felt much for you, and had no hope of seeing you again." A week after he relapsed, and took an affecting leave of his friends ; sent remembrances to Melancthon, Jus-

tus Jonas, and others ; but again revived, and once more was restored to his Catharine.

Hitherto Luther had resided at Wittemberg ; but, as his health failed, his numerous cares became oppressive, and he determined to quit the contentions in which he had been so busy an actor, and pass his last days at an estate called Zolldorst, which he had selected for its tranquil and rural retirement. Previously, however, to fixing himself there, he determined to visit Eisleben once more, and introduce Catharine to the scenes of his youth. It was his wish to remain unknown except by Count Albert and Alice, and to indulge, without interruption, in the melancholy pleasure of revisiting the humble dwelling where his father once resided. Luther had become too distinguished a man to enjoy this solace long. It was soon rumored abroad, that the great Wittemberg Reformer was there, and he was glad to take shelter in the castle of Count Albert, where he was less subject to familiar intrusion. Here, in the matured happiness of the Count and Countess, and their promising children, his heart felt new expansion.

Albert was not the only one of the Counts of Mansfeldt who had embraced the Protestant cause. Count John, a man of bold and reckless character, professed himself a Lutheran, and welcomed the Reformer with boisterous cordiality,

insisting upon his visiting him at his castle. Luther, who well knew his character, and bitterly lamented his irregularities, determined not to lose an opportunity of remonstrating with him with his usual freedom, and endeavouring to stop the prodigality of his career. He went at the time appointed ; as he ascended the stairs he found them flooded with wine. On inquiring the cause, he was told the Count was carousing with his friends, on which Luther raised his hands and eyes towards heaven and said, that the time was not far distant when the grass would grow in the halls where now were riot and excess. This prophecy, if such it could be termed, was fulfilled a few years after.

The race of Mansfeldt could count far back in their pedigree, even to Emperors, Count Palatines, Electors, and Bishops. They had formed high European alliances, and haughtily signed themselves "Counts, by the grace of God." This proud family had once supported the feudal system in all its vigor ; but times were now altered ; the world had grown more enlightened ; their revenues had diminished, and their debts increased. Quarrels among themselves had diverted them from quarrels abroad, and they had, even at this period, ceased to be a powerful race. Indeed, so low had Eric, one of the Catholic Counts, sunk, that he consented to give his beautiful daughter Anne to the idiot son of Duke

George, who formed this project to exclude his Protestant brother Henry from succeeding to his estates.

Albert and Alice had murmured over this sacrifice, and tried in vain to avert the evil. Heaven, however, interfered, and the unfortunate son of Duke George lived but one month after the marriage.

When Luther took leave of his beloved friends, who treated him like affectionate children, he fully believed it was for the last time, and he departed, giving to them and their household his patriarchal blessing.

Count Albert, with his wife, stood alone in the purity and simplicity of their lives. There was a rudeness, a coarseness, in the manners of the age, that repelled and disgusted Alice ; she shrunk from the intercourse of the world around her, and from a society, which, at that period, was too much composed of foreign adventurers, and of pretended astrologers, but real jugglers. The faith of Count Albert inclined to the doctrines of Zwinglius, but Luther had not the pain of knowing it.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Soon after Luther's return to Wittenberg, news arrived of the death of Duke George, the bitterest foe of the Reformation. The death of his unfortunate son had rendered his measures for the exclusion of his brother ineffectual, and Henry, the fast friend of the Reformation, succeeded him. The Elector of Saxony lost no time in offering Henry the most effectual assistance and support. He immediately visited him, and took Luther with him to Leipzig, where he preached, and thus fulfilled a prediction which he had uttered many years before, on hearing of the severities of Duke George. "I shall live to see his whole family extinct, and to preach the word of God at Leipzig."

When he spoke of their deliverance from papal bondage and persecution, a general enthusiasm prevailed, and the whole audience fell on their knees and thanked God with many tears. From this time the cause spread, not only in Germany, but in Denmark, Sweden, and France, and at length reached Italy. An interesting correspondence was opened between the city of Venice and Luther.

Henry was far advanced in years when appointed to the Electorate, and Maurice, his son, soon succeeded him. Though only in his twentieth year, he discovered the talents which afterwards distinguished him in the affairs of Germany.

The highly nervous temperament which had afflicted Luther through life, was now greatly increased by severe bodily indisposition. At times, he wrote and spoke, with greater asperity than ever, of his opponents. In speaking of his mental sufferings he says, "No creature was able to comfort me, insomuch that I said, 'Am I alone the man that must feel such tribulations in the spirit?' But when I was alone" (probably alluding to his residence at Wartburg Castle), "God comforted me through his angels." "When I write against the Pope," continued he, "I am not melancholy, for then I labor with the brain and understanding; then I write with joy of heart. My tribulations are more necessary to me than meat and drink; therefore those that feel them ought to accustom themselves thereunto, and learn to bear them. I must be patient with the Pope, I must have patience with heretics and seducers; I must have patience with the clamorous courtiers; I must have patience with my servants; I must have patience with Catharine Von Borne; to conclude, the patiences are so many, that my whole life is nothing but patience."

It were to be wished, that he had manifested more of this desirable quality towards the enlightened and learned Erasmus ; but the worldly spirit of this accomplished scholar, and his opposition to doctrines which Luther thought essential to Christian faith, form the only excuse that can be alleged for the harshness of his invectives against him. It is said, however, that Erasmus refused a cardinal's hat, and the highest preferments in the court of Rome, rather than give up his independence. To the gentle spirit of Melancthon the Reformer was ever yielding, though he often censured him for being too mild and conciliating to the Zwinglians.

Erasmus was accustomed to say of Luther, "All men agree as to the purity of his morals, which is a great testimony in favor of a man who has so many enemies."

Of Luther it may be said, that, at the risk of his life, he broke the chains which enslaved the human mind, and restored his fellow-men to light and liberty. Whereas Erasmus cast off his own chains, but would not sacrifice his peace for the freedom of others ; but we should never forget how much he effected to prepare the minds of men for the reception of truth and liberty.

Luther gives a beautiful tribute to Melancthon. "I," said he, "am born to be a rough controvertist ; I clear the ground, pull up weeds, fill up



ditches, and smooth the roads. But to build, to plant, to sow, to water, to adorn the country, belongs, by the grace of God, to Melancthon.”\*

Luther’s love of music and painting increased as he advanced in life. He had seen enough of the paintings of the Italian school to appreciate them. “They know how to imitate nature so perfectly,” said he, “that, independent of color and form, they express the movements and sentiments in a manner that would make us believe their pictures are living representations.” This idea conveys the great secret of Raphael’s wonderful success ; — he painted the soul. “Germany,” continued Luther, “has followed the Italians ; and the Flemish in the Low Countries have adopted the manner with their usual facility, and verify the old proverb, ‘If you put a Fleming in a bag, and carry him through Italy and France, he will learn the language of both countries.’”

In 1540 Luther gave an entertainment to the

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\* When Melancthon arose to preach on some occasion, he took this text, “I am the good shepherd.” On looking round upon his numerous and respectable audience, his natural timidity entirely overcame him, and he could only repeat the text over and over again. Luther, who was in the desk with him, at length impatiently exclaimed, “You are a very good sheep ;” and, telling him to sit down, took the same text and preached an excellent discourse from it.

principal members of the University. It was a social and pleasant repast ; and, when all were enjoying themselves, he called for a curious antique glass, with circles of different colors, and, filling it to the brim, drank the health of his guests. He then passed it to one guest after another, who drank the contents, wishing his health in return. When it came to Master Eileben, Luther presented him the glass, saying, " Good friend, the first circle is the ten commandments, the second is the creed, the third is the pater-noster, and the catechism is at the bottom." Master Eileben, who was an Antinomian, drank only to the first circle, and set the glass down with a look of horror. Luther said with a smile to his guests, " Ah ! Master Eileben drinks only the commandments, he leaves the creed, the pater-noster, and the catechism."

Luther's disgust to Wittemberg continued to increase, or perhaps, with that restlessness which attends disease, change of place seemed to him ease. He still clung to the idea of removing to Zolldorst ; but determined to see his friends once more. He visited George of Anhalt, at Merseburg, tarried a few days at Amsdorf and at Naumburg, and went to Leipzig ; from thence he wrote thus to Catharine, in July, 1545.

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" Grace and peace to thee, dearest Ketha !

Our John will give thee an account of our arrival. Ernest of Schonfeld received us most kindly at Lobnitz, and our friend Scherle still more cordially here. I wish most earnestly all things might be arranged in such a manner, that I need return no more to Wittemberg. My heart is alienated from that place, and I do not love to be there. I wish you to sell our little dwelling-house, with the court and garden ; I shall return to my gracious master (the Elector) the splendid house which he has presented me, and we will establish ourselves at Zolldorst. With my salary we shall be able to put our place in good order, and I do not believe my lord will refuse to continue it to me, certainly for this year, which I firmly believe will be the last of my life. Wittemberg has become a sink of vice, and I will not return there. The day after to-morrow I shall go to Merseburg, where Count George is urgent for me to come. I would rather pass my life thus on the high road, begging my bread, than return to witness the immoralities at Wittemberg, where all my pains and labors have been thrown away. You can make this resolution known to Philip and Pomeranius, who I hope will continue to bless the place ; but, as for myself, I cannot live there."

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Almost any one will perceive in this letter

traces of bodily suffering,—nor is it wonderful that he sought for that repose, which had so many years been denied to him.

As soon as this resolution of not returning was made known in Wittemberg, the Elector wrote to him with the utmost tenderness and judgment, soothing his shattered spirits; Melancthon also wrote, and the University, in a body, addressed him, entreating him to renounce his resolution. He was not able to resist so much friendly urgency, and he returned to Wittemberg on the 18th of August. From this time, the vivacity of his conversation was greatly impaired; yet often his remarks were full of wisdom and beauty, and his friends treasured them in their hearts.

“The ten commandments,” said he, “are the measuring-lines of God; they are written in our flesh and blood; the meaning of them is, What thou wouldst have done to thyself, the same thou oughtest also to do to another.” God presseth upon that point, and saith, “Such measure as thou metest, the same shall be measured to thee again. With this measuring-line, he has marked the whole world.”

One day his nativity was brought to him, for this was the fashion of the age. “It is a fine fiction,” said he, “acceptable to natural sense and reason. The way of making nativities, and casting these accounts, is like the proceedings in

Popedom, where the outward ceremonies, and pompous ordinances are pleasing to human nature; as the holy water, torches, organs, cymbals, singing, ringing, &c. ; but there is no right or certain knowledge in these tricks of theirs. Likewise, such do very sorely err, who endeavour out of these fancies to frame a certain art or science; when, in fact, there is none. For Astrology (as they call it) proceedeth not out of the nature of Astronomy, which is a science ; but it is merely a human tradition ; it is altogether opposite to true philosophy ; and neither Philip Melancthon, nor any man living, shall persuade me otherwise.

“ Oftentimes I have discoursed with him, and related to him my whole life ; I am, said I, the son of a farmer. My father, grandfather, and great grandfather were farmers ; but my father left his farm and went towards Mansfeldt, where he became a miner. I was born at Eisleben. Now, was it written in the planets that I should become a bachelor of arts, a master, a friar, &c.? Was it, think you? Did I not purchase to myself a great shame, in that I laid aside the brown bread, and sorely vexed my father by becoming a dirty friar? Well, after this I came to buffets with the Pope, and he again with me ; I took a wife, (a fugitive nun,) and had a family of children. Who now, I pray you, saw these things in the stars? Who told me, or could tell

me beforehand, that thus and thus it should happen to me ? ”

Some one in speaking of the clogs which the Capuchin friars wore, asked Luther what sort of wood they were made of. “ Of the wood of that fig-tree,” he replied with quickness, “ touching which, Christ said, ‘ Cursed art thou, and henceforth never more bear fruit.’ ”

“ Of all the Psalms,” said Luther, “ the hundred and eighteenth is the one that affects me most deeply ; it is mine as truly as if it were written for me.”

Those who read this noble psalm, will be struck with its application to the whole life of Luther ; it is indeed full of the very spirit which he breathed.

“ I love the second psalm,” said he, “ with all my heart ; it strikes and slashes valiantly among the kings, princes, and counsellors.”

“ I would not,” said he, conversing with Melancthon, “ take the wealth of the whole world to begin the work against the Pope ; and, when I think on him who called me to do it, I would not for the wealth of the world but have begun it.”

“ I think often, that in the new heavens and the new earth, there will be animals, that have been useful to us here, and served us faithfully. It is a wonderful idea, that of life eternal, and of the happiness we are promised there ; but I cannot

comprehend how we shall pass our time ; for there will be neither eating nor drinking, nor temporal affairs ; but I suppose we shall have objects enough for contemplation."

Melancthon replied ; " Master, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

" Wisdom, understanding, learning, and the pen," said Luther, " govern the world. If God were angry, and took out of the world all the learned, then people would become merely like wild and savage beasts ; for, without wisdom, understanding, and laws, neither the Turks nor Tartarians were able to live and subsist."

The splendid house to which Luther alluded in the foregoing letter to his Ketha, was the ancient convent of the Augustinians at Wittenberg ; it was presented to him by John the Elector. This prince seems to have exhibited a generosity towards Luther, that Frederic might have thought unwise. A contribution, or rather a tax, was levied generally, to support the war against the Turks ; John declared that Luther was exempted from paying it. The Reformer wrote to him in reply, that he accepted the exemption for his two houses ; one of which (the ancient convent) was a cost to him, without bringing him any revenue, and the other was not yet paid for. " But," continued he, " I beg your Grace most humbly to permit me to contribute for that property which is

lucrative to me. I have a garden worth five hundred florins, a place worth sixty more, and another little garden worth twenty. I should prefer doing like others, and fight with my farthings, and not be excluded from the army which is to save us. There are enough who will contribute reluctantly ; I would not give them occasion for reproach ; Let them rather say, ‘ Dr. Martin is also obliged to pay.’ ”

Another letter that he wrote to the Elector John must be added.

“ Grace and peace in Jesus Christ, most gracious Prince ! I have deferred a long time thanking your highness for the garments that you were kind enough to send me ; I do it now with all my heart. In the mean time, I humbly beg your grace not to believe those who represent me as destitute. I am already too rich for my own conscience. It is not consistent for me, who am a preacher, to live in luxury or abundance ; neither do I wish it. The repeated favors of your Highness begin to alarm me ; I would not be among those whom Jesus Christ has warned, ‘ Woe to you who are rich, for you have already received your reward.’ Neither would I be a charge upon your Highness, whose purse ought to be always open for important objects. The brown cloth sent was too much ; but, to convince



you that I am not ungrateful, I shall wear, in honor of your goodness, the black garment, though it is really too costly for me. If it were not a present from your Grace, I could not be induced to wear such a dress.

"I would likewise entreat of you to allow me the liberty of sometimes asking a favor, which your anticipation of my wants has hitherto prevented, and taken from me the courage to ask for others, who are more in want of aid than myself. Jesus Christ recompense your generosity. This is the petition that I offer with my whole heart. Amen."

"There is one gift," said Luther, to some of his friends, "which I never decline, but even solicit, — seeds for my garden. Nature gives her treasures liberally to be communicated, and, when I deposite them in the earth, I am benefiting her posterity. It is for others I plant trees of a hundred years' growth, whose foliage will not overshadow even my grave."

He complained sometimes of the state of society ; saying it was hard for a preacher, that it was considered uncivil in him to decline invitations and yet that it was often injurious to accept them. "I must have my hours of recreation," said he, "I love a game of chess ; it does not relax my mind, but braces it. I love

music ; it elevates, and makes me better, and brings me nearer to the throne of God, where the angels cry ‘Holy, holy, holy !’ day and night. I like turning with a lathe ; it is good exercise, and I have made it profitable in my necessities. I like throwing at a mark for the same reason ; because it is not only exercise, but has the advantage of being in the open air.”

He was fond of correcting his proof-sheets at meal-times. This was often some trial to Catharine’s patience ; and, when she discovered any chagrin, he good-humoredly threw them aside, saying, “Well Ketha, give me now your better thoughts.”

## CHAPTER XXXI.

LUTHER had now reached that period of infirmity, though not of old age, that makes life a burden. He complained bitterly of distress in the head, and constant vertigo. "My head," he wrote in a letter to a friend, "is so weak and so variable, that I can neither write nor read. I am weary of life; may God grant me an early and a happy departure. I am indolent, easily fatigued, my circulations bad, and, in truth, I am useless. I have finished my course; and it only remains for me to pray that it may please God to reunite me to my fathers, and give back dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. I am satisfied with life, if what I at present experience can be called life. Pray for me, that my last moments may be resigned to the will of God. I am no longer occupied with the Emperor or with the Empire, except to recommend them in my prayers to the Most High. The world seems to me to be near its end; it has grown old as a vestment, and it is time for me to change it. It seems to me like a decayed house. David and the Prophets are the spars; Christ is the main pillar that supporteth it."

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In the midst of severe attacks of illness, he received a pressing letter from Count Albert, urging him to come to Eisleben.

“ You alone, most excellent friend,” he wrote, “ can decide the difficulties that exist among our unhappy race of Mansfeldt. The gifts of God seem only to excite the cupidity of the owners of the copper and silver mines. I have relinquished all for the sake of peace, that my conscience will admit of ; but I owe a degree of justice to my children. Though opposed on almost every other subject, the Counts unite in requesting you to come and be the arbitrator, and promise to be guided by your decision. A higher tribute to your good judgment and impartial equity could hardly be given.”

Luther determined at once to go ; — Catharine, with the tenderness of a woman and a wife, opposed it, for it was in the depth of winter. — A few days before he set out, he wrote to the pastor of Bremen ; “ I very reasonably hoped, ere this, to have been removed to my rest by death. As if I had never managed, or written, or spoken, or done any thing before, I am quite overwhelmed with writing, and speaking, and doing, and managing all sorts of things.”

Who will not sympathize with Luther in his earnest desire for rest, after a long life of strife, warfare, and contending passions, — passions that


essentially **derived** their **strength** from deep-rooted principle, and from the **ardent and energetic** force of his character? It is **not** wonderful, — when he sometimes found them warring with the mild and Christian spirit of the Redeemer, when he compared his vituperative expressions of hatred towards the Pope, the Cardinals, and even the enlightened Erasmus, with the dignified admonition of Jesus Christ, “Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,” — that he believed (allowing for the age in which he lived) that the Prince of Darkness was laying siege to his soul. Most fervently did he long to lie down in the green pastures by the side of still waters.

On the 23d of January, he left Wittemberg, accompanied by his three sons. It is soothing to the feelings of his friends, to remember, that Luther was not a solitary old man. Hosts of affectionate friends were watching over his welfare; his Catharine, his long-tried, his affectionate and devoted wife, was breathing her very soul in her parting embrace, — his daughters hanging on the neck of their beloved father, — his sons, the stay and support of his age, clustering round to guard his feeble steps, and guide him safely on his journey.

When he arrived at Halle, a violent storm arose; it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened. The river swelled to an unusual

height, and it became dangerous to <sup>the</sup>cross, even in a boat. He yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and remained there three days, preaching in the mean time for Justus Jonas, who was the superintendent. Knowing how anxious Catharine must be, he sent back one of his sons to comfort his mother, and his faithful friend, Justus Jonas, supplied his place, and attended him the remainder of his journey. When he arrived at the borders of Mansfeldt, the Counts received him with an escort of more than a hundred horse, and treated him as the Elector of Saxony's ambassador. Luther was impatient at this ostentatious parade ; but Albert said, " Bear with it yet a little while."

When, on the 28th of January, he reached the hospitable and friendly residence of Count Albert, Alice was ready to receive him with the love of a daughter. He was nearly exhausted, and was laid upon a couch almost lifeless. Many were the tears that the Countess and her young daughter Agnes (now the counterpart of herself, as Luther first beheld her "in the region of air") shed over him. Albert bitterly reproached himself for having consented to urge his coming, at such an inclement season, and in his feeble state of health ; but the means that were used at length revived him, and, the next evening after his arrival, he was able to join the family by their



fire-side, and officiate at the domestic altar. What an affecting scene was this ! He who had been the spiritual guide of the parents, who had, under God, "brought them out of darkness into marvellous light," had returned to settle the temporal affairs of the children, and to secure to them, by his mediation, their rightful inheritance. The Count and Countess, in the dignity and unimpaired vigor and beauty of life, surrounded by their children like olive plants, knelt and offered up their vows, while Luther, forgetting bodily infirmity, forgetting himself, and giving his soul to the work, poured forth his deep and heart-stirring devotions. When he ceased, Alice took her harp, like Miriam the prophetess, and began her strain of melody, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." Albert joined, and the soft musical voices of the young girls mingled with the strains ; "The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation." Luther listened with the animated delight with which music always inspired him, but apparently exhausted ; suddenly, however, he burst forth in a deep, clear, and strong-toned bass, "He hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea." All joined in one deep-swelling chorus. It was the last characteristic burst of mingled melody and triumph that passed the lips of the Saxon Reformer.

Luther did not delay entering at once into business ; he was energetic, cool, and judicious. Wolfgang, prince of Anhalt, and Count Swartzburg were his prime counsellors. If he suffered during the three weeks to the 17th of February, he did not complain, but was cheerful, ate, and slept as usual. Instead of going out, however, that morning as he was wont, he remained in the Count's study and wrote to his wife.


“ From Eisleben. To the learned and most wise lady, Catharine Luther, my gracious spouse;

“ Dear Catharine ! we are sadly troubled, and I shall not be sorry to be able to return to our home, but I think we must remain some days longer. You may say to Philip Melancthon, that he would do well to correct his notes upon the Evangelist, for, in writing them, he comprehended but little why our Saviour calls riches *thorns*. It is in the school here, that we may learn the meaning of these words. The holy Scriptures are full of threatenings against these thorns, even of everlasting fire ; this alarms me, and gives me patience and perseverance, for I am bound to use all my efforts to accommodate things rightly, and bring them to a good end.”

Again he wrote in reply to an anxious letter ;

“ To my gracious lady, Catharine Luther, my dear wife, who torments herself unnecessarily.

“ Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.





Dear Ketha, thou oughtest to read what St. John says in the catechism, upon the confidence we ought to have in God. Thou art tormenting thyself, as if he were not all-powerful, and could not produce new Doctor Martins, by the dozen, if the old one should be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other manner. There is one who takes better care of me than thou, or even the angels of heaven, can do. He sits at the right hand of his Father, and is all-powerful. Then tranquillize thyself. Amen. I had intended to have taken my departure to day, but my unfortunate complaint prevents it. Could you have believed, that I should become a legislator ? It will not end in much. They had better have let me remain a theologian. They must humble their pride ; these Counts speak and act as if they were Gods, but I am afraid they will become Devils if they go on thus. Lucifer was cast into darkness for his pride. Show this letter to Philip ; I have not time to write to him separately."

Again he wrote ;

" To my dear and beloved wife, Catharine Von Borne.

" Grace and peace in the Lord, dear Catharine. We hope to return home this week, God willing. He hath appeared in this matter. The Counts have come to an accommodation on eve-

ry subject, I am sorry to add, with two or three exceptions, which prevents an entire reconciliation ; but I shall dine with them to-day, and do my utmost to make them united as brothers. Our young people are full of gayety ; they ride out in sleighs, with their ladies, and load their horses with bells. God has heard our prayers. I send thee some gifts which the Countess Albert has presented me ;— this dear lady is most happy to see peace once more restored to the family. I commend thee to the protection of God.

“ MARTIN LUTHER.”


On the 17th of February he grew so ill, that his friends requested him not to go out. In the evening he spoke much of his approaching death. Some one asked him if he thought we should know one another in the future world ; he replied with energy, “ I truly believe so.” When he entered his chamber with his friends and sons, he remained a long time at prayer. Afterwards he said to the physician who arrived, “ I am very weak, and my sufferings increase.”

They gave him drops, and tried to restore heat by friction. He spoke affectionately to Count Albert, who was near him, and said, “ I will lie down and try to sleep half an hour. I think I should feel relieved.” He composed himself and

soon fell asleep, and did not awake for an hour and a half. When he opened his eyes he said, "Are you all still sitting here? Why do you not go to your repose?" It was eleven at night. He then began to pray most fervently in Latin. "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, Domine, Deus veritatis.*" Pray, all of you, my friends, that the reign of our Lord may be extended, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are full of threatenings." Again he closed his eyes and slept a short time; when he awoke, he requested to rise, and went to the window and looked out upon the winter landscape, — the clear heavens, — the shining stars, — the light of the pale moon, glittering on the frosty hill-tops. "My dear Jonas," said he, "I was born in Eisleben, and here, I believe, I shall rest." He then prayed most devoutly. There was an evident change in his countenance, which induced his friend to summon the physicians. Count and Countess Albert, also, hastened to his room. He turned to them, and said, "Beloved friends, I die here." He begged them all to bear testimony, that he died in the faith he had taught. His prayers continued fervent, till suddenly his eyes closed; claspings his hands together, and without a struggle, he breathed his last.

It was a hard trial for the Count and Countess Albert to part with the remains of their friend

and adopted father. But the Elector directed that they should be conveyed to Wittemberg. The next day the body was carried to the Church of St. Andrew at Eisleben, to be deposited there till preparations were made for its removal. A numerous procession followed, of all ranks ; Justus Jonas delivered an address to the multitude assembled. When the body was again removed, it was attended by a concourse as far as Halle, and deposited in the Church of St. Mary, where he had so lately preached. The hundred and thirtieth psalm was sung amidst the tears of the people. Early the next day the procession moved forward, and was met by a deputation sent by the Elector to receive it. On the 23d of February it reached Wittemberg. When it approached the gate of the city, all the members and students of the University, with the principal citizens, joined the procession. There, too, according to the custom of the place, was the mourning family of Luther. Catharine Von Borne, his early convert and long-devoted wife, her three sons and two daughters, followed immediately after the coffin. Melancthon and his family, with Justus Jonas, Bugenhagen, and other intimate friends, next to the immediate family. Some of Luther's own hymns were sung, as the procession moved through the streets of the city. When the coffin was placed in the aisle, Melancthon



pronounced a funeral discourse. \* Then in solemn stillness the body was committed to the tomb.

When Luther's will was opened, it was found to be dated January 6th, 1542.

"I the undersigned, Martin Luther, Doctor, know by these presents, give to my dear and faithful wife Catharine, that she may enjoy during her life, or as long as seems good to her, the estate of Zollsdorf, just as I bought it, and have since arranged it. The house that I bought, by the name of Brown Wolf; the goblets, and other valuable things, such as rings, chains, golden medals, and money, to the amount of about a thousand florins.

"I have done this because, first, she was my faithful and pious wife, who has ever loved me tenderly, and who, by the blessing of Heaven, has given to me and educated five children, most happily. Secondly. Because she will be charged with my debts, amounting to about four hundred and fifty florins, in case I do not pay them before my death. Thirdly. And, above all, because I will not have her dependent on her children; but rather that they should be dependent on her, and honor and obey her, as God has commanded; for I have seen children disobe-

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\* This may be read in Fox's "Life of Melancthon."

dient, even once good children, and excited to disobedience, when their mothers were widows, and the children married. Besides that, I consider the mother as the best guardian of her children, and that she will not use her right to the detriment of those who are her own flesh and blood, and that she has borne near her heart.

“ Though I know not what may happen after my death, for I cannot limit or penetrate the designs of Providence, I have entire confidence, that she will be a good mother towards her children, and that she will share with them conscientiously all that she possesses. At the same time, I pray all my friends to be witnesses of the truth, and to defend my dear Catharine, if any thing should take place, which is possible, and slanderous tongues accuse her of keeping some part of my property for her own use, and not sharing it with her children. I hereby certify, that we have neither money nor treasures of any kind, except what I have specified. Nor is this surprising, when it is remembered, that we have had only my salary and some few presents, and that, nevertheless, we have supported the expense of a large household. I regard it as through the blessing and particular goodness of God, to whom I desire incessantly to render thanks, that we have had enough for our wants, and that our debts are not more considerable.

“ I pray, also, my gracious Sovereign, John Frederic, the Elector, to confirm, and cause to be fulfilled, the present testament ; though it may not be according to legal forms.

“ MARTIN LUTHER.

“ Signed, Melancthon, Cruciger, and Bugenhagen, witnesses.”

Several years before his death, John the Elector, had presented Luther with a valuable ring, when they were on some excursion. He wrote to Catharine, “ The Prince has given me a gold ring ; — I see I was not born to wear gold ; the ring is too large, and falls from my finger. I said to it, thou art only a grain of earth, and not a man ; thou wouldst have been more suited to Faber or Eckius ! ”

This ring, however, he sometimes wore. It was the one, which, when he believed himself on the bed of death, he requested might be sent to Count Albert, who he feared was yet weak in the faith, as a testimony that his belief had remained firm.

He had another ring, that he always wore, on which was engraved a death's head ; and, on the other side, Christ upon the cross. This ring is said to be preserved at Dresden. He had likewise a seal, upon which were engraved many symbolical devices

The Count and Countess of Mansfeldt would gladly have received Catharine and her daughters, as a part of their family ; but she shared too fully the noble and independent feelings of her husband, to accept their offer. She had lived with Luther more than twenty years, and had caught his self-denying spirit. Luxuries, which they would have forced upon her, she returned ; but willingly and gratefully accepted such assistance as was absolutely necessary. Melancthon and Margaret were still her constant friends. Beloved and honored by her children, distinguished as the widow of the great Reformer, her days seemed to promise a tranquil and peaceful end.

Seven years after the death of her husband, the plague broke out in Wittemberg ; and Catharine deemed it prudent to remove to Torgau, with her children. " It is only for their sakes," said she, to a friend, " that I quit a place where I could be serviceable in nursing the sick ; but I feel that I am in this way fulfilling the wishes of my husband." This conviction, that pressed strongly on her mind, induced her to hasten her departure from the scene of pestilence. On a bright sunny morning she left her residence, to escape dangers which threatened, and little aware of those that awaited her. In descending a hill, the horses took fright, and Catharine was



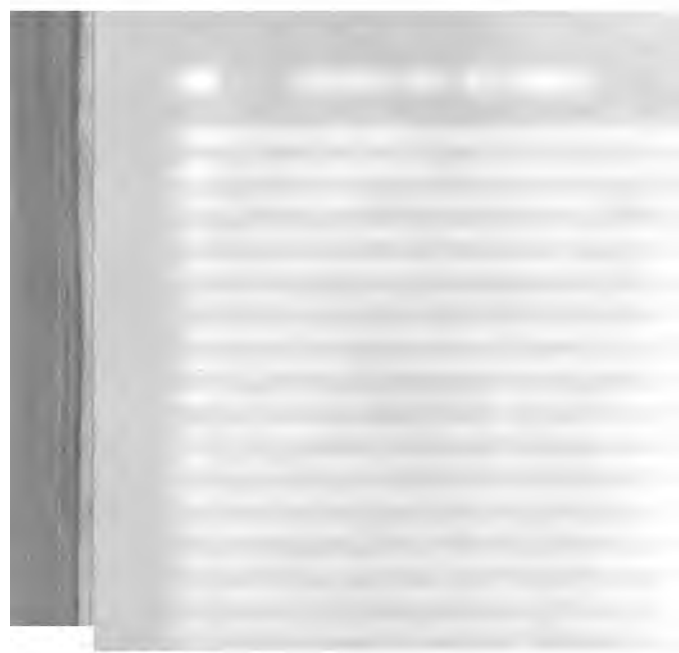
thrown from the carriage, and so much injured, that she died three months after, at the age of fifty-two ; still retaining remains of the beauty which has been ascribed to her. The gold medal she always wore, attached to her neck by a riband, may be seen with the ring of Luther. On it, with other inscriptions, is this, "D. Mart. Luther Caterinæ suæ dono. D. H. F. Quæ nata est anno 1499, 29 Januarii."

The house in which Luther was born no longer exists, having been burned in 1689. The cell that he occupied in the convent at Wittenberg, with its furniture, still remains. The walls of the cell are covered with the names of visitors.

The Elector had two plates of brass inscribed with the epitaph of Luther. One was to be placed upon his tomb, the other to be fastened to the wall of the palace chapel, where it yet remains.

THE END.







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